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Christmas Prayer

By Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

Lord God our Heavenly Father, Thou art the High and Holy One, inhabiting eternity and also dwelling in sincere and contrite hearts. We cannot fully understand the greatness and mystery of Thy being but we come in reverence and humility to wait upon Thee. We bow in awe at the thought of Thy power and wisdom and holiness, O God, and we realize how frail and foolish and sinful we are in Thy presence, but we remember with thankfulness that Thou art a compassionate Father who hast provided strength for our weakness, wisdom for our foolishness and cleansing for our sins. Grant unto us, we beseech Thee, pure thoughts, holy aspirations, heavenly desires and teach us how to pray. We need Thy saving health, O Lord, and we thank Thee for the great Physician Who came to minister to afflicted humanity. May the suffering, the sorrowing and the perplexed everywhere bring their burdens to Him and find His promised rest.

Our gracious Father, we thank Thee for the gladness of the Christmas tide, for the radiant hopes kindled by the season's return, for the remembrance of the Good Tidings of Great Joy which should be to All People. May men everywhere be imbued with the Christmas spirit, the spirit of Peace and Good Will and may Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth.

Almighty God, we humbly acknowledge Thy over-ruling power and gratefully recognize the deliverance Thou hast wrought by thwarting the designs of the oppressors and causing war to cease. Do thou hasten the day when men shall learn war no more. To this end, O God, do Thou bless the world and turn it to Thyself. Cause the nations that have rebelled against Thy laws and set at defiance the principles of Thy Kingdom to repent of their iniquity and humble themselves before Thee. Lord, we have seen false national ideals crumbling and haughty rulers falling from their thrones and we thank Thee that Thou hast brought to naught the vain ambitions of wicked men. We pray that there may yet arise out of these rebellious nations regenerated and purified peoples who shall acknowledge and serve the King of Kings.

O Lord of Hosts, forbid that the victorious nations should be unmindful of Thee and of Thy goodness in time of triumph or boast that their own hands have gotten them the victory. Amidst their rejoicing may they above all rejoice in Thy salvation and in the name of the Lord may they set up their banners. Yea, may men and nations seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

We would especially implore Thee to let Thy blessing rest upon the great Peace Conference and may the representatives who strive for a just solution of world problems seek direction from the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace. Be very gracious to those who have suffered through the calamity of war and guide and help those who plan for their relief. We devoutly thank Thee for the courage and endurance of all who espoused the cause of freedom and we praise Thee for the fruit of their sacrifices—liberty to the captives and new hope for the world. And now we entreat Thee to abundantly prosper the peaceful army which seeks to further alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate and distressed and insure to them a richer and fuller life.

Our loving Father, be pleased to reveal to the children of men Thy purpose for each life, for each nation, for all humanity and grant unto all the spirit of unselfish service. Hear our prayer, O God, forgive our sins, lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us, and grant to all Thy peace, and to Thy Name be Honor and Praise and Glory in the Highest. Amen.

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What the World is Saying

Postal Note

The Mailed Fist has gone to the Dead Letter Office.—*Montreal Financial Times.*

Something We May Never Know

And now we may never find out which one of his sons William Hohenzollern was saving to be Emperor of North America.—*Vancouver Province.*

Germany's Criminal Failure

If Germany had only done away with Hohenzollernism ten years before the war!—*Toronto Evening News.*

Why Should It Be?

In Germany they are quite sure that his name isn't spelled Clemencyeau.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Armenia's Long Martyrdom

After fifteen hundred years under the harrow of oppression Armenia is at last free.—*Dundee Courier.*

Red Flags and White Flags

When revolutionary Germany flew red flags, the German military autocracy flew the white flag.—*Toronto Globe.*

Of Course

German statesmen feared chaos—in Germany. Chaos in Russia, of course, was all right.—*London Nation.*

One Advantage They Had

None of the inmates of the penitentiary have been attacked by the influenza; but it is a stiff price they pay for immunity.—*Kingston Whig.*

King For a Month

The epitaph of Bulgaria's King for a month will doubtless be "He Boris burdens briefly but with honor."—*Halifax Herald.*

Diabolic Horticulture

Henry Morgenthau says that the Hun philosophy is "rooted in hell." Well, the plant has always borne flowers of sulphur.—*Victoria Colonist.*

Exactly So

The last general rearrangement of the map of Europe was made at Vienna, but it will be made somewhere else the next time.—*Edmonton Journal.*

Two Vastly Different Things

First the extinct Kaiser declared loudly for "a German peace." Then he asked for "a just peace." Note the difference!—*St. John Telegraph.*

Human Nature

There are many Calgary people who never knew how much they really wanted to go to church until the order was issued closing the churches temporarily during the influenza epidemic.—*Calgary Albertan.*

The Thing That Counts

In the end morale wins wars. The big battalions count, but the spirit that animates them counts still more.—*Neepe Press.*

Without Doubt

We've never heard Wilhelm Hohenzollern's views on daylight saving, but we're sure now he'd be in favor of moving the clocks back—say to July, 1914.—*Napanee Express.*

Ornithological Note

Turkey is left without a tail feather, and the once haughty and powerful double-headed eagle of Austria is now as extinct a fowl as the dodo.—*Hamilton Herald.*

A Very Ancient Custom, Indeed

An eastern clergyman says kissing is a relic of the dark ages. We're mighty glad somebody had the good sense to take care of that relic.—*Lethbridge Herald.*

There Is Still Wastefulness

While waste in Canada may not be as great as in pre-war days, that it is still far from the desired irreducible minimum there can be no doubt.—*Monetary Times.*

One of the Oddities of the War

Jerusalem was surrendered to a couple of British regimental cooks foraging for the raw material for a salad. Thus are history and comedy entwined.—*London Spectator.*

An Extra Dose of Culture

Liberated Belgians say German officers are much worse than German privates. This is probably true. The officers had an extra dose of Kultur.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Clumsy Treachery

One of the verdicts upon Germany that will stand forever in history is that German diplomacy was as stupid and clumsy as it was treacherous. The diplomatic trickery of Germany has been all thumbs.—*New York Sun.*

An Old Text Proved True

"We are a proud people, accustomed to victory," said one of the German peace notes in October. But pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.—*Peterboro Examiner.*

Disaster Was Coming Fast

"We Kings must stick together," wrote Emperor Charles of Austria to King Ferdinand (he styled himself Emperor, too) of Bulgaria. But the people who had been holding up their thrones refused to stick to them.—*Duluth Tribune.*

Promise and Fulfilment

Herr Harden recalls that Kaiser Wilhelm on his accession remarked: "I will lead you into glorious days," and then adds: "We know the glorious days now."—*Portland Oregonian.*

Abdul Baha Gives Wilhelm the Ha-Ha

The British have rounded up Abdul Baha, the prophet, at Haifa, and are treating him with good natured respect. In fact, old Baha is able to give ex-Kaiser Wilhelm the ha-ha.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The New Cent Piece

The new one-cent piece is to be slightly larger and somewhat thinner than the ten-cent piece. One thing in its favor is that the possessor of the single coin will no longer mistake it for a quarter, when he feels in his pocket.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Caesar Knew the Germans

It is now 1900 years since Caesar defeated the Germans in France. When they came asking terms, he said to them: "Go back whence you came, repair the damage you have done, give hostages, keep the peace for the future."—*Montreal Herald.*

Something They Know Now

Hindenburg the Arrogant after the terrific Hun advance of last March said, "The first act is over." But he and the other German militarists now know that the play is not finished until the curtain falls on the last act.—*Regina Leader.*

A Moderate Thief

The Saskatoon Star states that a thief "stole \$30 worth of ham" from a local meat shop the other night, which causes The Vancouver Province to wonder why he took the trouble to slice it when he might have taken the whole ham.—*Toronto Telegram.*

Their Own Medicine

For two generations the rulers of Germany and all the German professors have proclaimed that the test of war is infallible, and that a nation that has been defeated is by that fact proved unanswerably to be inferior, and deserves no consideration. How do the German intellectuals like their own medicine?—*Philadelphia Record.*

Senatorial Ingratitude!

If Queen Isabella had not pawned her jewels to finance Columbus' voyage of discovery there would have been no United States of America. If there were no United States there would be no Senate. Ergo, those thirty-one Senators who refused women the right to vote owe their jobs to the generosity of a woman. What an ungrateful lot they are!—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Why Insult Charlie Chaplin

Max Harden has referred to W. Hohenzollern as "a film hero." We might add that W. Hohenzollern's eldest son, when he attempted to fill the role of a great general, showed himself to be a Charlie Chaplin—we might say that, if it were not so grossly unjust and insulting to Charlie Chaplin.—*Saskatoon Star.*

Schools

Good schools are the best investment in all the world for public money. The common schools are the best hope of humanity. When the time is reached when every child shall be going to school, when every child shall be kept at school or training of some kind until 16 or 18 years of age, the millennium will begin to be possible. And by nothing else will it ever begin to be possible.—*Ottawa Journal-Press.*

Low Cost of Living

One of the employees of the Canadian commissioner's office in Yokohama has written in for an increase of salary from \$9.75 to \$12 a month, as he has a wife and five children, and the cost of living is going up. What is the steamship fare to Yokohama? Or how's swimmin'?—*Montreal Journal of Commerce.*

Divorces Applied For

The dear old Senators will have plenty of entertainment at Ottawa next session. So far there are 28 applications for divorce to be considered. Sympathy and sentiment will, as usual, exert a greater influence than justice can command. Canada's divorce laws are sadly in need of revision.—*Brantford Expositor.*

An Erroneous Description

Lieut. Jack Munroe, the Cobalt miner and expugilist, has written a book on the war, in which he describes the famous Cloth Hall at Ypres as being "made entirely of cloth." This suggests that John must have been in the vicinity when the French were rigging up some extensive camouflage.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Germany's Fundamental Vice

The fundamental vice of Germany which brought this tragedy upon the world is the fact that she recognized no divine laws, nothing superior to her own self-will, no sovereignty to which she should be loyal. The only law she knew was the law which Germany enacted. She did not recognize laws which the different states united to enact, although she was united with them in the enactment.—*Boston Transcript.*

In Regard to the Bolsheviks

Scientists are telling us that restriction in the use of many articles of ordinary use may have untoward results. This is confirmed by the actions of the Bolsheviks whose pictures convince us that these gentlemen have probably been inspired to their deeds by their very evident divorce from ordinary or household soap.—*Vancouver Sun.*

Education

Dr. Shipley of the British Educational Mission said a great thing when he gave voice to this utterance: "It is not what you are educated in that is important. It is whether or not you have a trained brain. Education gives a man power to take the initiative, to be resolute and to hang on when others fail."—*New York Tribune.*

Piper James Richardson

The case of Piper James Richardson of a Manitoba regiment, who played his companions over the top and has secured the V. C. for so doing, recalls another historic incident of like nature in the Afridi war. Piper Findlater did a similar thing on that occasion and continued the skirling of the pipes after he was struck down. He also obtained the highest decoration in the gift of his Sovereign for the brave deed. The memories of both will be honored for all time to come.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

Wilhelm and the Mohammedans

The British are firmly established in Damascus. The incident must recall to the Turks the occasion of William Hohenzollern's visit to the same city in 1898, and the address delivered by him in which he made some characteristic statements. Perhaps the most amusing of these now was that in which he declared: "The three hundred million Mohammedans scattered over the globe may be assured of this, that the German Emperor will be their friend at all times!"—*Manchester Guardian.*

Age Limit for Ministers

The Methodist Church has fixed the age limit at 70 years for officers to the conference. It was Cicero who said that he was very thankful to old age because it had increased his eager desire for conversation, but the likes or opinions of the ancients are no longer accepted. But isn't there a passage in Ecclesiastes to the effect that carefulness bringeth age before the time? Are we to no longer take counsel of the elders?—*Guelph Herald.*

Canada's Pension Officials

The Canadian war pension office will be in existence for the next half century. During the next few years its duties and its clerical staff and other machinery must increase. One can see no more reason why Chairman Ross or Chairman McLean should insist on making appointments to this staff by their own personal choice than that any Minister should have gone on making appointments to the staff of his own department without regard to the Civil Service Commission. If the abolition of patronage is a good thing in other departments of the public service, it is good for the pension administration.—*Canadian Finance.*

The Exploded German Myth

The German ambassador to Constantinople told Ambassador Morgenthau, of the United States, during the first days of the war, that the German military machine could never be defeated. "It takes thirty years to produce the sort of generals now leading the German army," said he. This opens a field of speculation: Were the Teuton generals overdone or underdone when the war broke out? We know not that they would have been done brown by Foch, Haig and the rest but would they have improved with age like other cheese? Here is a question for post bellum controversy for years to come.—*Calgary Herald.*



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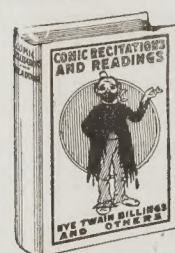
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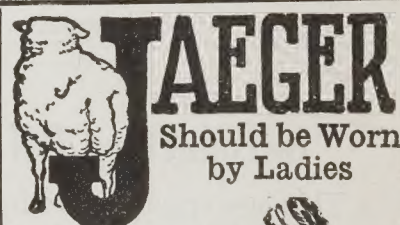
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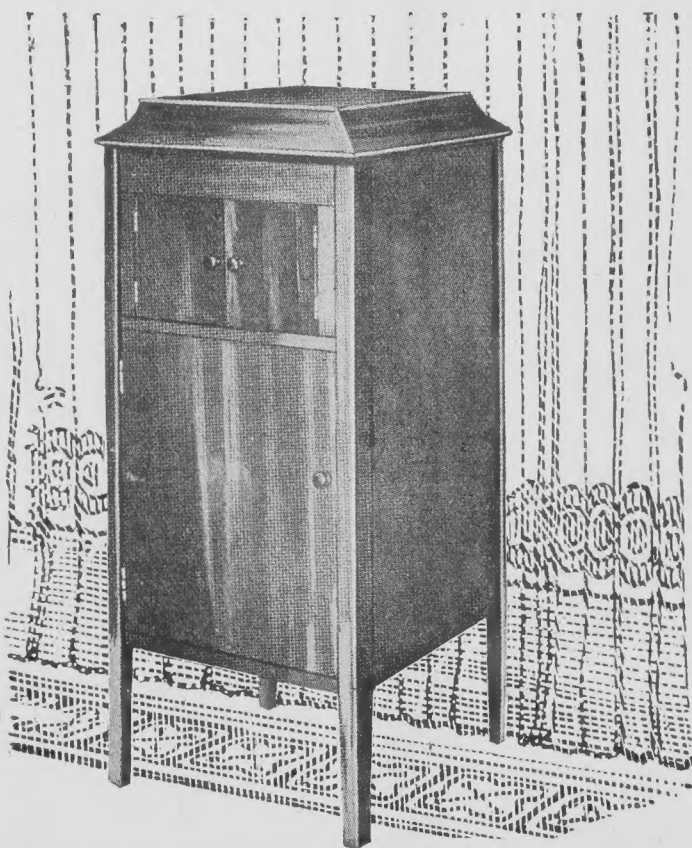
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Editorial

The Christmas of 1918

WRITING just a month before Christmas it is difficult to say what the world will have in store for us on that day. If the conditions of peace will not have been formally agreed upon, it is more than probable that actual warfare will have ceased. In the hearts of men there will be a great and abiding joy, because there is an end to the war that we hope will end. Once again on Bethlehem's hills the angelic host may take up the glad refrain of "Peace on Earth, good-will to men!"

Peace and goodwill come only to those who are willing in thought and deed to ascribe all glory and honor to God in the Highest. This Christmas should above all things be a holy season. It would be sacrilege for us to pass our time in frivolity when so many are absent from our gatherings, and when so very many will never return. In view of the sacrifice that has been made for us, it is meet that the Christmas of 1918 should be a time of consecration and re-dedication. May it be so in every Canadian home!

Europe After the War

IT is not easy to estimate the effect of the war upon the nations of the world. As for Europe she will profit immeasurably, since freedom will come to her people with the overthrow of monarchical institutions. It must not be expected, however, that the change will be effected without sorrow and hardship. Possibly the next five or ten years may be for the Central Powers the darkest ever known to humanity. Just as coal when placed in the furnace gives back all the heat which it absorbed during the centuries of its formation, so these nations in re-establishing their citizenship may have to undergo all the suffering they endured during the long years of their oppression. It is so in Russia to-day. May the other nations, notwithstanding the unspeakable crimes of their ruling classes, have a kinder fate.

Britain After the War

AS for Britain our hope is that she may be doubly refined by the fires through which she has passed. She has many problems to solve, serious and weighty. She will solve them if she continues to exercise the unselfish devotion that has characterized her during the long years of the war. In the days of the Plantagenet rulers there was a wide gulf between the baronage and the common people, but this was bridged by the great war of the Crusades. Fighting side by side, men forgot their class distinctions. Bravery and sacrifice were the tests of worth. So may we hope that the first result of this war will be the doing away with artificial class distinctions. All hail to the nobility—those who have proved their lordship by their deeds of heroism and service! There is such a nobility in every land. It is not made up of socialists and demagogues and agitators, but of royal souls—those who are great because of their deeds, their aspirations and their culture of mind and spirit. And many of these belong to the old nobility. Nothing is more cheering than this very fact.

There is an Irish problem. It, too, will be solved almost automatically. It has been found out by actual test what people in the Emerald Isle can be trusted with self-government, and what people cannot be trusted with any power. Those who have read Ian Hay's "The Oppressed English," will know that there are a good many things concerning Irish freedom and Irish privilege that have yet to be said. It is one thing to talk about oppression and tyranny. It is another thing to suffer oppression.

There is for the Motherland a practical problem that is very difficult of solution. It is that of returning to their proper occupations the men who have been on service, and of releasing the young women who have taken their places. In this matter the State must intervene, otherwise the returned soldier and the head of a family will suffer. For young women having once tasted the joy of independent living will wish to continue at their work and will outbid the family man, and even the returned soldier. Business men, if left to themselves, will accept the lowest bidder, provided the service is equal. Eventually this will mean the discouragement of marriage. A family man cannot enter into competition with unmarried women. How is the problem to be adjusted? Evidently wage bargaining cannot be left to individuals and employers nor to employer unions and trade unions. There is a national side to every contract. A man must be paid not only for the work he does but for the service he renders the State. This cuts right across the doctrine of "Equal pay for equal work." The war has prepared us for national control of industries and institutions. The one institution in these times which must be fostered is the family.

Anything which directly or indirectly strikes at family life is a national menace.

It may be expected that demobilization will take a long time. During this period manufacturing concerns will have time to adjust themselves to new conditions. The balance of trade having been completely overthrown by the war, new enterprises will assert themselves and these will call for many workers, so that the problem of finding situations for all workers may not be as serious as was at one time expected.

The Great War

It was a conflict between brute FORCE, alert and aggressive, and stern JUSTICE, gracious but unbending.

With FORCE were allied cunning and deceit, worldly pride and inordinate ambition. With JUSTICE were associated honor and truth, kindness and goodwill to men.

Confident in her careful preparation of twenty years, FORCE seized an opportune moment, to assault without warning the citadels of freedom. With impious boasting and inhuman cruelties she entered upon her work of spoliation and desolation.

Then JUSTICE drew her even sword and stayed the murderer's hand. With pious zeal she summoned to her banners all the sons of freedom. From North and South, from East and West, from all the corners of the earth they hurried to her aid—prepared to sacrifice, prepared to die.

Four years the awful tide of battle rolled—four years of rapine slaughter and unceasing hate; four years of noble toil, unerring love and strong resolve. Then came the end.

The night has passed, the day has dawned and Justice sits upon her throne. **THE WORLD IS FREE.**

Now as we stand with faces toward the rising sun, we dedicate ourselves to the great work for which we are appointed. In the name of our dead heroes we shall carry on. Their unfinished labor it is ours to restore. Their people shall be our people and their God shall be our God. So shall we as well as they, be perfected through sacrifice, and so shall the world be made safe for all the people. In war, in peace, the law of life is this, that "Each shall love his neighbor as himself."

Canada After the War

AS for Canada the post-war problems are not so serious as in the Motherland, but yet two or three of them are beset with difficulty. The cost of articles grown on the farm has gone up by leaps and bounds, and with this the cost of everything else. Naturally there has been an increase in the earnings of working men, sometimes double, sometimes more than this. After the war there is bound to be a reduction in wages, and with this a protest greater than any we have had. In this matter those in charge of national affairs must take strong ground. It is for no employer nor group of employers, for no workman nor for unions of workmen to settle problems by their own action. In war the nation became all and the individual nothing. So must it be in post-war matters. But it is unfortunate that in some few cases the action of the national leaders has not inspired the people with confidence. So true is this that there is in some quarters dissatisfaction, not so much with members of the government, as with the continuation in office of a government that is

founded on compromise. A grave problem for Canada is to work out a form of government that will be suitable in the years to come. Shall there be a return to the old time party system? If not, what shall take its place? This is indeed a serious question.

Then there is the problem of East and West, but this is only of passing importance. Eventually the West will control the wealth of Canada and will dictate its policies.

The West is not settled by men who are narrow in their outlook and parochial in their sympathies. They will work on national rather than provincial lines. This much can be said to relieve the anxieties of those in the East who have been using the West as a dumping ground for so many years and who are now beginning to fear reprisals.

There is bound to arise for solution the problem of the non-English settlers. We have learned our lesson, however, and there is only one course open to us. When any man enters the country or continues to live in it, it should be on the condition that he is perfectly loyal to our institutions and that no national or religious bond interferes in the slightest degree with his loyalty. No man is a worthy citizen of Canada who owes allegiance to a power outside the great empire of which Canada is a part. We are no Balkan state, and never shall be. But to all who come to us in good faith and in loyal attitude we can extend a glad hand, offering them as soon as they have proved their sincerity the proud rank of citizenship. Their children will be our children. They will attend the national schools, speak the national language, learn the national customs and catch the national spirit. All this and more if these newcomers are true. But if there is any duplicity, any wavering, any insincerity, any class or racial agitation, there is ready a door of exit, not only for them but for such of our own people as would use them for ignoble purposes.

Modern Education

THE unifying of all our people in thought, feeling and purpose is the great task of education. In both Canada and the Motherland the greatest necessity is the remodelling of schools and universities so as to make them minister in the highest degree to national welfare. There is so much that is traditional in school-room procedure, so much that savors of mediaevalism in the standard courses in our universities, that such a forceful writer as Mr. Wells has found it necessary to urge a reform. His latest work "Peter and Joan" deals with this very problem, and it is good reading for Canadians as well as Old Countrymen.

In the same spirit Mr. Finney, an American writer, says:

"Especially at such a time as this, all signs indicate that we are on the eve of epochal social reconstruction. Some of the most significant and fundamental changes in recorded history are likely to occur within a generation after the close of the great war. This will be a most critical period for democracy. If social justice issues promptly our new born liberty will enlighten the world. But should there occur the convulsion of class struggle and conflicting interests, hope deferred may sicken the heart of the darkened world for a thousand years to come. The outcome of the crisis depends upon the sociological insight of our leaders. And the educators are very far from discerning as yet their own important share in this immeasurable responsibility. There is but one limit to what education may accomplish for the future of civilization in this critical period; that limit is the vision and faith of our educational leaders. Education must adopt an ultimate aim commensurate with the ideals of democracy and Christianity. . . . We are to look for the meaning of life not in the conditions of the remote past but in the ideal world that stands at the summit of social evolution, a world so fair and good that no art can adequately present it to the imagination."

A Fresh Start

THE bells are ringing and the whistles blowing just now, because the message has come that the war has ended. Let us hope the report is well founded and let us be devoutly thankful. Let us pray that this may be the last war of nations. But there is a more horrible war than that among nations. It is war within a nation. Against the possibility of such a war we must provide. The only safeguard is that we possess the spirit of the Prince of Peace, that we follow His golden rule. A good time to make a resolution is right now as the Christmas season is upon us. Let us rise above class and creed and race. Let us endeavor each man to love his neighbor as himself. Then shall we hear the bells of peace ringing not only on the Christmas morn but every day of the year. So may it be.



The color that "comes and goes"

What keeps you from having its charm

HOW many girls despair of ever rousing a sallow, sluggish skin! How hard it seems *not* to have the clear skin and radiant color that is every young girl's right.

Have you ever thought that your skin *can* be changed? Every day your skin changes *of itself*. Old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. It depends on you to keep this new skin clear and colorful.

Just so long as you neglect your skin, it will continue to be dull and colorless. If it is sallow, sluggish, inactive, it needs *stimulating every day*. Free it every night of the tiny dead particles that develop daily. Cleanse the pores thoroughly, bring the blood to the surface, stimulate the tiny muscular fibers. You can do this every night by using the following treatment.

How to rouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then in cold water. Then rub your skin for thirty seconds with a lump of ice, and dry carefully.

The very first time you use this treatment, your skin will feel fresher and invigorated. Woodbury's Facial Soap was made especially to meet the needs of the skin. It was formulated by John H. Woodbury after years of experience in

treating the skin. Its pure, cleansing, antiseptic lather is just what the skin needs to keep it clear and healthy.

Within a week or ten days, you will notice an improvement in your skin. But do not keep up the treatment for a time and then neglect it. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you the clear, radiant skin you long for.

Perhaps your skin needs a stronger treatment than the one given here. Then write us for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. You will find the other famous treatments in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

You will find that the 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment as well as for general cleansing use for that time. It is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. Get your cake today, and begin at once the treatment your skin needs.

Send for sample cake

with booklet of famous treatments
and sample of Woodbury's
Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 6212 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Tender skins

If your skin is very tender there is a special Woodbury treatment for the care of it. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around your cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



Early Day Yuletides Along the Red River

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Athelney Evans

YULETIDE has been celebrated in Manitoba from the days when Selkirk's settlers trekked into the "colony" from Scottish shores. A few days ago the writer was standing on the Red River bank near the Rapids of St. Andrews. Walking through a piece of poplar coppice adjacent to the roadway was a man, who, as he slowly ambled along, plainly demonstrated the fact that the hallmark of advanced old age was stamped upon him. An old-time resident of the locality, his years permit him to glance back into the period when the settler trekked along the crooked trail through Middlechurch and Kildonan to the store of the Great Company in Fort Garry.

"Beautiful morning for the time of year," remarked the venerable man as he stepped toward the writer. "And Christmas will soon be here, too, won't it?"

"Yes," responded the writer, "and I wish you a merry Christmas and lots of them yet. You old timers along the river have spent the day in various queer fashions years ago."

"No, We generally spent it in one way. We've always observed Christmas," was the response. "But we never looked forward to it as with New Year's. That was the great time in the colony."

It may be well to remark that in early days Manitoba was known as the "Colony." Indeed, frequently when an old-time resident is in conversation he is prone to refer to the colony and Fort Garry.

"People in the colony were few and far between when I was a young man," he continued, a smile passing over his much wrinkled face. "Perhaps we might start out on Christmas afternoon to visit relatives or friends, may be at Headingly or Selkirk. Most of the folks in St. Andrew's parish went to church in the morning to hear the Christmas hymns and—"

"Bishop Anderson," remarked the listener, momentarily interrupting. "There's not an old-timer on the river who did not recognize him as a friend."

"Yes," answered the octogenarian. "That's quite right what you say about Anderson. I've heard him preach in the old stone church on several Christmas mornings."

Anderson. He the intrepid path-finder whose name is ever green at St. Andrew's on the Red river. He was likewise the hero who penetrated the fastnesses of distant Yukon, carrying to its Indian people the Gospels.

In response to a query concerning Christmas and New Year's at Fort Garry and bastioned Lower Fort, the old resident remarked that it was customary with many Indians to come from Lake Winnipeg and the vicinity. The Indian would bring with him a bundle of furs to barter for a few extra supplies. It was a usual happening for the Indians to usher in the New Year with a feast and dance, the latter celebration frequently lasting an entire week.

The statement has been made that in the early days of Manitoba the time-honored adjunct to the Christmas dinner table, the proverbial plum pudding was an unknown factor with the settlers. In speaking of this subject, the St. Andrew's octogenarian remarks: "That's the silliest idea I've heard of in a long while. The folks Lord Selkirk brought here—my father was one of them—knew more than some people yet give them credit for. At most of the company's stores flour and raisins were always in stock."

"The lively strains of the Red River Jig have apparently vanished," remarked the writer, who last heard its merry music at a Christmas spent at Mapleton years ago. "Perhaps old-timers along the Red River have forgotten the tune," he added.

"Sometimes you'll hear it yet," was the response. There are several men around the Rapids who can play the old tune yet, and if you were here on Christmas night you might hear it."

The writer does, however, recollect that at Christmas parties along the Red River much enthusiasm was evoked when the time honored jig was commenced by the violinist.

"That's a car going to Winnipeg," remarked the octogenarian, as the shrill whistle sounded through the bush 'twixt the electric railway and the river bank. "Things have altered the last few years. Last Christmas Eve I went with one of my sons to the city, and he took me to the corner of Main street and Portage avenue. No I can't say what my thoughts were as I looked at the crowds of people, the splendid store windows, and the automobiles. The change is too wonderful for me to talk about. Did we ever fancy Fort Garry would be more than it was in the early days, you ask? No, we never did; we made a wrong guess didn't we?"

A few minutes later the writer wished the aged resident farewell and expressed the hope that several Christmas days would yet be enjoyed by him.

"Can't expect many more," he replied. "I've spent nearly ninety of them in Mani-

stition that the holly is to remind us of Christ's suffering is of later origin than most of the Christmas customs. A little Christmas carol, in the Christmas number of "Harper's Magazine," 1898, prettily embodies this idea:

"The holly berry's red as blood,
And the holly bears a thorn;
And the manger-bed is a Holy Rood,
When Jesus Christ was born."

In the Black Mountains at the present day the custom of bearing home the Yule log is still carefully observed in all its ancient detail. The house-father fells the chosen tree, then he utters a prayer, and carefully lifts up his log and bears it home on his shoulder. His sons follow his example, each bearing a log for himself. The father then leans his log up against the house, being careful that the freshly cut end is uppermost, the lesser logs or ends surround it. As the father places each log he says, "A merry log day."

The fire thus kindled is not allowed to go out until the following year, or great evil will befall the household. Portions of the preceding Yule log lighted the new

Continent called Souche de Noel. In Norfolk and other counties, as long as any part of the Yule log remained burning, all the servants were regaled at their meals with the best of cider and ale.

The early English and Irish people called Christmas the "Feast of Lights" and used to burn the "Christmas candle," which was so large as to burn several nights before being consumed. It is one of the most interesting of the Christmas customs, for very early it was made symbolic of the "Light of the World," and its burning became a religious observance. Whether it was, as is claimed, a pagan rite, offered to the sun for its returning warmth at Yuletide, is not really known.

Used as a Christian symbol, however, the Christmas candle grew larger and larger until it assumed such huge dimensions as to last the whole twelve nights of the holidays. The candle was often ornamented with a lamb, typical of the Lamb of God. These candles are still sold in various places at Christmas time. In the buttery at St. John's College, Oxford, may still be seen an ancient stone candlestick bearing a figure of the Lamb. This candlestick used to be placed upon one "high table" each of the twelve nights of the Christmas festival, and in it burned the famous candle of St. John's.

One of the Christmas games used to be "jumping the candles." Twelve candles, representing the months of the year, were placed at intervals on the floor, and each person in turn was required to jump over them. If all were successfully passed over and still burned brightly, good fortune would be the jumper's during the coming year; but if any candle flame was put out it betokened ill-luck coming in the month it represented. If all were put out, the bachelor or maid who committed the direful deed would not only not marry during the coming year but might expect a disappointment in love. This custom is now used on Halloween-night.

A hundred years ago the English chandlers used to pay tribute to their patrons in the form of huge mould candles, and the coopers presented their patrons with great logs, called Yule dogs or blocks, and direct descendants of the Yule log.

The poor little Puritan children were not allowed to keep Christmas, because to do so savored of popery in their elders' eyes. Governor Bradford, on the second Christmas in the New World, 1621, wished people to work, but if they would not work they must not play; if they kept Christmas at all it must be as a "matter of devotion." One thing, however, the children did have in the early days of New England was the "Christmas candle." This candle was home-made, of tallow, large, with the wick divided at the lower end to form three legs, while at its heart was concealed a quill well filled with gunpowder. On Christmas Eve it was lighted, and the quaint little Puritan folk sat around it, telling stories, until suddenly the candle went off with a bang, filling the children with glee, and giving them their only taste of holiday fun.

It is said that Christmas trees were used to place gifts upon as early as 1632; they certainly were by 1744, as Goethe in "The Sorrows of Werther" alludes to the custom. France adopted the Christmas tree about 1840, and Prince Albert introduced it into England the first Christmas after his marriage. The Queen keeps up this custom, having a tree for her own gifts, one for her children and grandchildren, and one for the household. Since then the custom has become world-wide. The "Tree of Candles," is of more ancient date. There is an old French romance of the thirteenth century in which the hero sees a tree whose branches from top to bottom are covered with burning candles, while on the top is a figure of a child shining with a still greater radiance. This tree symbolized humanity—the upper lights being the souls of the good, those below, of the wicked, while the child represented Christ. From the Norse mythology comes the suggestion of the Christmas tree

CANADIAN'S DO OR DIE

By Isabel Crawford

There's many a heart in the Northland
That longs for an absent one—
There's many a widowed mother
Who mourns for an only son.

They left the plow in the furrow,
And the axe in the half-felled tree
Offering their lives for the honor
Of the Motherland o'er the sea.

They sprang into line at the bugle,
And waved us a gay good-bye,
But their hearts as steel were welded,
For Canadians do—or die!

And some of them fell at Ypres
In the thick of the first advance;
And some of them sleep unlisted
Heroes, Somewhere in France!

Aye back to back they are fighting,
Rich man, and farmer's son,
The artist has left his canvas
And wields the sword and gun.

The playwright has left his drama
Unfinished as years go by—
They have placed their all on the altar,
Canadians do—or die!

With a thought for home and loved ones,
And a prayer for the passing soul,
They have held their lines undaunted,
They have kept the Hun from his goal.

They have carved them a niche in story,
With the torch of patriot flame,
They have blazed the path to conquest—
But never the way of shame

Dear God! We are glad we gave them,
Though they sleep 'neath an alien sky,
We are proud of our race of heroes—
Canadians do—or die!

toba, and perhaps before another Christmas Day I may be laid in the cemetery at Kildonan, where my father, mother and several of our family are buried."

A hearty shake hands, and the old man started off for the Locks. And once again the writer heard the strains of the Red River Jig.

Many English girls believe that they will not be wedded inside of twelve months unless they have at least one kiss under the mistletoe. In many countries a berry is plucked from the mistletoe with each kiss, and when there are no berries no kisses are allowed. Mistletoe used to be considered a charm or amulet to ward off the baneful influence of witches. It was also considered that its influence was irresistible, that no one could possibly pass beneath it without yielding to its power, and hence both matron and maid must submit to the salutation which has since become customary.

The holly, with its traditions and customs, comes down to us from the old Romans and Teutons, and "bringing in the holly" used to be a matter of some ceremony. The good folk of Rutland, England, never bring holly into the house before Christmas Eve, believing that to do so would entail upon them a year of ill luck; and in Derbyshire it is believed that the roughness or smoothness of the holly that comes into a house at Christmas foreshadows whether husband or wife will rule during the coming year. The super-

logs, and the remains of each year's fire were carefully stored away among the household treasures for this purpose.

In the Highlands of Scotland it is, to this day, considered a great misfortune if the fire goes out, and it is said, "Tae nae luck, ye've let out the fire." The Yule log of England is chosen for its knots and rugged roots, a cross-grained block of elm being usually chosen, as it will burn longer. This used to be decorated with garlands of greens and ribbons and drawn to its place with much merriment.

Formerly the members of a family and the guests sat down in turn upon the Yule log as the throne of the Master of Revels or the Lord of Misrule, sang Yule songs, drank to the Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and as part of the frolic ate Yule dough or Yule cakes, drank furmenty, spiced ale, and from the wassail bowl.

Then they played Yule games, and finally kindled the Yule log from brands kept from the previous year. Herrick writes:

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunnset let it burne;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.

"Part must be kept, wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there."

A similar custom was retained on the

astypical of the new-born sun in that it was bedecked with lights, and was an emblem of spring on account of its rich green. Probably the Norse mythology was the origin of the "tree of candles" more than of the present Christmas tree. On the introduction of Christianity the Christmas tree, although not known then by that name, became the type of Christ.

The following quotation from L. P. Lewis gives these emblems of the Christmas tree:

"The tree itself, stately and tall, was symbolical of His Majesty and grandeur; the green, of His godliness and immortality; the lights, of His glory and of the Star in the East, and the angel on top (which was then never omitted), of the angels who gave to the shepherds the words still spoken each Christmas Day, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

By Wynne May

What have YOU done for your country?
What have YOU done for your flag?
Have you answered the clarion call for help?

Does your patriotism lag?
Think of the lads in the trenches,
And the boys in blue on the sea;
Giving their ALL in Democracy's cause,
Fighting for YOU and for ME.

What have you done to help them out?
Have you done aught but sing and shout?
Singing and shouting are all very well,
But its MEN and MONEY and GUNS that will tell
On the battlefield. When we meet the Hun,
It's man for man, and gun for gun.

Have you given the wealth of your coffers?
Have you worked for the cause that is just?
Does your heart turn cold at the TRUTHS that are told
Of the Prussians, greed and lust?
Think of the rape of Belgium,
Of the womanhood that was defiled!
Picture YOUR girl in the clutch of the beast,
Bearing a Boche's child.

Get into the fight, the thick of it,
The time has gone by for doing your bit,
Thank God for the chance of giving your ALL
To conquer the Hun, to help in his fall.
For fall he must, this monster of sin;
So give your ALL, for WE'VE GOT TO WIN.

SHIPS THAT PASS

By Mary A. Parke

Or one short hour, across the mystic sea,
The troubled ocean we call life—you came to me.
Our ships sailed close until they touched in that dream-golden hour,
I listened to your wondrous voice, surrendered to your power.
For just one hour, and yet I know my life has changed for aye.
I wonder if you guessed my love before you went your way.

Our ships sailed close, so close, my dear, I cannot help but feel
Your knowledge that my heart is yours, in woe or weal.
Like some gay pirate ship of old you stole my heart from me,
Then calm, set sail and left me there on life's uncharted sea.
My woman's pride was wounded when you did not seem to care,
But the little breezes whisper that you think of me somewhere.
And I, my heart cries out for you, my days are dark with pain,
I pray whatever gods there be, to send you back again.

It puzzled me to understand why I should yearn for you,
No thought of wooing me you had nor touch of lips we knew.
But something in my inmost soul stirred when I met your glance,
And there a hope still lingers that the fate we nickname Chance,
Will bring our ships together once again upon the sea—
Thzt o'er the troubled waters you are sailing back to me.

A Pair of Alibis

By Edith G. Bayne

MISS Manners opened the outer door of her fourth-floor suite with her night key and saw Gilroy's letter where it lay at her feet. She caught the gleam of the oblong white even before she had switched on the studio lights, and she knew the letter was Gilroy's by the beating of her heart. Besides he had not written for ten days and, though she wasn't the least bit in love with the writer still when letters that have been coming twice a week suddenly and unaccountably stop coming—

A young Airedale dog came bounding through the studio door and leaped upon her with rapturous wet caresses and the bundle of sketches she had been carrying fell to the floor while she gave him his usual nightly welcome.

Then, beneath the rose-shaded drop-light at her desk she pulled her gloves off hurriedly and took up the letter again. With breath that came rapidly she turned it over and over realizing in a dazed way that it was "different." Presently she became aware of two astounding facts. The letter was light and thin, and it was postmarked "Quebec." Gil-

would have expected—his recovering so quickly and coming home. The letter just before this one had given her no hint of such a contingency—in fact he had then been cosily recuperating from a wound or two in an English hospital and but for the desire to meet her as he said, he was quite content with his surroundings.

"But of course my sin had to find me out, Mr. Riley," she murmured as the dog gave a sharp little bark of sympathy and then snuggled his nose in her lap. "And I'm in for it now! Oh this lonely soldier claptrap! It's my belief they're not half so lonely as they claim to be."

Oh why had she ever written him! Why had she sent Grace Deering's photo? For of course it was her pretty face he had fallen in love with though he said it was her letters. She knew men! But it had all begun so innocently and all the girls were doing it. How she detested Grace Deering!

Who or what Grace Deering was she hadn't the faintest idea. There were not many pretty girls in the newspaper office where Miss Manners had her desk



Beside the many thousands of prisoners that are captured or give themselves up to the Allies, there are many such dumb animals as the one seen in this British official photo that do likewise. This German messenger dog wandered into the British lines, where he was captured. A British officer is removing the message from the dog's collar.

roy's other letters were always so fat and bulky that had they been civilian-mailed he would have had to pay excess postage each time, and hitherto they had borne a foreign postmark. Quebec was disconcertingly close.

Her quick mind saw it all even before she had torn open the envelope. He was in Canada and he expected to call upon her.

She must prevent that. He mustn't ever discover how she had cheated him. When she had read the few lines she steadied herself against the table, her mind in a whirl. Then slowly she re-read the message, as though trying to find a loophole there. But it was amazingly direct as she knew the writer must be, and the vein of high hope in which it had been penned, the not-to-be-put-off-any-longer tone made her heart beat rapidly with fear or something akin to it. Miss Manners rather prided herself on the ease with which she could control difficult situations and difficult people. Here was a task right at hand which would tax all her ingenuity.

Mr. Riley whined impatiently at her side. He was not receiving enough attention and this was his hour—the time in which he revelled in being fussed over.

She patted his head absently. "Oh doggie, dear, I'm in such a dooce of a hole, as our friend Ruggles would say!"

She sank into the big armchair beside the gaslog grate and knitted her brows anxiously. It was the last thing she

and evening off and Miss Manners' friend and co-worker Phyllis Ware usually dropped in at the tea hour on Saturday. There was a casserole dish prepared by Sonia and all ready to heat, and a salad, and as the pantry tonight revealed also a fresh chocolate cake and a cold roast chicken Miss Manners congratulated herself that they would feast royally. She lighted the gaslog and then placed the Japanese screen between the utility portion of the studio and this cosy home-like corner. She brought out the best silver and carried the bowl of crimson carnations from the desk to the centre of the table.

"Now if Phyllis will hurry! It's nearly seven and she's seldom so late. . . . Shall I tell her the fix I'm in or not? Her advice would be valuable and comforting I've no doubt if only I could rid myself of the fear that she'd laugh at me."

Ruminating thus she fell once more into the perplexing train of thought that had Captain Gilroy for its beginning and its end, while Mr. Riley gnawed a ham bone with gusto on the rug.

The small clock on her desk tinkled seven.

The words of Captain Gilroy's short letter rushed tumultuously through her mind again for he had said he would be with her shortly after seven to-morrow night. . . . Wait! To-morrow? Ye gods! That meant to-night! Miss Manners breathed quickly and a flush came and went on her cheek. She had been thinking she would have all day to-morrow to produce an alibi or think up a subterfuge! She rushed over to the table and seized upon his letter.

"Of what need to write at any length when I shall see you so soon?" he said. "Soon, did I say? It seems an eternity till to-morrow night. Had I the wings of the wind. . . . But perhaps you'll let me tell you then how 'to-morrow night, to-morrow night' has been beating itself into my brain with every revolution of the train's wheels! Three months' leave—a gift from the gods—fell into my lap so suddenly it took away my breath and I had no time to cable a word. I snatched the first boat and here I am on the soil of Canada once again. Oh, my dear. . . ."

Miss Manners did not finish the few lines remaining. It was all very absurd—and—well, she supposed she would have to see the ghastly farce through. How was her hair? She guessed it would do. . . . Being rather lovely hair it never looked anything else but attractive her friends would have said. Had she time to change into a nice frock? It was very silly of course but—but—when a man has professed admiration for one in bi-weekly letters for a period stretching over several months. . . . But it was Grace Deering whom he thought he was addressing! Miss Manners wavered. Her trim blue office dress was a trifle severe. . . . She did look more the Deering type in that soft old-blue clinging gown with the cream lace at the neck. . . . Perhaps he would take the blow easier if—the one who was to deal the blow didn't look altogether a fright.

Ten minutes later she was ready. Phyllis had not put in an appearance. So Miss Manners telephoned and learned that she had had to remain at the office and so would not be up to tea tonight. Next Miss Manners called the depot and found that the train from Quebec had just arrived. She could expect the Captain, then, any time now.

She had not eaten since one o'clock, yet she wasn't conscious of hunger. With a wry smile she glanced at the pretty tea-table, in all its attractive glisten and sheen. Grace Deering could have invited her visitor from overseas to partake of the meal with her. Miss Manners, when she had finished the uncomfortable business ahead—well, she would eat her supper alone as she did six nights out of seven.

Restlessly she paced about the room, looking from time to time at the clock and listening for the elevator-bell. Perhaps he was waiting to dine first. Perhaps—perhaps he had missed his train! Yet she knew he would do none of these things. If he were in the city nothing short of an accident would keep

him away from her, that is to say from the girl he thought she was.

Comedy? Or tragedy? Which was it? She wanted to laugh, to weep, to give way to some emotion of an hysterical nature. But she did neither. She filled in the interval of waiting by pulling those three fat bundles of fat letters from their hiding-place in the desk and running through several at random. She already knew parts of them all by heart.

"How your friendship gladdens my heart! I could not live I think were it not for Saturday night—night of ineffable bliss—night that brings your letter."

And again: "So well do I feel that I know you that my spirit can at will bridge the leagues of land and water that lie between us and commune with your spirit. In the early dawn when it must still be the dead of night with you in Canada I lie and think of you and wonder—wonder if your dreams sometimes contain a little bit of me."

Absurd? Why that almost bordered on effrontery! And yet—she had dreamed of him more than once. Miss Manners flushed and tossed the letter aside, picking up another.

"It is good to know that you too have a portion of that divine discontent in your nature which is the motive power of all great enterprises. Men and women are not so fundamentally different after all. Women crave a permanent interest in the big things of life too. They too 'yearn beyond the skyline where the strange roads go down!' I have a sister and I know."

How he understood! There was no denying it—his letters had been soul-satisfying.

Miss Manners sighed and returned the letters to their drawer, and hardly had she done so when the sharp tinkle of the elevator bell sent her heart into her throat. The next moment someone was knocking at her outer door. Drawing a long breath she summoned all her wonted poise and went forward and opened the door.

As she had expected, a man in khaki stood there.

"Miss Manners?" he queried, gravely.

Miss Manners nodded. Her quick artist's eye registered a number of pleasing impressions. He was an officer. He was tall, rather lean in build, with a thin brown face and deep-set dark eyes—eyes with a curious penetrating quality. And he was regarding her without the vestige of an ingratiating smile. She threw the door wide and he entered, cap in hand and then followed her without a word into the studio where she indicated an armchair.

What tack should she take? Or should she let him begin? Of course she would laugh the whole affair off as of no moment!

"Was—was your train very late?" she asked, politely.

"No—yes—that is I believe it was a trifle behind," he said, watching her take the chair opposite. "You—received Captain Gilroy's note?"

"Only a little while ago."

"Then of course you have been expecting—" and he broke off in a peculiar way and looked as embarrassed as a schoolboy caught in an act of disobedience.

"There—there are some matters to be cleared up," said Miss Manners, deciding to take the plunge at once when she noted his difficulty in going on. "I—that is you—of course you understand—"

She too broke off. It was his disconcerting steady gaze! He had hardly taken his eyes off her and but for the very palpable trembling of his big hands as they twirled his cap about she would not have guessed at his very real diffidence.

"Of course you understand," she began again, "just how it all is, Captain Gilroy. It was done in a spirit of fun rather than—"

"I am not Captain Gilroy," he said, finding his voice at last.

"Not Captain Gilroy! Then—then where is he?"

Her last shred of armor fell away. That suspicion of a twinkle in his eye was more than a suspicion now. She blushed.

The stranger cleared his throat.

"I am sorry to have to tell you that the Captain has been obliged to remain in Quebec on account of his eyes. He—"

"His eyes!"

"Yes, you see they have never quite given him satisfaction since he was almost blinded, at the battle of—"

"But—but he never said a word to me about his eyes!"

The stranger smiled.

"Naturally he—wouldn't want to worry you. As I say, he hasn't really recovered the full use of them yet and though he managed to get leave to cross to Canada it was upon landing that the doctors decided to try to do something more for him before he saw his home people."

"Oh, I—I see. How terrible though! I had no idea—"

Miss Manners was now experiencing an odd sort of relief. Gratitude to this officer for sparing her the ordeal she had so dreaded overcame all else. She would ask him to have supper with her!

"It was good of you to call and tell me all this," she said with the first smile she had yet vouchsafed him. "You—are?"

"A thousand pardons! My name is Brett—Lieutenant is my rank."

"Then I thank you kindly Lieutenant Brett, and, while I am so shocked about the Captain—"

"It is shocking, but they have hopes of saving the sight of one and perhaps

happy to think I was helping even if it were so slightly."

The stranger seemed restless and ill at ease but before he could speak she took up her tale again, her eyes on the rug.

"The letters the other girls got were full of—of blarney too and we thought it was all right to—to put a little warmth into ours—in other words to give as good as we got. So many poor chaps have neither mother nor sister to—pet them. But unfortunately Captain Gilroy after a time began to fancy himself in love with me. He—"

"To fancy? He—he'd die for you!" interjected the visitor hotly.

She looked up, startled at his tone.

"Wait," she said, shaking her head. "He does not even know what I look like. I sent him another girl's picture. Oh, I know he said it was my personality shining through my letters, that it was my humor, my little tricks of expression and so on, but I knew that it was the face of the girl he thought I was. Men don't fall in love with abstract qualities. They demand something tangible, corporeal."

"This photo—he kept referring to it? Kept talking of the features and so on?"

Miss Manners pondered.

"Well, no. Now that you mention it he only spoke of it once and that was to acknowledge its receipt."

The lieutenant bowed.

"You'll wonder why I'm boring you with all these details. But it's because I want you to carry my confession to

they should strike a big town he said. But I see now it was on account of his eyes poor chap. You will tell him how sorry I am?"

"Yes. But first let me explain—"

"Please! We have discussed the subject sufficiently don't you think?"

"But—"

"Have you dined?"

"Why no, I don't believe I have! I'd forgotten," he answered with a start. "And I'm keeping you—"

"Then do remain and have a little supper with me? I've been expecting a friend who has disappointed me, so the table is laid for two. If you have anything further to say about—this matter you can say it afterwards. This is a bit conventional I suppose, but you won't mind?"

"I should say not! I'll be delighted."

"You'll have to carve the fowl. I always make Phyllis do it."

"Fowl? Um-m-m. Lead me to it."

They both laughed and with the laugh all diffidence vanished.

Over the tea-table Lieutenant Brett lost the remainder of his gloom and became delightfully companionable and entertaining. He related a score of sprightly anecdotes pertaining to trench and billet life, told tales of his comrades' bravery, but seldom did he speak of himself and not once of Gilroy. Miss Manners over the steaming little urn and the dainty shell-like teacups was equally at ease. A dozen times in the course of the meal she thanked her stars that it was this pleasant young officer and not the other, love-stricken, one whom the gods had sent to be her guest for the evening.

"I would know you were an artist just by observing you," the Lieutenant remarked, involuntarily, when they had risen.

"I suppose I do radiate a horrid professional atmosphere."

"You don't! But it's the way you do little things. There is an air of distinction in the way you push back a chair or lift a cushion or arrange a pile of books. Different from other people's ways. Then this gem of a room. You love it. Your eyes soften when they



On the defensive.

both eyes. Rest is what he requires. No reading, no writing—"

"I feel very guilty, yet how was I to know? He—you knew that he has written me twice a week for ever so long? He only missed while he was crossing this time. He should not have been allowed—"

"Let us not worry about it," suggested the stranger with a smile and Miss Manners also smiled, but tremulously.

"Did you ever go to the dentist in dread over a tooth you knew would have to come out and have him tell you he couldn't take you to-day and would you please come back next week? Well, that's exactly how I feel at the present moment."

He looked puzzled, and was about to speak when she went on:

"To change the metaphor, you've lifted a millstone from my neck. I dreaded so having to face Captain Gilroy and tell him about my—oh, it's too silly! I don't know how I'm going to make you understand—"

"I believe I understand better than you think."

"You see, it was such fun at first to get those letters of his," she rushed on. "It had been ages since—well, since I had had time for love letters. I'm a busy woman. But some months ago I yielded to the entreaties of the girls and took on some alleged lonely soldier correspondents. Four of mine died, poor fellows, but the Captain remained. I can't knit so I wrote him twice a month for a while and then once a week. I felt

him, to be my proxy, if you will be so good. Really, I can't go through with the absurd thing a second time. Will you spare me the embarrassment and break the—the news as gently as you can?"

"I don't know about that," said the Lieutenant, grimly.

"Please."

He appeared to consider.

"I realize I have been foolish, but was he any less so?" she pleaded. "If you could have read—"

"Oh, I know he's an idiot—always was," the Lieutenant remarked hastily.

"No, no! I won't have you to say a word against him," she said quickly. "It was mostly all my own fault."

He watched her with smoldering admiration in his gloomy eyes and seemed half envious of Gilroy.

"I may as well admit," she continued, with an access of color, "that I've been drawn into some sort of thrall, too. You mustn't tell him this though. The sense of utter impersonality that his letter had for me did not quite take away the thrill with which I received each one. I had to keep reminding myself that they had been written to Grace Deering, that it was her face, her personality that inspired them. I read them as one reads a beautiful story where someone else is always the heroine."

"But you place too much emphasis on that picture. I—have seen the picture. It was pretty but—not breath-taking. Did he send you his in return?"

"No. He was always going to, when

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encounter bits of glowing color—like these carnations for instance. Yes, one would know you were the artist born."

She was pleased, and brought out some watercolors for his inspection.

"No less than five of Lake Ontario in a storm!" he exclaimed.

"I'm a March-born child and stormy by temperament," she explained. "Besides, I was born on the shore of the lake."

"I love storms. They're inspiring, vivifying. I too was born on the shore of Lake Ontario—in the village of Dayspring."

"Dayspring? Why, so was I! Who in the world are you? Wait. . . . Are you a son of David Brett?"

"No, he was my uncle. My father was James Brett who moved west about thirty years ago. He died and my mother married again."

Of course, after this, she felt no qualms whatever about accepting his invitation to the theater and the following day, which was Sunday, they went to Long Branch. A week passed, a week full of pleasant meetings and little trips, dinners and motor-rides and not once in all this time did either of them mention Gilroy's name.

Then one afternoon, When Brett had called to take her out for dinner he remarked that he had had a telegram from the Captain.

"He will be in the city to-morrow," he said, in a casual tone.

Miss Manners started. She had almost forgotten the Captain's existence.

"His eyes?"

"Very much better. Shall—I bring him around to call?"

"No, no! It won't be necessary will it? Couldn't you explain about—"

"He's really a very nice chap, Miss Manners."

"I know that."

"And every word in those letters he meant. I have been wondering why you express so little interest in him. Not once have you asked what he looked like. Do you not care—any longer?"

Miss Manners cast her eyes down. It was a searching question, one she had been afraid to ask herself.

"I hardly know," she replied. "I have not given it much thought."

"Why do you smile?"

"I was thinking how badly you play the role of Miles Standish's emissary."

Brett looked disconcerted. Miss Man-

ners busied herself with her gloves, and watched him from the mirror where she adjusted her hat.

"You didn't mind that?" she asked, penitently.

"I did, rather. Something I have never done and never will do is the Miles Standish stunt. Let every man do his own courting I say."

"Then why are you so concerned over the Captain's heart affairs? Why are you sounding me?"

Brett moved restlessly from the window and back again.

"If I were to tell you why—" he began and broke off.

"Go on. It is only a little past five and we have plenty of time," she encouraged.

She saw again that troubled, diffident look that he had worn the first evening when she had confessed about the correspondence. She felt that he was in the Captain's confidence to a greater extent than he would admit.

"First answer me a straight question," he commenced, wheeling about and facing her in grim earnestness. "Then I will tell you—everything. Is your regard for him serious?"

She breathed rapidly, her eyes on his face. In this humor she was almost afraid of him. How warmly he had stuck up for his friend that first night!

"I care nothing for Captain Gilroy," she said at length. "How should I when I have never seen him?"

"I am glad of that," he said frankly, after a pause.

"You are—glad? Why?"

"Because," said Brett with tense look and in a voice that vibrated. "Because Gilroy is a married man."

Miss Manners had superb self-control. She did not start or otherwise betray any emotion she may have felt. Her companion came forward a couple of steps and bent that keen glance of his on her face and still she did not flinch.

She stood there, a dainty figure in old rose silk, the color accentuating her clear pallor, the dull glow of the shaded light on her rich brown hair, a mocking glance in her cool grey eyes. She had removed her hat the better to adjust the veil and now she smiled as her fingers busied themselves in the meshes of the filmy fabric.

"Is it possible that you—that this piece of news has no effect upon you at all?" he demanded.

She looked up quickly and in that instant he read something in her eyes before they fell again that made his heart beat with smothering violence. A moment he stood silent and then with a boyish rush of ardor he seized her hand—both hands.

"You know—you have guessed that I love you?" he cried.

She did not reply for a moment. Then: "I have guessed—a number of things," she said in a low voice, and drew back, forcing him to release her hands.

"Then—you know?" he asked after a short tense silence. "How did you discover the truth?"

He wanted to ask if it made any difference in their comradeship but fear of her answer withheld him. She wasn't smiling now.

"Why didn't you tell me that first night?" she demanded.

"And have spoiled our nicely budded friendship?"

"You should have told me. It—was hardly fair. I told you everything."

"When I had found you I had just one desire and that was to be near you. You will recollect that I was on the point of—confessing my identity but you insisted on closing the discussion. I really was going to be foolhardy enough to let it all out."

She sent him a sudden bewildering smile.

"Were you? Then I might possibly find in it my heart to forgive you," she murmured. "But your defence is slim."

"And I am small-souled. I like to pay folks back in their own coin. I have a kindly heart I hope, but I have also a very jealous disposition. All week the thought of poor old Gilroy has driven me half mad."

"But what a poor dissembler you are! All week I have known!"

"Impossible!"

"Well, ever since Monday. You remember that delightful old Inn on the lakeshore where they make you write your order on a pad?"

"By Jove!"

"And you really do make your capital I's like no one else in the world!"

He smiled ruefully.

"After all, the question is am I forgiven?"

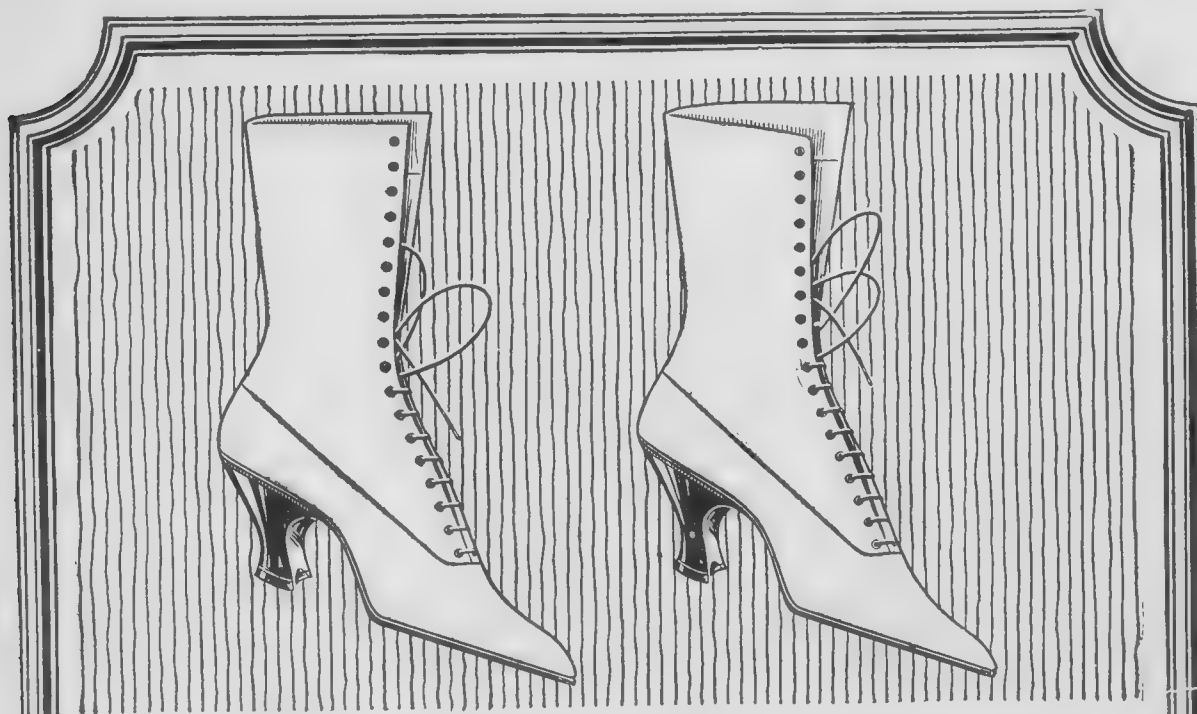
"I suppose so."

"You say that grudgingly. So I suppose it is up to me to do some further elucidating. Well, I wrote every letter you received but only the first three were done for Gilroy. That was because of his eyes. Did you notice a discrepancy between the third and the fourth letters?"

. . . . That was due to two things: the fact that I had resolved to keep you myself—"

"What!"

"—for a correspondent. And the fact that just then Gilroy had fallen head over ears in love with an English girl. (They were married two weeks ago and came over on the same ship with me.) So he had kindly told me I could 'take you on' as well as seven other young lady correspondents he had been in touch



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with. Gilroy, I fear, is something of a lady's man."

"And he called himself 'a lonely soldier'! What of the other seven?" and Miss Manners made her tone casual.

"Oh, they were well enough but they weren't like you. I just distributed them around to some genuine 'lonely soldiers.'"

"And the picture of Grace Deering? Is that—was that the starting point of—your interest?"

"In a way."

Miss Manners stiffened perceptibly and reached for her hat where it had fallen on the arm of the chair beside her.

"But not in the way you think," he continued. "You see, Grace Deering happens to be my sister."

"Your sister! Are—are you joking?"

"Not at all. This sounds melodramatic but it's true. I told you that my mother had married again. Deering is her name now. Grace had that photo done when she was in some kind of amateur theatricals and the papers ran it. I recognized it at once of course."

"I ought to have looked the name up in the city directory!"

"So you should. But even so, let us hope you would have used it anyway—the photo, I mean."

"There was only her name on the card in the file. But I will apologize to her now of course."

"She's a V.A.D. in France. I don't think I even know her present address, she moves about so. There is no occasion for an apology. Had I known just where she was then you may be sure I should have asked her if she had a friend

"I thought he liked me," said Brett, wonderingly.

Miss Manners laughed.

"Keep your distance from me and he will. He and I are the most inseparable of old sweethearts. Perhaps in the course of the next six months he may become used to your dropping in—"

"Six months! Dropping in! Why the rascal thinks he's your major-domo I believe and would ask me if my intentions were serious I suppose, if he had a tongue to speak. . . . Listen here old boy. We three are going to be married on Saturday. Get that?"

"Saturday!" exclaimed Miss Manners, weakly.

"Saturday," repeated Brett, firmly.

And looking at his determined jaw she knew better than to contravene. This was the first decisive action of her life that she had allowed someone else to control and it seemed quite natural and altogether agreeable! As for Mr. Riley, deep down in his canine heart he had always bankered for a master and "a man about the house." So he barked happily and snuggled his rough nose into the Lieutenant's lap.

Little Bits of Fun

Mrs. Starr was preserving peaches in her blue-and-white kitchen, amid an array of glass jars, covers, paraffin, rubber bands, and so forth.

Margaret, aged four, watched the mysterious process quietly, until the fruit was in the jars and the covers ready, then she exclaimed ecstatically, "Oh, marmee, please let me put the garters on!"



A richly-burdened pyramid.

called Miss Manners who was fond of playing practical jokes! Not of course that it would have done me any good. But I was determined to pierce the piquant little mystery if it took me seven years."

"I suppose you thought I was ashamed of my own face. I'm not. It's a good substantial sort of face, and—"

"It's a beautiful face."

"—and I wouldn't change it for that of a Venus. It is a wonder the Captain didn't object to your using his name."

"He did. Strenuously. But I pointed out to him that if I began to use my own you would set me down as a fresh guy and have nothing to do with me. It's one thing for a lady to offer to write a lonely soldier but quite another thing for him to thrust himself forward. I just couldn't take any chances! So I secured his grudging permission on the understanding that I would enlighten you as soon as we had become friends. But needless to say I never read any more letters to him. You were mine. And Saturday nights were heavenly nights!"

When, ten minutes later, Mr. Riley came walking sedately into the room from his own particular corner where he had been luxuriating in an afternoon siesta he found them sitting on the wicker chaise lounge in what the poets call "sweet proximity" and he wasn't going to have it. So with a growl of canine displeasure he thrust his own wiryhaired form between them and refused to be placated in any way by the caresses and blandishments of the Lieutenant

Probable Mistake

A man entered a restaurant and ordered chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the diner in a great state of wrath.

"Waiter," he said, "this chicken is very tough."

"Very sorry, sir. That chicken was always a peculiar bird. Why, when we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so at last we had to shoot it. It flew on the housetops, and—"

"Ah! That accounts for it; you must have shot the weather-cock by mistake."

He Wanted Some

A boy was taken by his father into a restaurant for dinner. As they were eating their dessert the father handed the waiter a five-pound note, which that worthy carried to the cashier's desk, returning presently with a little pile of change on a plate. The little boy's eyes grew bright. "Oh, papa," he said, "I'd like a plate of that, too!"

A Smile

By Grace G. Bostwick

A little thing and yet it turns the key
Of many a door to let God's sunshine in;
It lifts the sufferer from his sense of pain
And turns the tempted heart away from sin.

It saves the day, when, broken with the strain,
The weary one looks up and sees its birth;

'Tis such a little thing—the smile of man—
And yet it sweetens all the trials of earth.

Five out of Seven American Housewives

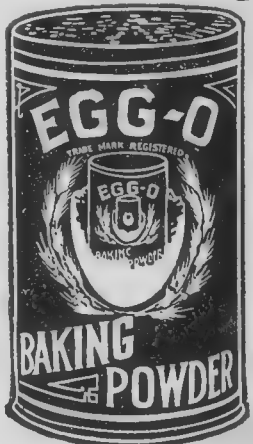
now use what are known as combination or *double-acting* baking powders. This style of baking powder has two actions. It acts first when cold water or milk is added in the mixing bowl. Its second action requires the heat of the oven. This strong, double leavening power is what is needed for the *heavy war flours* and wheat flour substitutes.

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Christmas Nineteen Eighteen

Greetings From Bonnycastle Dale.

To my Readers:—

ANOTHER wonderful series of blessed days have formed a year since I last wrote to you at the glad Christmas time. I do most sincerely hope that the dear ones who have fought for you and I on that fearful battle front in France will have happy thoughts of home this day. I ask you to rejoice with me that Laddie Senior has returned, alas wounded, but cheerful and convalescing. (Our good editor in his kind message in the August number referred to him as Laddie Jr.) His long stay in hospital, with two operations for that shrapnel torn right lung, was bravely borne. Laddie Junior, our young assistant photographer and nature student is well and happy, and bids me send his Christmas wishes to the many readers that hear of his exploits and saw his face often pictured on the pages of this real home monthly. If all the magazines kept their pages as pure and wholesome as the one you are reading this world would be a better and a happier place, as the editor on his printed page is the countrywide teacher of the young as well as the old.

While I am happy in the consolation of the Gunner at-home-once-more, and of

the steep angle of the roof, mercifully bringing up against a chimney, thence his fear driven way led down a fragile water pipe, it luckily did not break until he was half way down and he crashed, scared but safe, through a dense lilac into a tulip bed. ("I do hope I mashed those tulips deep," he told me afterwards). Then off he fled, with his little white shirt blowing out like a distress signal, down the dim streets and shadowy lanes in the outskirts of the big city, right into the courthouse square he sped, and sought safety from his imaginary host of pursuers beside the staff that daily flew the big Union Jack. Only a second later, so it seemed to him, he was rudely awakened by a big policeman. "Get up you young tramp and get home out of this." "Please sir, I ain't got no home," he stuttered. "No home?" "No, sir, but I live at the 'Lilacs.'" Alas, too true, he had no home, and he was well trounced when the Lilacs was awakened at two of a summer morning. He actually ate with Dash, the big red Irish setter, as he naively told me. "Well, you see, Dash don't make fun of a feller while he's eatin'." Now, as punishment for running away what did they do to him? Only made him drink mustard and water!



The well-known treachery of the Germans is minimized by the Canadians, who simply refuse to take chances. Every prisoner brought back is subjected to a close scrutiny and thorough search by the Canadian officers. In this photo a Canadian officer is shown searching German prisoners captured during the battle of Cambrai.

the glorious youth of the younger one; what a wonderful wellspring of bounding joys and hopes and castles-in-the-air a boy is, there is yet the sad undercurrent that both you and I have dear ones who will not return from battle. My heart goes out to you all this sacred day in deepest sympathy. I do want to tell you my earnest conviction that after peace is established over with the Germans beaten and penitent there must be no more war. I think if we can thoroughly overcome the jealousy we bear towards our neighbor we can destroy the jealousy one nation bears another, for nations are composed of neighbors, too. I heard the head of our great university say, "We must either stop making war or stop raising families." Now to my story.

Full Heart and Empty Arms

Some years ago while on one of my natural history trips, I had the great privilege of helping a wee bit waif. His story overflowed with sorrow. But a babe in years he had been a very football for a crowd of overfed fellow boarders, obeying their every beck and call, wearing their ridiculously too large boots and illy cut-down clothes. His nights were nights of dread, as he was forced to sleep in the great unfinished attic of the big rambling structure, and the winged demons and fairies of his tossing slumbers struck him in angry whizzing flight-bats all of them, but how could poor little "Nimmy" tell this.

One night, unable to bear the terror longer, he crept out of bed and slid down

"And if you don't keep it down I'll give you more," was the threat that accompanied it. All this done to a boy of ten years of age.

One day among my mail I got a letter from a friend asking if I would do a share in snatching a youngster from this kind of devilry. I always think the person who did the cruel things was demented, of course, I did what you would have done, took the share offered and gladly, too.

I went with a lady friend to see "Nimmy." She just snatched him up and kissed him, and the poor little empty arms clung to her, and in a great passion of weeping he cried, "Oh, do kiss me again, I never had one before." Stranger as she was she was sobbing bitterly and my old eyes were moist, too. That wee scarecrow, he had shoes big enough to make him knickers and knickers small enough to make him cuffs, and his shirt was nondescript, and his coat did not seem to belong to him. Off she rushed us to a clothing store and they stripped the youngster behind the curtain to spare your blushes—and clothed him anew from head to foot, never mind if the proprietor—I'll leave you charitably to guess his nationality—did cheat us unmercifully. You ought to have seen Nimmy clutching and feeling those clothes, and dipping his hands down in numerous and sundry pockets, and when he found a fancy handkerchief away down in one, to hear his joyous "Oh!" was a treat, but the sad refrain must come, he said, "Gosh, these pants are good and thick, I guess they can whack me now without my yelling."

"What! I ain't never to go back again." Now what do you think he did, stood first on his hands and then on his head, then fell over on his back amid a shower of small change and knives and mouth organs and tops that in some miraculous way had grown up in those pockets. The shame-faced way in which he picked all these little treasures up and said, "Must I give 'em all back," then such a whoop of joy when she shook her head. Now into a car she rushed us and off to a real home where a sweet old silver haired lady just naturally opened her arms and took the waif in. He seemed to take to kissing and cuddling so naturally that she promptly christened him "Full heart and empty arms."

All this happened many years ago. Now I am several thousand miles from where the sweet old lady sleeps her last sleep, and on my desk lies a group of letters, from Nimmy. He tells me of his life in a great American city, how he promptly enlisted as early as he could after the declaration of war, of his life in the great soldiers' camp, one sentence rings in my ears, "The proudest moment of my life has come. I'm selected to go to France on the staff of the C.O. We'll be his bodyguard, too, and won't we guard him." By now he has made that wonderful trip of the modern Armada



The snow girl.

with its outstanding and leading and trailing guard ships, its darting destroyers, its swiftly launched sub. chasers, its mighty winged host above, a thing even Jules Verne never dared to predict in his then improbable writings. He reached the greatest modern port France has ever seen, passed through a wonder of a railroad yard. Had three months bombing, rifle, machine gun, mortar and fire and gas drill, it must sound fearsome to the Germans—The Fire and Gas Division of the U.S. Army. You see Germany lightly gave birth to these monstrosities. Then back on the staff he went a fully developed pte.—No, he is a private still, and very proud of it, too. Yes, he has met the sweet black eyed French girls and can parle-vous a bit, too. I notice he always says bon instead of good. How is this for an event in the life of a wee bit waif.

"The C.O. put me on communications in a bit of a dash we made. We had gone ahead of our objectives and the staff was even then in the German staff H.Q. 'Take this to Col. Thurston,' he said to me, just as if he had asked me to take it over to the post office back home. That Col. was ahead and still going at last reports and all wires down, the Huns were using all the cannon we had not captured, and we've got a park of them I can tell you. So I took a loose horse and off I sped through the whine

of strays and the 'bump-bang' of H. E. I took a header into a shell hole when in some smoke, and my silly mask came off so I let it hang as I had to catch 'Mazeppa the Wild Horse.' It took the last bit of choc. I had been nibbling when the C.O. handed me the lines. Yes, I read them three times and carefully put them away. No! I'm not going to tell you what I did with them. Well, I got on that bucking beast and we did a mile of craters at a gallop. Say! it could dart down a crumbling crater, plunge in, swim across and climb the bank just as it did on practice stunts, and to see it go over low wire was the joy of my life. I was now ahead of our last barrage, ahead of the Huns' ditto and going like the wind, when I ran into infantry of ours with their faces pointing the same way I

was going. The Col. was still further on, suddenly our men melted off that road into a field of grain, like shadows of the clouds passing over, and down the road came a company of ours at the full gallop, a wonderful sight I tell you, everything clanking and flying, and the horses throwing clods like so many machines. Once past the hidden infantry they too took to the grain, clearing the fences like herds of deer, and just then I saw and heard the cause, and I, too, went after that grain like an anxious farmer. A beautiful squadron of enemy planes were swooping down and sweeping along that road like so many great hawks in pursuit, much more so as the only prey now was the thousands of swallows that curved and swung above the road. My horse fell into its place as

naturally as it would lie down in its stall. Then they saw us and such a rattle. Ours got busy, too, and one lucky chap found a weak place and got his into a tank and a streak of fire and a wobble and a crash was all there was to it, and there on the dusty road, sprawled out like a drunken man lay the pilot, and I, being nearest made my first prisoner. Yes, we saved the old bus, too, she kicked up so much dust as she struck that it only took a few spadefuls more to put out the fire. She's a bit knocked out but still in the ring. I gave the poor chap a swig of my tin, he was only stunned I think, and off I set after that Col. I found him just this side of Russia and hiked me back for a little snack." So the dear boy seems to be yet "Full Heart and Empty Arms."

THE MYSTIC BEAUTY OF MUSIC WAS NEVER MORE NEEDED IN THE HOME THAN IT IS THIS CHRISTMAS



WHEN cloud-banks blot the sky dull grey or whistling winds make outdoors disagreeable, how cheery and exhilarating are bright lights and sparkling fires!

And in these soul-trying days, how welcome is the cheery brightness — the soothing caress — the soul-satisfying message — of the music you love.

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"If Ye Break Faith With Us"

By Rev. John MacKay, D.D., Principal Westminster Hall, Vancouver.

DR. JOHN McRAE, one of the noblest of Canada's sons, who himself sleeps in Flanders fields, has sung in immortal words, the pathos, the tragedy, the glory and the challenge of the war.

Thousands of Canadian homes are forever linked by ties of sorrowful affection to the little crosses that mark the last resting places of their hero sons. For them there can be no forgetting, for love never dies. What true Canadian can ever think unmoved of those long rows of silent sentries over our noble dead? And how can life for any of us ever be the same again? Can we ever fail to hear them say: "If ye break faith with us." Surely the willing sacrifice of our bravest and best cannot be in vain.

The homes from which they came have been glorified by what they did. The simple lessons of duty, and honor, of courage and faith have borne rich fruitage in the hour of deadly struggle with earth's most brutal foe. Can any Canadian home in all the future years forget these lessons and fail to give the coming generations the things for which they died?

Our schools and colleges have had the seal of high approval placed upon their

work, humble though it often was, by those who learned in them the meanings of history and the purposes of life. Can they ever again be content with anything below the best for the boys and girls whose privileges have been bought for them at such a price? Our political institutions though they have pitifully failed in so many ways, though they have suffered so much from human selfishness and false ambition, have yet risen to splendid heights and have supported our boys at the front in ways of which we may well be proud. Can we ever again be content with corruption and unworthiness in the high places of the land? Can we who gave our sons that the world might be safe for democracy ever again tolerate those practices which endanger the very foundations of democracy? Can we break faith with those who die, in the institutions which fashion and guard the very life of our citizens and secure to them the blessings bought with our best blood.

Soon, we hope, the blessed peace for which they fought will be realized and our maimed and broken sons who have stood between us and worse than death, will return to their homes. For them there can never again be the full orb of life of perfect health. Have we risen to

our full responsibility in our treatment of them? Can we ever respect ourselves if we fail to make their lot as happy as lies within our power?

And what of the widows and orphans of our noble dead? Shall we repeat the shameful story of Britain's treatment of her dependents from other wars? Or shall we write a new chapter in the history of our Empire by giving them the best life holds, even at the cost of bitter hardship to ourselves? It is easy to forget, it is easy to be self satisfied, but can we be so base as to break faith with the helpless dependents of those who die for us?

Over and through all the horror and bloodshed, the world is beginning to recognize the hand of God in this dread disaster. Had those who named His name in the past, been sensitive as they should have been to His presence and His purposes in life, would this dire calamity have come upon the earth? Who knows? But this we know and for this we thank God and take courage for the future—The lessons taught by the church in the past have been lived in the lives of those who stood face to face with death in a thousand awful forms, have kept them patient in hardship and steadfast in the Article of Death.

To the Church above all else comes the challenge of those silent crosses, for does she not live by the Cross, and in it find her glory? The first Christmas, with its song of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"

for those who could see and understand, was shadowed by a Cross. And may not this Christmas have its richer song and its fuller promise of peace which war shall never shatter?

The answer remains with the Church of Christ. Those thousands of little white crosses owe their very shape to that instrument of torture on which the Prince of Glory died. And those rows on rows meet in that cross which stands higher than ever before in the eyes of all the world as the revealer of the heart of God, as the interpreter of life's tragedies and the Comforter of the hearts of men. The message of these pathetic rows of crosses is the message of that other Cross "If ye break faith with Me."

Surely the Church will not fail Him and them in this great hour of the world's agony and the Church's opportunity.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Above the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard above the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, saw dawn, felt sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

The Strain Immortal

Written for The Western Home
Monthly by D. S. Hamilton, B.A.
Winnipeg

We review the years of conflict
And our hearts are strangely stirred
By the sights our eyes have witnessed
And the tales our ears have heard.

Some have moved amidst the dangers
Of the reeking shot and shell;
Some have risked the dark pursuer
Where the billows heave and swell;

Some have faced the winged destroyer
Boldly in the upper air;
For destruction walked in darkness
And at noonday "OVER THERE."

We have lived within the shadow
Of the risks they bravely manned,
And our hearts have ached full often
As the lengthy lists we scanned.

Of the men whose dauntless courage
Led them on against the foe,
Till some hate-directed missile
Crossed their path and laid them low.

Then the world seemed lost to gladness,
And to joyous note, until
Broke again the strain immortal
"Peace on earth, to men good will."

Aye the Christmastide is dawning
To rekindle hope obscured,
To inspire faith unailing,
In the souls that long endured.

Strain of sorrow, pain and anguish,
Trusting where they could not see
That a day of liberation
Would arrive to set them free.

Hail we now with joy unmeasured
Vision of the "happy morn"
Heralding the world's redemption,
When the Saviour King was born.

Who should stand amidst the nations,
Pointing a benignant sway—
King of Kings in power and wisdom,
Author of the better day.

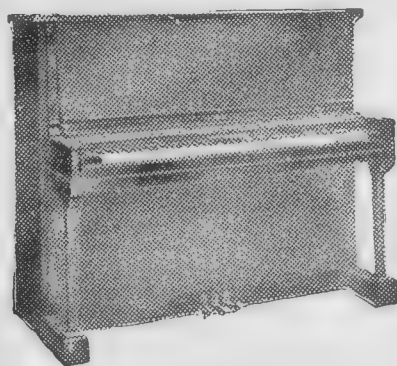
Lo! as token of His power
We behold the tyrants fall,
And new favor for the peoples
Be they great or be they small.

Let the anthem ring with gladness
All the world with joy to fill,
After night of dark destruction,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."

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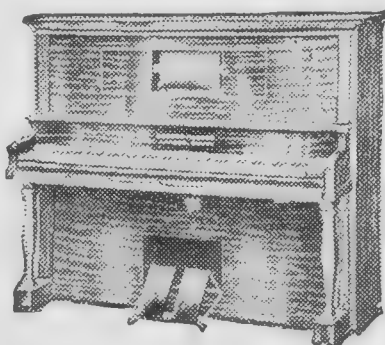
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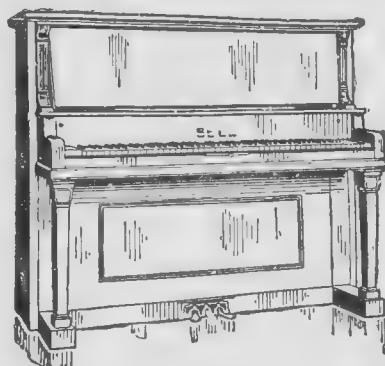
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Where Lies Our Latest Letter

Written for The Western Home Monthly by N. Tournour

MANY are the strange lands into which the great war has now penetrated. But none of them are at all comparable with that where lies the allies latest front. Part of it is a terrible region, fit enough for the punishment of those who look upon war and all its miseries and horribleness as a trade bringing profit and renown.

Southern Siberia is a pleasant place. It has a spring, summer and autumn as comfortable as these of the north mid states of the United States, though winter is almost as severe as Manitoba's. It is a land of corn, vast herds and immense mineral wealth. Probably the notion that all Siberia is a frozen and deadly country has arisen in part from accounts of Russians formerly exiled to Northeast Siberia, where now are the most fanatic of the Bolsheviks outside Kronstadt.

It is likely then that the Allies troops upholding the resolution of the Entente governments to liberate Siberia from the grasp of Germany and misrule may find themselves at one period or another in the strangest part of the inhabited globe. Populated before the revolution but scantily by Russian settlers, and the descendants of Cossacks and exiles banished for life, and by native tribes, it is a land where the absence of everything making life decent is supreme. Here lies a region rightly described as "Nature's Grave," where all is silence and solitude, perpetually frozen soil, and incessant strife to maintain life. A vast graveyard, too, filled with bones of animals that have perished in comparatively recent times through cold.

All Europe could be dumped into it, and yet there would be thousands of miles to spare. In shape it is something like a rough triangle, the point of which is found at Behring Straits. The base is formed by the Lena river, flowing north

into the Arctic Ocean, the south side is shaped by the curve of the lofty Stanovoi Mountains, running many hundreds of miles, and shutting off Southern Siberia and Manchuria; and the north side is formed by the Arctic Ocean and the remarkable islands of ice and earth, that in age are the oldest known parts of the earth. Since the Glacial Period, tens of hundreds of thousands of years ago, they have undergone no change according to geological research of Russian scientists.

Here, too, is the coldest place on the globe, Verkhoyansk, on the Yana river. Even from May to September at Verkhoyansk, no matter whence the wind may blow it is always close on freezing. In winter the thermometer often falls to ninety degrees below zero Fahrenheit. It is almost impossible to realize the awful cold here in midwinter. The town itself is a collection of log houses standing on the high banks of a lifeless icy stream, and backed by a dark pine forest stretching on all sides save toward the Arctic for many hundreds of miles. So intense sometimes is the winter cold that the inhabitants breathe with difficulty in the open air. The reindeer seek the depths of the forest, and are often found frozen dead in herds. The trunks of the trees split open with sharp report like gun fire owing to the intensity of the frost. Your host in these regions of Northeast Siberia has to lift you out of your sledge, and help you to detach your frozen beard from your furs and mufflers when you arrive at his house. But everything in the "strangest land" is remote, unlikely, curious—and terrible.

Behind the Stanovoi Mountains stretches Southern Siberia. It is watered by rivers that do the work of railroads, has richly wooded mountains and valleys, with vast green plains, cultivated fields, soft meadows, cheerful towns, with all the usual vegetables in abundance, and an

endless stream of commerce. But north of the Stanovoi Range, where the land slopes gradually down to the Arctic, lie endless marshes, great arid stretches, huge forests and hills amidst which nestle innumerable lakes. By-and-by they cease altogether, and bogs, swamps, stony wastes and morasses stretch away for many hundreds of miles toward the Arctic Ocean.

These are the dread "tundras," either mossy or stony and barren, according to their part of the territory, with low swelling hills rising out of them here and there covered with bushwood and masses of brilliant flowers in summer time. It is then and during the autumn their solitude and loneliness is unparalleled, for none, not even the hardy natives, dare traverse them on account of the dense, deep clouds of gnats hovering over the stagnant wastes. It is only possible to cross these wildernesses in winter when they are frozen hard and covered with snow. Reindeer sledges are used in their southern parts; further north only dogs can be found to draw the sledges. Through Northeast Siberia the only living things that can boldly face the awful cold are the Siberian dog and the bear, the raven and the snow-owl, and man.

So great is the intensity of frost that through tens of thousands of square miles the ground is perpetually frozen, and toward the Arctic Ocean solid ice appears under the soil, and rises higher and higher as the sea is approached. In Yakutsk, the capital of the territory, where the Bolsheviks have committed horrible excesses, where, too, the troops of freedom may have to force their way, no wells can be dug, for the soil beneath the city never thaws. Towards the Arctic the snow does not melt till the middle of June, and many of the rivers are covered with ice again by the beginning of September.

Yet throughout this desolate region the Yakouts, the Tchoutkchas and the Chukchees roam with their dogs and their reindeer, their tents and 'uts, and in the southern parts with herds of horses. In the forest parts, along the banks of the silent flowing rivers many Russian settlers,

convicts and others, have made their homes. So from the Anubra to Behring Straits, from the icy shores of the Arctic to Mount Aldana in the Stanovoi Range, and one of the sovereign mountains of the world, from the farthest town in the old world, Niji-Kolimsk, on the Frozen Sea, where is a day of fifty-two of our days and a night that lasts thirty-eight, goods are brought to Yakutsk for the great annual fair there. They consist mostly of furs and fish, seal skins and teeth and mammoth ivory. All these are sold to the traders who give in return corn and flour, tea, sugar and strong tobacco, Chinese silks and cottons and wadding for winter garments, iron copper utensils, glass, guns, powder and shot, and all variety of articles, including dried fruit and vegetables for the far-off settlers and the folk of Niji-Kolimsk.

And this most strange land does not lie so very far away. It is separated from the North American continent by not one hundred miles of sea across Behring Straits. So, if and when the American and Canadian troops may find themselves there, they are not so far from their home country after all.

Reasonable

A Boston street car has the front sign reading "Dorchester," and the side signs, "Ashmont and Milton."

"Does this car go to Dorchester?"

"Yes, lady; get right on."

"Are you sure it does?"

"Yes, lady; get right on."

"But it says 'Ashmont and Milton' on the side."

"We ain't going sideways, lady. Get right on."

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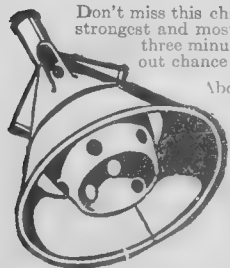
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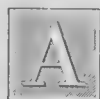
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Jim's Choice

By G. P. De Saul'les



ARE you busy, Husband?"

"Not so busy."

"Can't you put down that paper an' listen to me for a while?"

"I be listenin'."

"Yes, I expect you to be—with one ear. I want both ears. Ain't he exasperatin', Sister?"

"I don't know. Most men are that way."

"Oh, you're on his side! You always are. If I can't talk to my husband at night, I'd like to know when I'm to talk to him. He ain't in the house in the day, 'cept to git his meals. Nights are the only time I've got to talk, an' then it's read, read, read the whole endurin' time. Look at him now! He ain't heerd one word I've said!"

"Yes, I have. You said you ain't got no time to talk to me."

"Did you ever! Ain't got no time to talk to him! Ain't got no husband to

collars, there's somethin' brewin'. An' last week I was kind o' lookin' through his pockets, jes' to see if there was any holes you know, an' I found a white rose! Now, there ain't a bush o' that color in town, 'cept to Masons'. It grows in their side yard at the end o' the piazza. I sort o' talked 'bout roses that night, an' at last I said, 'Jim,' says I, 'I wish you'd stop to Masons' sometimes when you're down, an' ask 'em to give me a rut o' their white rose.' He got so red I felt sorry for him. He didn't say 'yes or no' so I've made up my mind it's one o' the Mason girls."

"A rose don't mean anything. I've given roses myself, an' I'm single yet."

"It all depends, Sister. If you give roses afore you're twenty, they mean a lot. But afterwards—well, I have heerd o' elderly men takin' home roses an' plantin' 'em for a cuttin'. It ain't only the white roses that makes me think Jim's goin' to get married, though. There's



The armistice between Turkey and the Entente powers had behind it all General Townshend of the British forces, who was a prisoner in a Turkish prison camp. It was he who conducted the negotiations for Great Britain. Some time ago General Townshend, with an army of ten thousand men, was surrounded, and through want of supplies forced to surrender at Kut-el-Amara. A few days ago he was released from the Turkish prison camp and the released captive became the peace negotiator. The general will always rank as one of the heroes of the war.

talk to, you mean. I might as well be a widowed orphan. Sister's a say-nothin', an' grandma naps the whole time. When Jim's married I expect I'll go to a deaf 'n' dumb institute, an' larn to talk on my fingers. Then I won't make no noise in the house."

"Wal, I wouldn't be sarcastic, Phemie."

"Wouldn't you, Sister? No, I don't suppose you would. To be sarcastic you'd have to talk, an' talkin' ain't in your line. My, if it ain't like livin' with a lot of monuments! There you all set, lookin' life-like enough, but granite to the toes. If there was any reason for it, if you was made of steel an' had got rusted a mite—but, no! I sometimes think it's jest malice. Here's my only son goin' to git married, an' I ain't got a soul to talk it over with! If that ain't hard."

"But he ain't goin' to git married, Phemie."

"That's all you know about it, Sister. When a young man takes to brushin' his hair so slick, an' bein' partic'lar bout his

somethin' else. One day I was cleanin' out his bureau drawers, an' I found a scrap o' pink calico, an' the next time went down the street I saw a dress o' that description hangin' out in Masons' back yard. That's a sure sign. They always cherish a ribbon or such. Husband used to cherish a ribbon o' mine, didn't you, Husband?"

"What?"

"Didn't you cherish a ribbon o' mine? You rec'lect? One o' them big blue bows off my bonnet."

"Mebbe. I dunno."

"Did you ever! I seen him have it myself. It was a white chip bunnit with blue satin bows. Why, Sister, you made them bows yourself! A light blue satin with open-work streaks in the centre. An' one o' 'em got lost, an' years after, after I was married, bless you, I found that bow in one o' his pockets when I was sort o' straight'nin' things up. An' now he don't rec'lect!"

"Bows o' ribbon an' a sample o' pink

calico are different things. I expect Jim picked it up somewhere."

"If he'd picked it up, would he have folded it in tissue-paper? No, she wears a pink calico frock. An' I'll tell you another thing, Sister. Last Sunday he was so fretful. I couldn't get dinner early enough for him, an' he was the greatest while dressin', prinklin' like a girl, until it was four o'clock when he went out of the gate. I climb up the attic with husband's spie glasses, an' I seen him go into Masons' door! There, now!"

"Masons' got a fine family o' girls."

"Oh, are you awake, Gran'ma? Goin' to set up an' be sociable, ain't you? That's right. Yes, they are nice girls. There's Amanda. She's the oldest. An' so steady! She taught five winters to the academy an' saved every cent. She don't dress so much as the others, but I do like to see a girl sensible, don't you? I'm scared she's a little old for Jim, though. Twenty an'—Husband, what year was it the academy burned down? Husband, do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"What year was it the academy burned down?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, of all things! An' him one o' the trustees! I know she's the same age as Annie Stringer. An'—lemmesee—she's thirty-five. That's too bad. I don't think a man's wife ought to be ten years older, do you?"

"I've knowed some pleasant marriages that way. There was a lady in our town onct that was twenty years older than her husband, an' he never knowed it to his dyin' day. They were happy togeth'."

"P'raps so, Gran'ma, but it ain't natural. Not what I'd be real pleased if Jim would take to Amanda. Well, there's Katherine. She comes next. If Amanda's thirty-five, Katherine's twenty-nine, because they lost two children in between. Katherine makes every bit o' bread that's eat in that house. An' I must say all her cookin' is fine. Still—well, don't you think, Sister, she's got a kind o' overbearin' way with her? I allers wanted ter have Jim's wife to live with me. I don't b'lieve I could, if it was Katherine. She'd run this house. She'd run us all, even Husband. I seen her old gran'-father dodge onct when he passed her. It didn't look nice."

"You wouldn't see me dodgin' for her."

"P'raps not, Gran'ma, but then you've got such a spirit. I can stand out onct or twict, but day in an' day out—lawsy me, I know I'd knuckle down. It would be turr'ble."

"I wouldn't borror trouble 'bout it till I was real sure, Phemie."

"I shan't, Sister. Mebbe it's one o' the others. Bessie comes next. If Amanda's a good scholar, an' Katherine a good cook, Bessie's the most romantic girl I ever seed. She's allers readin' 'bout knights an' torments—you know, that game where they run round with a stick an' poke at one another. An' she don't do a thing from knittin' a shawl to patchin' her petticoat that ain't got some romantic idee in it. That's all I've got agin' Bessie. Anything that comes out o' a book she can do, but real ordinary duties, such as gettin' supper or makin' apple-sauce, she'll forget. If Jim was took with small-pox I expect she'd nurse him through it, but I shouldn't be real satisfied 'bout the state of his socks. She'd be a splendid wife for war-times, a real ministerin' angel 'mongst the wounded, but I don't b'lieve she'd keep the cellar clean. You wouldn't like that, Gran'ma, would you? You're so partic'lar 'bout the cellar. Oh, she's gone to sleep agin'!"

"If it's anybody, Phemie, I think it's Bella. She's more Jim's age than the others."

"P'raps you're right, Sister. Bella is the best lookin'. She's fine lookin' an' she makes every one o' them pretty frocks she wears. She's so sought after, too. There's always a crowd o' young men hangin' round the door. This one wants her to go ridin' in his automobile. That one invites her to a sociable. An' a third's got a box o' candy under his arm. She'll set up a whole night to make a new dress for a dance, an' the next night will go footin' it along in a Portland Fancy till most folks are tucked out. But then, don't you think Jim would kind o' tire o' all that, after the weddin'? A man likes to have his fling onct, but after he's settled down, so much gaiety is wearin'. He'd rather have a pleasant home, an' a quiet place to read his paper. Wouldn't he, Husband? Wouldn't he?"

"What?"

"Don't a man like a quiet place to read his paper? You oughter know."

"I never had it yet."

"That's polite, I must say! I never get a word out o' you. Sometimes you do say 'yes' or 'no,' but it's only when you're hungry. Wait till you have a stylish young daughter-in-law, then you'll have to set up. I expect she'll cost Jim a sight in clothes. I don't think she is one to make over much, or provident, or far-seein'. She had hats from Boston onct or twict, as if town millinery wasn't good enough, an' proba'ly Mr. Mason would sooner see her married than any one o' the others."

"Ain't there another girl?"

"Yes, Sister, there's little Dora. I don't think she'd take Jim's fancy. She had the scarlet fever an' lost all her hair. She wears caps most o' the time made out o' pink calico. Lawsy me! Could it ha' been a sample from them caps? She's a good-hearted child, an' pleasant mannered. I oughtn't to say a word ag'in her, but I should like my daughter-in-law to

have hair! She's as bald as an' egg, an' in winter she wears wigs made out o' lamb's wool. My, oh, my! S'pose the children should take after her! Husband, how would you like that? Husband?"

"Do for goodness sakes, let me be, Ma."

"Well, answer me this one question. How would you like to have a bald-headed daughter-in-law? An' bald-headed grandchildren?"

"I wouldn't care."

"No, I don't s'pose you would. You wouldn't care what happened, so you could read your paper in peace. You needn't tell me there's all that news in it. You jes' read things over twict, so you won't have to talk to me. An' what kind of a pa be you, not to care what becomes o' your son? Poor boy, if it wasn't for me who takes an interest in him, there's no knowin' what would happen. His gran'mother goes to sleep, an' his pa reads the paper, an' all the time the poor child's off somewhere makin' hisself miserable for life. For I know no man could live contented with a woman in pink caps."

P'raps he's askin' her right now, an' I can't do a thing. Lawsy me! Lawsy me!"

"I wouldn't get so excited over it, Phemie."

"It's easy for you to talk, Sister. You won't have to live with her if it happens. You won't have to see the little bald-headed tots runnin' about an' callin' you gran'ma. We've always been a good lookin' family, an' had our hair. Why, gran'ma there used to set on hers, an' Jim's got an' awful thick crop. Well, I've heerd folks say, 'Love laughs at locks.' I never knowed what it meant afore. We'll be the laughin' stock of the whole town, that's what we'll be. Gran'ma, wake up! Wake up! It's dreadful distressin' to hear you snore that way."

"What? Yes. I'm purty old, an' changes come hard to old folks."

"I wa'n't talkin' 'bout changes. I was talkin' 'bout snorin'. Not but what there is a change comin' that you take hard. Ain't that Jim's step? I thought so. Nobody slams the door like Jim."



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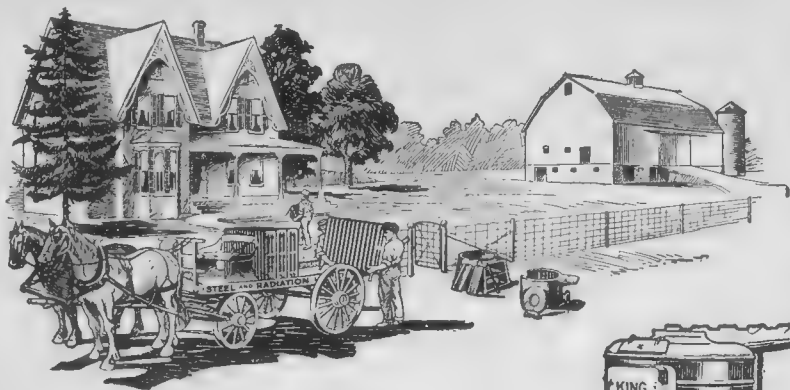
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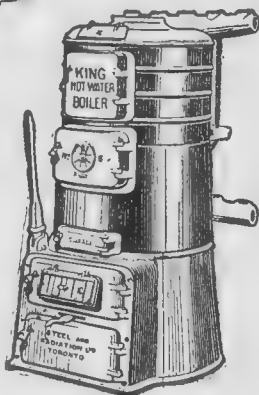
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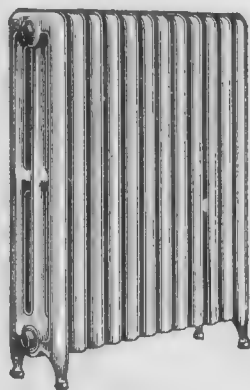


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One of the busy scenes just preceding the victorious attack by the Canadians upon Cambrai is depicted in this Canadian official photo. In the centre can be seen captured German soldiers carrying in one of their wounded comrades. The quintette were a part of the outposts before the German lines which crumbled in the face of the Canadian attack.

"Hello, folks! I guess I'm a little late."

"Well, I expect we're all ready for bed. Gran'ma's snorin' an' your pa's read his paper clean through twict. Any news?"

"John Holes broke his leg."

"Dear me, I hope it will be set right. Was you down to the store?"

"Yes, I was down to the store, but not for long. I've been visitin' to Mason's."

"An' what's the news there?"

"Their old Plymouth Rock hen came off to-day with fourteen chicks. She had a settin' o' fourteen eggs, an' hatched them all!"

"Do tell! Didn't you have nothin' better to talk about than hens?"

"They killed a lamb yesterday, an' Mason says you can have a fore-quarter if you want. It's prime meat."

"Look here, sonny. Don't you try to fool your ma. Do you expect me to b'lieve that you've been settin' up to eleven o'clock—yes, five minutes to eleven, to talk 'bout Mason's hens an' his lambs? When I ask what news, I mean, have I got a daughter-in-law?"

"Well, ma, I guess you've got her all right. There seemed to be a young person answerin' to that description when I come away."

"A young person? Then it ain't Amanda?"

"No, ma, it ain't Amanda."

"Is it Katherine?"

"It ain't Katherine. I'm not rugged enough for that life, Aunt."

"Then it's Bessie. I'm real glad."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Gran'ma, but it ain't Bessie."

"I might have knowed no man could get by Bella's good looks."

"One did; but you're getting warm, ma."

"You poor boy! You poor, deluded boy!"

"No, ma. It ain't Dora. If that's what you mean by that groan. Don't be so low spirited. Try again, Ma. You're warmer than ever."

"But there ain't no more."

"What about their little cousin from Portland? The girl that they brought in to see you yesterday. Pa knowed how the land lay. He knowed that I meant to ask her to-night, if I could get a chance, didn't you, Pa?"

"Do you mean to say that your pa has set there durin' this entire evenin' an' read his paper, while I've been wearin' myself to a frazzle 'bout nothin'? Do you mean to say that he had set there knowin' all 'bout it an' I nothin' to grieve 'bout? It's the meanest thing, jes' the meanest I ever heerd tell of! But I'll get even. Somebody will want buttons sewed on. Somebody will be comin' very meek to have his hair parted. I shan't part it. He can go crooked all his life for all of me. I don't care whether he has got a clean shirt for Sunday. He can pass around the plate in his fishing shirt. A man that treats his wife so ain't got no call to be a deacon. It's a livin' shame any ways you look at it."

"Why, Ma, I wa'n't listenin' to what you said!"

"No, you wa'n't listenin'. I'll say that for you, Husband; you never do listen. Well, Jim, I wish you joy. I'll be real pleased when I get over at bein' mad at your pa. Funny I never guessed their little cousin, when I saw her only yesterday. She's a purty an' stylish an' a pleasant appearin' little girl. I was turr'ble taken with her. Say, Jim, does she ever wear pink calico? I know where

to get you a sample, if she don't. An' is she partial to white roses? Oh, go 'long! Lawsy me, to think it's all come out right after all! Now I'll have somebody to talk to."

45 Cents for a 2 Cent Stamp

Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, of Windsor, Ont., offers to send a package of the Orange Lily Treatment absolutely free to every sick and ailing woman who will write for it, per her ad, in this issue on another page. As this package is worth 45 cents, it indicates a confidence in the merits of the remedy, that is certain to prove attractive.

Good Either Way

"I can't stand dining with music in those hotels," said Jones. "Doesn't it get you?"

"No," answered Smith. "I like it as a matter of precaution—sometimes the music helps me to forget the food and at other times the food helps me to forget the music."



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■ ■ ■ ■ ■ The Rag Doll ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

PERHAPS I ought to have known better than to intrude myself on Mrs. Everett on thrashing day. But I was new to the country, and I have seen thrashers, so I may, perhaps, be excused. I have learnt wisdom now, as the years have gone by, and never, never should I dream of paying a stray visit to a farm at thrashing time.

Mrs. Everett was a very busy woman at all times. I have known her now for seven years, and I have visited her frequently, yet never once have I found her idle.

In the mornings, when I called, she was either doing the laundry, milking the cows, straining the milk, making butter, feeding the pigs or the chickens, or preparing the noonday meal.

In the afternoons, she was generally ironing or making bread. In the evenings she sat beside a huge basket doing the family mending.

When I first knew Mrs. Everett she had only one child—a lovely, loving girl of about six years of age. The little girl—her name was Elsie—was always trim and tidy, never intruding or in the way.

I wondered how it was that I never saw the mother busy, fussing round her darling. I know I should have been, had I been lucky enough to possess such a child! But no! Mrs. Everett seemed to think that as long as she kept her little girl in clean pinafores and gave her plenty to eat, there her duty ended. She was, of all the people whom I have ever known, the most undemonstrative.

In those days I was a teacher, and boarded not very far from her farm. My pupil, Elsie, was really the brightest girl for her age whom I have ever met. Yet, old-fashioned as she was and exceptionally clever, she was not above playing many baby games. In these I encouraged her; for it seems a pity to me when the little ones grow up too quickly. But her mother thought it waste of money to spend it on toys, and so the only thing which Elsie possessed of her own was a rag doll. And how she did worship that doll! How she ended it, made clothes for it, dressed and undressed it. Why, that doll, Rose, went through every childish complaint of which its little mother, Elsie, knew the name. It suffered from teething, from colds and from coughs. It had the chicken-pox, the measles and the mumps; and through them all, Elsie, with untiring zeal, nursed it as only a mother can. Ah! there was more of motherhood in that little six-year-old than there is in many a woman who has borne children! I used to watch Elsie as she sat by her old rag doll and "pretended" to feel its pulse and to take its temperature! And when she spoke to me in a subdued, gentle voice, I knew that rag dollie was passing through one of her bad spells. I never laughed at Elsie's childish games of "pretence." Poor little mite! What else could she do? She had no brothers nor sisters, no companions of her own age; and her mother was always too busy to pay any attention to her. Did Mrs. Everett really love her child, I often asked myself? If so, she had a strange way of showing it.

"Miss Rhodes," said Elsie one day to me, when I had been unusually busy. "Can't you come and see us soon? You haven't been for a month. . . and Rose has a new dress. I made it all myself. Do come."

I kissed the eager little face. "All right, dearie," I answered. "I'll call one day next week."

I was from the city, and totally ignorant of country ways. Of course, I knew, from reading, that grain is sown in the spring, and reaped in the autumn; but I did not know anything much more about it than that. I could scarcely tell a mower from a plow, and as for that funny looking, shining thing they called a disc, I had never seen one before in my life! Many of my little pupils could have given me excellent lessons in farming! And so it was that, all unconscious of the tumult of work reigning in Mrs. Everett's house, I tidied myself up a bit and set out to pay my promised visit to my

pupil, Elsie. I chose a Saturday for my visit, as I had not to teach that day. It was a fine morning. The sun was shining brightly in the sky, and a gentle breeze was blowing over the fields, and I enjoyed my walk.

As I approached the farm, there seemed to be something unusual taking place there. What it was I could not imagine. There were wagons going backwards and forwards, from some part of the field to the souse. As I came nearer, I saw a great object belching smoke from a chimney, and something near it seemed to be pouring out a stream of dust on to what looked, to my inexperienced eye, like a haystack. To me it was passing strange, and the noise it made was horrible! It reminded me of factories I had seen from train windows. Once, I paused and thought of retreating from this chaos of machinery and men; but Elsie had espied me and there was no escape.

"We've got the thrashers," she told me; but the words conveyed nothing to my mind.

I entered the kitchen, and there I paused again in wonder. Long benches lined the walls, in place of the wooden chairs I had expected; the tables were laid out as if for a wedding; there were steaming, hot biscuits, dainty pies and chocolate cakes; there were berries of various kinds and rich, dairy butter in tiny plates stood about the table in abundance.

"O excuse me talking to you, Miss Rhodes," said Mrs. Everett. "I'm busy to-day."

No need to tell me that. There was coffee boiling on the stove, there were nearly half a dozen other kettles, and Mrs. Everett, lifting first one lid and then another, stirred and stirred, and stirred.

"Can I do anything?" I asked in that helpless way which so soon answers its own question.

She was busy at the oven now; but she paused for a moment to look me up and down. Was it a look of scorn she cast on my immaculate waist and my tailor-made suit, especially donned to pay her this visit?

"I don't think you can do anything to help me," she answered in her iciest tones. "Elsie, take Miss Rhodes to the sitting-room."

"O no, thanks, Mrs. Everett," I exclaimed. "I'd rather stay here. As I see you're busy, I'll make my visit a short one."

I should have liked to have left at once; but I thought it more polite to remain at least half an hour, as I had come. But Mrs. Everett was not thinking of politeness. She would have preferred that I leave at once. I did not know that. I could not guess how very much I was in the way.

Elsie came to my side silently and placed the rag doll in my arms. She had dressed it herself in some old pieces of blue serge, and I admired her handiwork, just as much as she expected I should. And so the minutes flew by, and we two talked on in whispers. After all, was it not the child I had come to see more than the mother? But the sight of us two sitting there, doing absolutely nothing, seemed to work on Mrs. Everett's nerves. She could not imagine how anyone could sit, with folded hands at any time, least of all now.

There was anger in her voice as she turned to Elsie: "You'd better help me now," she ordered.

I took the hint and rose to go, wondering what use such a child could be. Mrs. Everett was again stirring over the



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hot stove. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows and her arms looked nearly as red as her face.

A loud, shrill whistle rang out on the air.

"It's the men coming to dinner," she said, and then, spying the rag doll which Elsie was just preparing to put so carefully away, Mrs. Everett's rage seemed to reach its height; for she seized the unoffending object and pitched it out of the kitchen.

For an instant Elsie gave her mother one long, searching glance; then, hastily pushing me aside, she rushed out in search of her treasure. One of the wagons was returning quickly from the field, and, before I could realize what had happened, there was a cry of alarm and fear, and Elsie's little, brown curls were mingled with the dust. Tenderly, I picked her up and laid her on the sofa in the sitting-room, then Mrs. Everett turned on me like a savage tigress and said:—"You'd better go out and telephone for a doctor. You've done enough mischief for one day!"

I had done the mischief! Well, of all

in my hand, and, on opening it, I found a prettily dressed French doll. "Here's the new medicine," he said. "That little mite is pining for her lost doll. You give her this, and let me know the result. I'll call again in a few hours."

Mrs. Everett looked jealously at me as I approached the bed; but jealous as she was of my ministering to her child, she had to make the best of it, or she would soon find herself childless.

But the doctor's gift did not have the desired effect. Elsie touched and handled the new doll a moment, and looked at me in questioning wonder—a hurt expression on the pale, little face. Then she pushed the doll from her, and two, big tears coursed slowly down her cheeks. I did all I could to console her; but to no purpose. "You've only made matters worse, with your meddling," said Mrs. Everett, snappishly.

One would have thought she was paying me for my time, whereas I had offered my services gratuitously, merely for love of the little sufferer, whom I was trying to snatch from the jaws of death. But I excused her in my



Santa Claus instructing his Teddy Bear.

things! But I beat a hasty retreat and ran as I had never run in my life.

The next day, to her great disgust, Mrs. Everett was forced to ask me to take the place of nurse, and so I went over to her farm, for a few days and put off my teaching, knowing I could take back the time lost at the end of the term.

Elsie would scarcely allow her mother near her—the sight of her seemed to recall something with horror, and the doctor said to me one day:—

"I don't know how it is, Miss Rhodes; but if that child's life is to be saved, you and I will have to save it. She recoils from her mother, and often screams at her approach. The kick Elsie received from the horse could scarcely make her as ill as she is. Do you know any reason for this unnatural attitude of the girl to her mother?"

I told the doctor the story of that thrashing day, and a light seemed to dawn on him.

"I'll bring a new medicine to-morrow," he said.

The next day he put an oblong box

heart; for, after all, she was the mother, and doubtless, by this time, was full of remorse for her former harshness. I think that, then, she'd willingly have held Elsie in her arms and hugged her to her breast, and have covered her with kisses; only the child would not permit her.

When I saw the doctor coming, I ran to meet him, and I told him of his failure.

"Elsie's temperature has gone up high," I said to him.

He sighed, then walked quickly to the house. As for me, somehow, I could not go back just then. I knew Elsie was always quieted by the doctor's visits, and, as long as he stayed, I was not so much needed. I would wait till he had seen her and then learn what hope was left—if any!

As I wandered around the now neglected yard, I could not but compare it with what it had been. Mr. Everett, of course, did his usual work; but his wife's was hardly touched. The very dog that approached me seemed to sense the change. He rubbed against my skirt

and looked up miserably into my eyes. "Poor old Rollo," I murmured. "I'm afraid I've done all I can to save your little mistress; but I seem to be of no use."

He whined strangely, and something urged me to follow him as he walked round the yard, looking back at me, from time to time.

"He seems to want something," I thought. I wondered what it could be. He was at his kennel now, and burying his nose in the snow, he unearthed what looked to me to be part of an old skirt. I went nearer and then my heart almost stopped beating, for Rollo dragged out the rag doll! I took it carefully from him and examined it. Yes, it was all right. Not even an arm nor a leg were missing. But it was pretty cold, and so I carried it to the kitchen stove and warmed it.

Then, opening the other door softly, I entered the sitting-room. One glance at the flushed, fevered face of the patient told me that things were pretty bad by this time. The doctor did not even turn his head as I entered. He held Elsie's hand in his, as if he were feeling the pulse. At a far corner of the room Mrs. Everett now sat in speechless agony. Crossing over to her quickly, I laid the old rag doll in her lap. She looked up at me suspiciously; then a light seemed to dawn on her, and, swiftly crossing the room, she stood by her little one's bed and tenderly, oh so

tenderly, she placed the old rag doll in Elsie's arms. I had not thought her capable of such tenderness! Breathlessly, I watched, as the curly head turned on the pillow and the little wasted hands felt the doll. At first, a vacant, half-frightened look spread over the childish countenance; then, gradually, the old expression came back—the wrapt mother-look I had seen so often on that baby face, and then the little voice spoke gently, and I had to bend low to catch the words:—"Rag dolly! My own rag dolly!"

The doctor remained another half-hour and then, as he was leaving he turned to me and said:—

"The crisis is over. You came just at the right moment. You have saved Elsie's life."

"I had nothing to do with it," I assured him. "It is all thanks to Rollo."

He did not seem to understand me. Indeed, I think he was not listening; for he had already taken his bag and was on his way to his next patient.

I re-entered the sick room softly, and was not slow to perceive that my services were no longer required; for there, in Mrs. Everett's arms, lay her little daughter, her head pillowed on her mother's breast, and her breath coming evenly as she slept. One childish hand held her mother's tightly, whilst the other hugged her long lost treasure—her old rag doll!

For Valor

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Harry W. Laughy

THERE'S no use talking, May, we just can't make this farming proposition pay. Here we have devoted two solid years of slavery and hardship to this cursed homestead and what have we got to show for it? We could have made it go had it not been for last night's frost, but now just look at that field—hundred acres of first class wheat absolutely ruined, not worth a dollar, not even fit for feed," and the speaker, a young man of about twenty-five, turned away in disgust.

The girl who stood beside him laid her hand upon his arm with a gesture that suggested a world of sympathy and drew herself closer to his side as she replied:

"I know we are hard hit, Billy, but it will take more than an early frost to put my Billy Boy out of the running. There's luck in odd numbers, you know, so we'll try once more and surely we can't have three crop failures in succession."

The man's arms went about her slender form and he held her close for a moment before he said, in a voice that broke in spite of him.

"You know that I don't mind the disappointments and the set backs, dear. You know that I could stick it out though I wore my fingers to the bone; but here I have enticed you away from a good home to come to this God accursed land of frosts and gophers where I've kept you in poverty for the last two years, always promising that the silver lining lay at the heart of each succeeding cloud, and now look at the consequence. There," pointing to the field of blasted wheat that lay outstretched beneath them, "I bet the last resource we had on earth and the labor of two long years. Now look at it."

"Never mind, Laddie," the girl replied, nestling close against him, "If this old homestead and everything on it was blown to kingdom come and nothing left to us but your empty hands and hard old head we would get along, somehow. You just stop worrying about that old field of wheat and we'll go to the shack and have a good, big eat. Then we'll catch up the bronks and drive to town for the mail and forget all about it," and with the ready guile of a tender woman she drew him away with her, though her heart was the heavier of the two, for she knew that their prospects were ruined.

Over a well cooked dinner, and the roping and harnessing of the bronks she badgered him into a semblance of his usual cheerful good nature and when at last they took the bridge across the Ribstone on the high slope he reined in the half wild team with a whoop and a ringing laugh.

A twelve mile drive over the rolling

prairie trail brought them to the village they called "town"—a cluster of tumble down shacks encircling a tank and an elevator—and here they proceeded to celebrate. They bought a half dozen magazines a sack of bananas and one of chocolates at a Chinaman's restaurant. A pair of silk stockings, a bottle of gherkins, a can of honey and the biggest bottle of olives they could find in the grocery store and while the general trading was going forward this new-made farm woman sandwiched in a couple of boxes of shot gun shells to be used on chicken and wild duck and a pickerel trowl with a generous supply of line. The last of their business was to get their mail, for the perusal of their letters was always left to the privacy of the long drive home.

To-day they had a miscellaneous collection, a batch of papers a couple of weeks old, a circular from a farm machine company, one from an insurance agent and a big fat one from Bill's brother back east.

The letter from home was left to the last, that it might hold its place in memory, but was read at length with mingled comments of wonder. War had been declared some time before but had created very little excitement on the big ranges of the west. Now, however, England had thrown down the gage in support of martyred Belgium and the eastern provinces were ringing with enthusiasm. The boys at home were rallying to the colors, so the letter ran, everyone was going and of course it was taken for granted that Billy would be going too.

After the reading of the letter their tongues ran like wild fire and the situation was canvassed from every possible angle. Though May could see that Billy was on tenter hooks to go, yet he made no sign, contenting himself with recalling the days when he and the others rode with the Hussars at home, speculating as to whether the regiment would be called and which of the boys would be chosen. May watched him furtively, drawing her own conclusions and that night as they sat beside the fire reading the war news from their batch of old-date papers she started with a little twinge of pain each time he swore beneath his breath, reading of the sweeping drive through Belgium and of the murderous desecration wrought by the German soldiers.

Next day he moped about his work while May steeled herself for what she knew must come, but the chores were done and the lamp lit in the living room before he spoke again of the war. Then he laid his hand upon hers as he sat beside her and asked abruptly, "May, do you think I'd ought to go?"

For a long moment she sat gazing into

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space without speaking then a tear drop fell upon the hand that covered hers. That was all, he understood, and quietly his arms were slipped about her.

CHAPTER II

The days that followed were busy ones upon the little homestead. May threw herself into the effort to get affairs in shape to let her boy away to join the troops at home—now mustering rapidly in every New Brunswick village—and a few days saw their stock all rounded up, the implements got together and everything in order for the public sale they had decided upon. By the time all this had been accomplished Billy found that he must go at once, in order to secure a place in the home battalion, so it was decided that May should remain behind, close up the business of the sale and then go east to her old home pending Billy's return, which they thought would not be long delayed, as military critics the world over were, at that time prophesying a three month's war.

May drove her big soldier to the depot in the old buckboard, clung to him a

This set May to thinking and she finally decided to take the girl's advice and the near future showed the wisdom of her choice, for, when a short time later she offered a bunch of cattle for sale she found to her surprise that, though the cattle were in the pink of condition no one seemed to be in the market to buy. The same with the horses which she offered later. Just when the demand should have been the best nobody seemed to need any. So with the pigs and with all the stock, and all this in the face of the fact that they had bought nothing but the best when they came to the prairie a couple of years before.

At first she could scarcely believe her senses but as the younger girl persisted in drawing her attention to petty details that she might otherwise have overlooked she was forced to the conclusion that the "Cotton Tops" as Kate usually called the other settlers were trying to freeze her out.

Now in May's delicate body there flowed the blood of one of New Brunswick's old lumber kings, a man who always claimed that he couldn't control a crew if there was a man in the bunch whom he couldn't "lick," and when she was forced



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moment at parting then kissed him goodbye with a smile upon her lips and watched the train pull out with eyes grown dim with tears. When the train had disappeared she turned her snorting team toward the prairie and started on her way back home but about half way there she turned aside from the main trail and drove to an outlying homestead where, as previously arranged she picked up and took home with her a big, laughing, rosy cheeked girl of about twenty.

When she drove into the barnyard that night it seemed to her as though her poor aching heart must burst of loneliness—for she was only a girl at the best, and a delicate, fragile girl at that—but, winking back the tears that persisted in welling to her eyes she helped the girl unhitch the team and turn them loose, then led the way over to the cabin.

Here, over an improvised supper they talked the proposition over as it appealed to them and the younger girl, who had a wise old head upon her shapely shoulders advised that May go slow with her sale, for, as she said, "if these 'nesters' around here see you stampeding to sell, why, they'll jest natchelly lay for you, that's all, and you won't get half what your stuff is worth."

to the conclusion that the gang was camped upon her trail her small jaw shot out pugnaciously and she used a word that her fighting forefather had often used to enliven the jam breakers along the Moosehorn Right-off, while her blood was up she called the other girl, and said, "Kate, this outfit is not for sale. I am going to stick right here and work it."

"Good for you," came the answer. "That's the kind of talk I like to hear. If I had an outfit as good as yours these Cotton Tops couldn't freeze me out in a thousand years."

May looked at the young amazon with admiration and then a thought struck her, for, in deciding to stick to the homestead she had jumped to a conclusion, woman like, without stopping to reason it out. Now, it suddenly occurred to her that, with Kate's assistance she might be able to actually operate the farm and hold her stock together, so she said to her:

"What do you say if you and I take a turn at farming? If your Dad would let you stay with me right along I believe we could make it go."

"Make it go, well I should say we could. You just go over in the morning and take a whirl out of Dad and if you can work him over we'll show these old moss backs

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who put the wrinkles in the bull's horn," and for the first time since Billy went away May indulged in a good hearty laugh.

CHAPTER III

When they drove over and "took a whirl out of Dad," the following morning the old man laughingly washed his hands of the whole matter, telling them they might do as they pleased. Thus left to themselves they quickly gathered up Kate's belongings and on the way back home, in high good humor with themselves, they planned the outset of their campaign.

Kate was a product of the range, wholesome and free as air, with a thorough knowledge of stock raising and all that goes with it, and as soon as they arrived at home she threw a saddle onto one of the bronks, rode out and run in the cattle. They cut out the steers that were fit for beef, run them back into the fenced field and turned the old cows and young cattle out on to the open range to rustle until snow came. Next they turned their attention to the horses, sorting them as they had done the cattle, corralling those that were fit for work and running out the mares and colts. When they came to the pig pasture Kate stood a long time gazing over the woven fence at the herd of porkers—nibbling the tender grain with which the field was sowed—and when May finally asked her what she was mooting about she answered absently:

"It's mighty funny that nobody ever made a bunch of fool pigs pay, for I believe it can be done."

"All right," May laughed. "There are the fool pigs. Go to it and make them pay," and they went on down the field, joking, until they came to the much talked of field of wheat.

"Don't it seem too bad to have to turn all that grain under?" May asked sadly.

Kate made her way out into the waist high grain before she answered, pulling off her head after head, examining them carefully. Then she burst out:

"Turn your grandmother's duck house under. That stuff will make the very best of feed."

"No?" May cried, excitedly, "are you sure?"

"Am I sure? I froze my fingers many a day hauling poorer feed than that to a band of doggies."

"Then if that is so we may be able to make something out of it yet."

"How much hay did Billy get put up down on the bottoms?" Kate asked.

"About a hundred and fifty tons."

"Well, just multiply that by five dollars a ton in the stack and you'll know what that field is worth to us, for we'll cut the wheat for our own feed and sell the hay to the feed barn man in town."

"But will he buy it, and pay us for it?" May wanted to know, remembering her experience with the stock.

"Well, if he won't buy it from us this fall he will next spring, and he'll pay us ten dollars for it then instead of five," and time told that the girl was right. That very afternoon they hitched the horses to the binder and started in to put the grain in shock.

Kate rigged up the team and made the first couple of rounds, instructing May in the operation of the big machine and soon she turned it over to her altogether and started in herself to do the shocking. Which of the girls worked the hardest neither ever knew. May's arms ached within an hour, from the weight of the heavy lines. Kate's back soon stiffened from handling the bulky bundles, and long before quitting time both were aching with fatigue. But they stuck to it, day after day, and, just when they were commencing to become hardened to their work, relief came. Kate's Dad secured a wandering half-wit to help them with the shocking.

After that things went swimmingly. May ran the binder—the lightest of the work. Billy, the half-wit followed the machine while Kate hitched up the bronks and started hauling in the bundles, piling them in a tangled heap around the corral, making no pretense at stacking, for, as she said, "it never rains in Alberta in the fall, anyway."

So the days passed and the work went on apace. The crop was harvested and the big field plowed. The hay was sold to

the barn man, the steers to the fat beef buyer and when finally the hogs were culled out and sold May found herself in possession of ample funds to carry her through another year, and one of her first provisions was to see that Kate had an opportunity to make those "fool pigs" pay, for, after the system was explained to her she came to the conclusion that they could raise a herd of hogs with very little outlay of either time or money. They spent the last few days before freeze-up getting the posts set for a larger pasture for the spring and bought a dozen brood sows to add to the fine ones they had kept. Then, when the cold nights came and the glory of an Alberta autumn was upon them they roamed the prairie on their saddle horses, shooting ducks and prairie chickens, making excursions to points of interest on the prairie and fishing in the innumerable lakes and creeks.

CHAPTER IV

During the long, cold days of winter, to quote Kate, they just stuck around and got fat. In the morning they would tumble out of bed at daylight, scramble into their outdoor clothes and make a dash for the corrals. A half hour of forking bundles to the cattle and grain to the hogs would start the young blood to racing through their veins and by the time they would get back to the shack their appetites would be in shape for a real man's size breakfast—bacon and eggs and flapjacks. Then their day was divided something like this. Two hours housework to get everything in shape, then magazines until noon. A few big yawns, then back into the mackinaws and another turn at feeding and a run to the creek to open the water holes. Then dinner and magazines again, or, if the afternoon were fine, a run on skis, or in the saddle, or a couple of hours with the long toboggan on the steep side hill above the shack.

So the days wore on to spring, and the snow disappeared from the prairies. Then all was bustle about the homestead. The girls were up with the early dawn and their songs rang out with the lark's.

Their seed was fanned, their harness overhauled, the machinery greased and everything gone over for the twentieth time, and now they but waited the day to start the big drills for seeding. It seemed to May afterwards that those busy spring days were the happiest in all her life, for she felt that now, for the first time in all her years she was really living, and doing something and, as she stood upon the foot-board of her drill, sweeping up and down the field behind her prancing four-up, she gloried in the possibilities that lay before her. Illness, or fatigue she never felt now. Her slender muscles were as hard as whipcord. The days were never long enough for the things she had to do, and, when at night, dog-tired and self-complacent over work well done she would "turn in," her head would scarcely touch the pillow till she would be asleep.

As soon as the days became warm they sowed the seed upon their pig's pasture—oats and wheat and rye—and soon a swarming brood of little pigs surrounded each grunting mother as she rustled among the tender grain. This was indeed a time of joy to the two girl farmers; little calves were jumping and blating everywhere, each wise old mare guarded an inquisitive colt and it seemed as though the spirit of life was rampant in everything about. The year turned out good for crops, gentle rains falling all summer long and as the fall drew near and the hay was put in stack the girls felt assured that, barring an early frost, their crop would be a bumper.

Towards the last Kate swore every night when the wind went down and May would whisper a prayer of thankfulness each morning when she arose and found that dew had fallen instead of frost. Every day they would visit the field of wheat and at last there could be no further doubt, the grain was ripe and ready to be cut—a field of waving gold. To provide against the harvest May had secured a sturdy farm hand whose duty it would be to follow the binder, shock up the grain and relieve the girls of all the heavier work, for, now that a crop was assured, the expense of harvesting had become a mere detail.

Let the New Year Bring You Lighter Days

It's just great, the way you can get your baking and cooking done with this new style range. There will be no more stooping to watch the oven. You will find the everyday meals so much lighter work and so much quicker that the really big job of everyday will become one of the lesser ones. If you like a beautiful stove—one that makes your kitchen a cheerier place to work in, consider

The New LIGHTER DAY HIGH OVEN COAL or WOOD RANGE

Built to standing height, easy to sweep under. Glass door on high-up oven—watch food cooking without stooping. Has many new labor saving features.

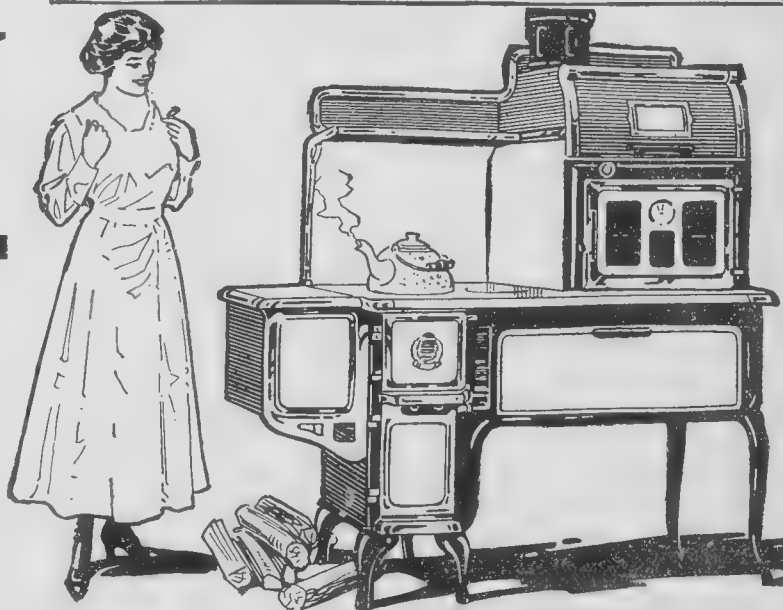
Cuts Fuel Costs

Extra long fuel box, handy for wood. Oven placed high to be in direct path of flames. Oven heats much quicker than old style ranges. The saving in fuel is very noticeable.

No More Blacklead

This range is very easy to keep bright and clean. A damp cloth is all that is ever needed to keep the Lighter Day in the same sparkling condition as the day you got it.

Three finishes, Blue Enamel, Polished Nickel, Plain Polished Steel



To-night is the best time to send in the coupon and get the story of this wonderful range told by actual photographs—free.

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Makers of Hecla Furnaces
Winnipeg, Man.

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Please send me your illustrated story of The New "Lighter Day" Range.

Name.....

Address.....

W. H. M.

In due time the crop was cut and stacked, threshed and hauled to the elevator and at the advanced price of wheat resulting from the war, May was surprised to find that one crop alone had more than repaid them for all their losses. This year their crop of steers was larger and sold at a better price, and, wonder of wonders, Kate had made the pen of "fool pigs" pay. From a field of roots sowed alongside the pasture fence she had kept them supplied with food after their grain began to toughen, and when it came to fattening time, a couple of weeks at the self feeders filled with barley turned out the pigs in condition that caused the early buyers to pay even beyond the fancy price that was being paid for finished pork and the amount of the check she received when the lot had been delivered almost took May's breath away.

Now after the girls had finished their fall work and were taking their vacation, shooting and fishing as they had done the fall before they made a practice of looking up the horses and cattle and drifting them toward the home ranch, and on one of these trips, after a careful scrutiny of the calves playing around their mothers, Kate said to May, thoughtfully:

"You have often heard of a black hen



Some of the Hippodrome cats who came to the party in their "make up" and helped to entertain the 2,000 kiddies who, as invited guests of the Elks in their club-house on West 43rd Street, New York, received generous portions of candy and play toys, December 27.

laying a white egg, but did you ever hear of a white hen laying a black one?"

"No. Did you?" May asked innocently.

"No, nor I never heard of a Shorthorn cow dropping a Holstein calf either. Look," and she pointed to where a black and white calf was sucking a big red mother.

"Well, that is queer," May exclaimed, and was further mystified when a little further search located two other ducklings among their exclusive brood of chicks. Kate was noncommittal, but the next morning, without ever hesitating, she led the way to a bunch of cattle that was feeding ten or twelve miles away where they discovered the same irregularity in the herd that had occurred in their own bunch, only in this case three big Shorthorn calves, beauties, were mothered by low-bred, knot head cows. As soon as they were certain of their facts Kate said:

"Now we'll ride over and have a talk with 'Dead Eye,' and you just leave the talking all to me."

"But Kate," May protested, "It isn't safe. If he stole our calves he's bad enough to do anything."

"Sure he's bad enough, but he hasn't got the nerve. Nobody but a coward would steal a sucking calf. You just take it from me. I've been on the range since I was so small that I had to jump to pick a rosebud and I've never seen a rustler who had half the sand of a coyote. Why a man's jest natchelly got to be a sneak before he can be a thief. Now you just leave this bad man to me. I know how Dad handles them," and grim and silent she rode up to "Dead Eye's" shack.

Without any preliminaries Kate went straight to business as soon as the old thief showed himself.

"Say, Dead Eye, we've got three of your calves over in our bunch."

"That's queer," Dead Eye answered, "I ain't none short."

"No, you're right your none short," she shot back at him. "You've got a thoroughbred Shorthorn calf in your bunch for every knot-headed Holstein we've got in ours. Now what have you got to say about it?"

"What hev I got to say about it? Why jest this. Thet if you was a man I'd drive thet lie down yer throat with a bullet."

"Yes you would, you poor old one-eyed chicken thief," she taunted with withering contempt. "Why you never got farther than to steal a pail bunter in all your life and if ever you try to make Wild Bill talk to me about your gunplay I'll take you down and sit on your neck while I pick the fox tail out of your whiskers. Say, I've got a notion to tromp the liver out of you right now," and, clapping the spurs into her horse she jumped him fair on top of the old sinner, sent him spinning, whirled her bronk around on one hind foot and stood prepared to repeat the performance if he offered to show fight.

"Say, what's the matter with yuh, anyway, a-springin' war medicine on me thetaway? You know them calves is branded, and a-suekin' their own mothers, so what yuh goin' to do about it?"

"Oh, I know we can't get the calves back, for you've made a good job of the swop and we can't pin a single thing onto you, but we'll pass the word along to Paddy, the Mounty, and have him put you on the black list, and if you ever so much as bat an eye again them Mounty boys'll go after you just like the stag hounds go after a coyote. And in the meantime—" bang, the shot gun that she held balanced across her saddle horn went off and a load of duck shot tore a bucket of dirt out of the old sod shack behind his head. "Hang that gun, anyway," she exclaimed, "I never will get used to handling an automatic. But don't you see how lucky you were that you didn't get the whole side of your head shot off? And you know as well as I do that no jury on the prairie would ever convict a girl for the accidental discharge of her shot gun—especially when the accidentee happened to be a hoss thief. Get me?" and the girl looked him straight in the eye, with a vicious gleam in her own.

Dead Eye evidently "got her," for he turned a sickly yellow and after the girls had rode away he muttered to himself: "Thet maverick would jilt a man in a holy minute," and the girls had no further trouble about their calves.

CHAPTER V

While nourishing rains and soothing winds combined with judicious management to bring the output of the prairie

\$5000.00 in Victory Bonds

FREE

POSITIVELY

GREATEST PRIZE OFFER Ever Made in Canada

OPEN to every bonafide customer purchasing goods from us by mail. Merchants, Institutions and Christie Grant employees barred from participating.

NO ENTRANCE FEE—no age limit—no restrictions as to religion, politics, nationality or color. Every mail order customer has a chance for a prize.

Our Big Victory Bond Prize Offer



To the 50 Mail Order Customers from whom we receive the largest total amounts of money up to and including May 31st, 1919, we will give \$5,000.00 worth of Victory Bonds, divided into 50 prizes. You may send in your orders for any amount and at any time, but the total amount in cash of all your orders which you send us during that period is what counts. In addition to face value of Victory Bonds, all prize winners will get the interest at 5 1/2%, which is due on June 1st, 1919.

HOW TO ENTER CONTEST

Send at once for a copy of our Catalog, if you have not one already. Borrow your neighbor's book until your copy arrives. Don't lose a moment of time, as the sooner you begin sending orders the better your chance to win a bigger prize. Starting with the 15th of December, coupons to the full amount of your purchase will be sent with every order. Read the coupons for full instructions.

DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF THIS FACT

While you not only have a good chance to win a big prize, you are at the same time getting merchandise at rock bottom prices, correct, reasonable styles, and unquestionable value for your money.

REMEMBER

No coupons will be issued by us after May 31st, and, in order to participate in the contest, your orders must be in our hands on or before that date.

WHY WE DO THIS

We want to increase the number of our mail order customers, and also our catalog circulation. Send us a trial order, you have nothing to lose, as we guarantee entire satisfaction or refund your money. Do not delay your requests for our Mid-Winter Sale Catalog, and our Spring Catalog. A post card request is sufficient.

VICTORY BONDS ARE DEPOSITED IN DOMINION BANK

\$5,000.00 in Victory Bonds have been deposited in the Dominion Bank, Winnipeg, and these will be distributed to the lucky winners as soon as the judges have made their awards. If you wish to cash your Bonds you can do so at any bank, or we will give you face value for them.

JUDGES OF CONTEST

Mr. R. G. Thompson, Editor, Farmer's Advocate
Mr. W. J. Healy, Associate Editor, Grain Growers' Guide
Mr. J. T. Mitchell, Editor, Western Home Monthly

ANNOUNCING WINNERS

The winners of the prizes will be immediately notified by letter, and their prize of Victory Bond or Bonds forwarded. The names of all winners and amounts of prizes will be printed in the papers.

1st Prize	\$1,500.00 in Victory Bonds
2nd Prize	500.00 "
3rd Prize	300.00 "
4th Prize	250.00 "
5th Prize	200.00 "
To each one of the next 45 winners we will give a \$50.00 Victory Bond	2,250.00 "
Amount of interest due June 1st	137.50 "
	\$5,137.50

Christie Grant Limited
WINNIPEG DEPT. P CANADA

homestead almost up to the limit, the ever increasing demand for war foods—for wheat and beef and bacon—drove the price of these commodities to a point never before dreamed of. The selling value was multiplied by two, and then by three and the fields gave off a yield that was phenomenal.

The three month's war prolonged itself to years and still May's soldier saw no prospect of seeing home. Through all the hardships of three years of war he had been spared as by a miracle. With scarce a set back he had worked his way, first to one stripe, then to two and so on up the scale whose price is paid in blood until, awakening from a period of seething, searing hell he found himself a hero, decorated, and with one leg almost shot away.

All through the years of their separation he had heard from May with every arrival of the mail and always favors, sweaters, socks, tobacco and candy came filtering through from the wee home overseas but always of herself she had been reticent. She was getting on fine, she wrote, everyone was kind, she just couldn't think of going home, for she must stay and oversee their farm; part of the time she spent in town and part of the time with a girl friend on the Ribstone, and, yes, she was able to get returns from the homestead, not much of course, but something, and didn't he think that was just fine.

Poor Billy, sick and suffering drew his own conclusions. A shack, or perhaps a shaky cottage in the little, dust ravaged village, with flying visits in the wobbly old buckboard between the home shack and the farm. A life of ennui and loneliness with petty strivings to make ends meet and always the need of keeping up a glad sweet spirit to hearten him, her Billy boy. Lying crippled there in hospital he thought it out in every pitiful detail and his heart shrank within him at the thought of going home to her a cripple after all she had endured. And so he wrote to her as soon as he was strong again, bitter suffering throbbing in every line, and a month later when her answer came his eyes filled with tears at the tone of cheerful courage it conveyed.

As soon as he was in condition to be moved he was taken to an old English home away back amid billows of green garbed hills where, while awaiting the opening of the submarine blockade and the opportunity for the trip back home, he was taken into the bosom of the old world family and made to feel the welcome that was in their hearts. Being a soldier they put him under discipline at once the only rule of which was that several times daily he have his wounded leg massaged and exercised and soon he was surprised to find that, in response to their continued efforts it was growing well and strong. All this he kept from May, meaning his improved condition to come as a surprise.

Finally, at a moment's notice he was hustled to the coast and given passage on a departing liner on which he commenced the weary journey home with shattered wrecks and parts of men for company. When he arrived among his own people in New Brunswick he paused a week to rest, then started on the last lap of his journey, the trip across the continent. He wired to May from Winnipeg and then gave himself up to sweet anticipation.

When he alighted from the train at the little, squatty depot on the prairie he looked in vain for the old-time buckboard, or the thin, pale cheeks of May among the little crowd of loafers on the platform, never recognizing her in the fair young goddess who swept toward him until a supple arm slipped around his neck and a tear wet cheek was pressed against his own.

After a moment he held her off at arm's length that he might get a good look at her, and his first words were:

"Heavens, May, how well you look. You are positively lovely." "The same to you, and many of them," she laughed. "But you should feel ashamed of yourself for coming home to me looking so big, and strong, and manly in your uniform when you must have known that I was looking forward to coddling you."

"Well, in the name of goodness coddle me then I am just in shape for it," and he slipped his arm about her again, laughing, but she drew away from him, blushing and said:

"Here, come back to earth. Let me introduce you to Kate," and she drew the other girl forward.

After a moment of jolly banter they started up the platform and at last he asked:

"Where in Sam Hill is that old buckboard, anyway?"

"That old buckboard has been repainted," May replied. "I just knew you wouldn't know it. Here it is," and she pulled open the door of a big, low touring car.

"Here," he protested, "whose car are you stealing? Do you want to get us all arrested?"

"We won't be arrested," May laughed. "We have a right to use this car whenever we care to," and she slipped gracefully in under the wheel and started up the engine. The crowd around the depot started to mill around as though they contemplated a reception or something of that kind, but May eased in the clutch and the big car rolled out of town along the trail for home.

May, nursing the purring engine down the winding prairie trail would answer no questions until they crossed the Ribstone and came in sight of home, but such a different home to the one that Billy remembered. For, perched upon the hill above the creek was a cosy looking bungalow and overtopping it a big red barn. The fenced field beside the trail was alive with their growing herd—big fat horses and cattle—and when a moment

later they came upon the drove of pigs his hands went up in wonder. As the car stopped at the door he turned to May and said: "But what does it all mean, dear, how has it come about?"

"We did it, Billy Boy," she laughed, nestling close against him, and for the second time within the hour his arm was slipped about her.

"But do you mean to say, dear, that you've been actually running this farm since I've been away?"

"Every hour of the time, Billy Boy," she answered. For a moment he was silent, gazing around at the wonderful improvements and evidence of thrift that was apparent on every side—the house, the barn, the fields of waving grain, the herds and herds of stock—then he fumbled a moment in the pocket of his tunic and, turning pinned upon her breast the emblem that had well nigh cost his life.

"You are more deserving, far, than I," he said. "This is the award of merit."

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

The Pundit's Pun

A very distinguished British man of science had the foible, says Prof. Brander Matthews in the Century Magazine, of inventing thrilling episodes, and pretending that they were of his own experience.

On one occasion, after he had spun a marvelous yarn, with himself in the center of the coil, a skeptical friend looked him in the eye, and asked, sternly. "Clifford, do you mean to say that this really occurred to you?" Whereupon the imaginative man of science replied, with a twinkle: "Yes—it just occurred to me!"

An "ad" of unusual interest to our readers, especially ladies, is found on page 47 Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, of Windsor, Ont., offers a trial of her preparation, Blush of Roses, which gives an instant and better effect than any face powder, and removes all facial blemishes. Anyone who wishes may obtain free advice on any complexion or skin troubles by writing Mrs. Ladd. In Winnipeg, Blush of Roses is sold by The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., and in Vancouver by The Woodward Department Stores, Ltd.

Gillette Safety Razor



THE USEFUL GIFT

Ten million men have adopted the Gillette Safety Razor in preference to any other razor in the world.

Men buy the Gillette because they can get a cleaner shave with it, because it gives them a more comfortable shave, and because it ensures a quicker shave.

Any one of these would make success certain for the Gillette, but that this famous razor can claim all three advantages explains why ten million of them have been sold.

The shaving edge is absolutely rigid and free from vibration—hence the velvet smoothness of the Gillette shave.

The thin blade of finest steel permits perfect hardening and sharpening—there is no finer cutting edge made.

The No Honing—No Stropping feature is achieved by simply changing a blade that

has become slightly dulled for a new one.

With a Gillette, shaving becomes a joy instead of a job; a man prefers to shave every day and he looks the better for it.

Every man prefers a gift that is really useful to some pretty but purposeless novelty. Particularly in these days, you should confine yourself to Useful Gifts.

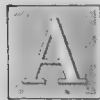
There can be no question, then, that the gift for a man is a Gillette Safety Razor, if he doesn't already own one, and a Carton of Gillette Blades, if he has the razor.

Sold by jewelers, druggists and hardware dealers everywhere, at five dollars.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

■ ■ ■ The Wardens of the West ■ ■ ■

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Robert Wilson (Author of "Canada's Western Wonderland," "A Northern Paradise," etc., etc.)



LITTLE travel, like a little knowledge, is a dangerous thing. This is the experience—the acknowledged experience—of the most travelled traveller, the most exploring explorer. The world is full of odd surprises; surprises which would stagger the raw hand and flabbergast the untutored. The old and trite saying: "Fools admire, when men of sense approve," is especially applicable when the subject of travel is being discussed. The uninitiated, the inexperienced in the world's magnificence, the mind untutored in the entrancing art of travel is invariably the one to go into raptures at the first indication of terrestrial allurements, the first to cry with unreasonable enthusiasm and extravagance at Nature's first revelation.

Experience teaches, however, and it is in the exacting school of experience, so ably and rigorously presided over by this hard-headed old autocrat, that we begin to learn a whole lot of invaluable lessons: lessons which not only remove the dangers ever present with a "little knowledge," but which also ennoble us by broadening our outlook, by enlarging our view and by giving us just that insight into a host of things, leaving us in wonder and awe, to grope our own way into the labyrinths and mazes of a perpetually increasing, and eternal land of wonder.

The experienced traveller; the traveller who, when he speaks of what he has seen and the lands in which he has travelled, has right to be heard and who speaks with the authority born and begotten of experience, eschews the unbalanced language of the novice. He approves, when the inexperienced goes into raptures and loses himself in a frenzy of extravagant iteration.

It is with the unequivocal modesty and reverence of the man who has travelled in many lands and sailed many seas, that the writer approaches the impressive and fascinating subject of Canada's mighty wardens of the West; the incomparable, the majestic, the inspiring Rocky Mountains. The magnitude of these colossal warriors of ages, their magnificence, their infectious grandeur and peerless beauty, their glory by day and their mystery by night, are beyond the power of pen to portray, beyond the life of man to comprehend.

The Canadian Rockies, is an expression as familiar to the average denizen of this Dominion as the war now raging in

Europe; but, how few even begin to comprehend its true meaning, its marvellous significance. The Canadian Rockies! The phrase in itself is an inspiration, suggestive as it is of a land of silent sentinels engaged to-day, as they have been for tens of thousands, may be millions of years, in a vigil of strange solitude. The everlasting hills are surely here, as they tower sky-ward for thousands of feet, snow-capped and gorgeous in the light of the sun, sombre and sad in the shadows of night.

But, when the Canadian Rockies are lightly and even flippantly referred to, it should be remembered that they represent but a small portion of the heritage of beauty with which a prodigal Nature has endowed this magnificent Western Wonderland. The fact that so little reference is made to the glories of the gigantic, nameless lakes with which this gorgeous territory is studded, to the mighty foaming rivers, to the infinite and silent valleys, to the towering trees and trickling brooks and to the sober shadow-land which yawns away into a seeming eternity, when the reddened sun and his golden glory fade over the last radiant mountain-top, speaks eloquently of the fact that the vast majority of Western travellers have passed through this enchanting country on the beaten track of steel, satisfied with the most casual glance at this land of unsullied delight, content, mayhap, to tell the story in the distant, street-soiled city, of a trip through Canada's Western Wonderland, when they were but the merest, the most common-place lookers-on, from the precincts of a well-ordered dining-car, or, like one or two "experienced travellers," coiled up in the depths of a capacious "Lower Berth," while radiant Nature was at her best.

"Whereon the foot of man has never trod," "on which the eye of man has never gazed," are terms which have a new meaning and bear a different interpretation when this land is reached. As the northern city of Edmonton is left in the distance and the odd but attractive town of Edson falls behind, the world-famed Canadian prairie lands are almost forgotten. We are in a new world, so far as environment goes, yet a land of inconceivable antiquity, so far as the evidence of science goes.

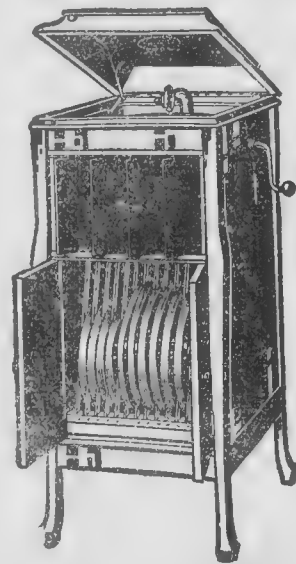
Who can ever forget the relief to the eye and the sense of delight when the first mountains begin to loom into view? The monotony of the level stretch of un-

ending prairie is completely and irrevocably left behind as the well-ordered and luxuriously-equipped Canadian Northern train approaches the entrancingly beautiful town of Jasper, occupying a natural position of intrinsic beauty and snugly leaning against such an array of magnificent, multi-hued mountains as may be found nowhere else in the entire world. Pyramid mountain, a mountain of strange reflections, a revelation in changing glories of light and shade, with the chilled waters of the same name sparkling in the sun or scintillating in the fitful light of the dazzling starshine, calls forth the unstinted admiration of the least-impressionable traveller. Goat Mountain to the west and, still further west the leaning form of Mount Cavell and the glacier-torn and lacerated form of Mount Hardisty may be clearly discerned. In between, in a valley-land of unparalleled beauty, wherein the lashing and spray-tossed waters of the mighty Athabasca add a vigor and a charm, lies the town of Jasper, the starting-point for many a trip from which travellers return impressed with earth's beauty as they never were impressed before, and endowed with an experience that would justify them in applauding, instead of merely approving. "Fools applaud, where men of sense approve," may be true of other hallowed terrestrial sanctuaries, but here, all express admiration at first, but as the enchantment of this paradise grows on one, and reality assumes the place of phantasy, reverence and delight follow in the natural order of things.

At the present time there is limited accommodation at Jasper for tourists and others who having heard the call of the alluring West, have come here to revel in the delights of Nature unadorned and at her very best. But, the fame of this incomparable land is spreading every day and with every summer come visitors from the remotest corners of the earth, all of whom return impressed with the heritage which is the rightful possession of every Canadian. So rapidly are these visitors increasing that the C.N.R. have determined upon an elaborate and most desirable method of catering to the requirements of such. Chalets of the most artistic appearance and possessed of all the comforts of the most modern and up-to-date hotel, will be erected in certain judiciously-selected parts of this Western Wonderland. One of these will be established in the town of Jasper, and all the conveniences will be at hand by which tourists as well as the visitors who love to "take it easy" and lounge the days away in untrammelled bliss, may have the very best that money and experience can provide.



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The entry of the King and Queen of Belgium into Bruges. After being occupied by the Germans for four years, the liberated inhabitants almost went wild with the sight of their hero king returning to their city. The photo shows the King and Queen entering the square. The couple are in the immediate centre of the photo. The royal party is saluting the Belgian flag, which has been raised for the first time in four years in the city.

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FORTUNATE are the homes the Columbia Grafonola enters. For its gift of beautiful music brings a new and different pleasure to every member of the family.

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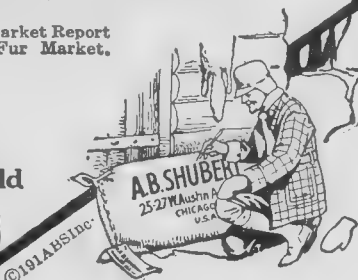
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But what of the ordinary visitor; the visitor who comes out of the merest curiosity and with a desire to associate with the beauties of Nature and revel in the solitudes of this amazing territory? What is there to induce such to travel here; what is there that will divert the mind from the countless problems of the big city, the cares and anxieties of a business-life overflowing with anxiety and worry? The answer is simple as well as convincing: Concealed within this wonderland are the very antidotes and cures for all the mental and many of the physical ailments which afflict mankind. Nothing is more calculated to restore the jaded and enfeebled human system than the health-giving air fresh from the remote, snow-capped sentinels. These old warriors of a million years have unlimited stores of Nature's health-giving elixir on hand, and they never fail to distribute the same with a lavish hand. The toil-worn wreck from afar, speedily assumes a new lease of life, and just as speedily forgets all about the torpor which travelled here with him. From the very first, a keenness of eye and a sharpness of appetite tell their own tale, and before many days are over, the complaints of physical debility and mental deficiency are conspicuously absent.

The reason for this is self-evident to the thinking man. Nature cures her own children of their childish complaints. She takes them by the hand and leads them into paths wherein are to be found inspiration after inspiration; she shows them the unsullied and entrancing delights which she has painted with a generous hand. Over that vast valley-land she points to a hoary-headed giant bathed in the magnificence of the western sun, and beyond that an infinity of nameless mountain-tops which guard, like leviathan sentinels, the passes, valleys and gorges of this incomparable land. Entranced

with the beauties, and amazed at its extent, the shop-soiled denizen of the throbbing city forgets his own troubles and ailments, and, in that period of forgetfulness, Nature effects her most effective, her most marvellous and most permanent cures.

The question the writer asked himself as he first gazed on this wonderful country was, "why is it that so few Canadians trouble to stop off and revel in the glories which are so unstintingly placed at their disposal, instead of passing through on their way to some other territory far less worthy, far less beautiful, far more sullied and far more distant."

It is the old cry: "Distance lends enchantment." Lands and resorts which are crowded to suffocation with a conglomerated mass of seething and burdened humanity are the havens to which tens of thousands travel, under a vague impression that, because others go, they should be there. In other words, they prefer to let others do their thinking for them; they prefer to travel with the crowd.

It is all a mighty mistake, and they learn this when it is frequently too late. They select some crowded holiday "resort" for their vacation, and invariably spend an unseasonable amount of money and time in getting there, only to find that they have been but adding further proof to the well-worn aphorism regarding the substance and the shadow. They return to the city little the better for the change, and frequently a whole lot the worse. This goes on unceasingly, year in, year out, until one almost despairs of persuading the Canadian peoples to take Nature's medicine as dispensed at their own door in quantities out of all proportion to the available number of patients. Fortunately, by a system of wise legislation, vast areas of this Western Wonderland are preserved in perpetuity for the people, so that vast play-grounds will always be at the disposal of the people. But the writer urges, and takes all the responsibility for so doing, that the monotony of the prairies and of Eastern Canada is relieved and removed by a brief stay in one or other of the delightful terrestrial havens of refuge snugly ensconced in this Western Wonderland, round which the silent sentinels of ages past stand in eternal vigil.

The Scot as a Pioneer in Eastern Canada

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Prof. Norman Macdonald, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg

SOcial phenomenon of far-reaching consequences to Canada was the immigration of so many Scotsmen during the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the cumulative effects of which are still leavening every phase of our national activity. The foundations of Canadian institutions were laid in the humble homes of those hardy pioneers in the backwoods of eastern Canada; and under social and economic conditions as different from ours as theirs were from the life they left behind them in Scotland. This article, by the very limitations of editorial space, merely glances, in a general way, at some of the causes and consequences of that immigration.

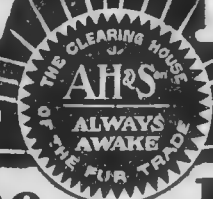
It is interesting to trace the origin of that stream of immigration that saved Canada for Britain. It arose in the Highlands of Scotland in 1773, gaining volume as the pioneers were later joined by their friends, until finally that tiny rivulet became a mighty river, that deepened and widened with time, overflowing its banks to the prairies and the Pacific. From every strath and moor and island fastness in the Highlands men flocked by the thousands to the new world to wrest a living from its untamed forests or die of fever in its swamps; from Lowland glens and cities, from village and farm and every known trade emigrants swarmed to the wilderness of towering pines. They severed the sacred ties of home and kindred, braved the horrors of a sea voyage under unsanitary conditions that were indescribably loathsome, into a land where the foolish and feeble soon perished, and only the strong and the industrious survived. The story of the struggles of those brave, fearless pioneers, whenever written, will form a glorious epic in the annals of Canada. In that

story, the Scot will occupy a leading position as the pioneer in what seemed a forlorn hope, in which to the total ignorance of local conditions, it must be remembered that the first settlers had to do everything for themselves. They did not inherit a civilisation, or the improvements of centuries, they had to create them.

In the New World they had to adapt themselves to new and strange conditions. The utter lack of transportation facilities compelled the pioneers to locate along the bays and rivers. This was particularly true of conditions in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Quebec, and even of Upper Canada until the land companies, or private individuals, such as Talbot, Selkirk and Dickson, began operations on a large scale. The rivers, lochs and bays not only made communication possible in an isolation hard to endure, they also provided food for the hungry. Only gradually, as improvements were made, or other factors entered, could the immigrant be persuaded to locate away from the water front. A few instances are on record where surveyors stumbled across settled and cultivated tracts of land in what was a terra incognita to civil authorities, and wondered "who induced all these men and women to leave remote glens of Scotland and settle in these remote corners of Canada." In time, the home government considered emigration as a relief to domestic grievances, of a social and economic character. Ships were placed at the disposal of intending emigrants, virgin forest cleared, log-houses built, tools supplied, seed-corn and provisions provided for one year. In other cases, the government formed definite settlements of Scotsmen, on a huge scale, as in Lanark, Ramsay, Perth, Dalhousie, N. Sherbrooke, etc., where tools, rations and a specific sum of money

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were furnished to each family. Glengarry, Bay of Quinte, Lac St. Francois and the surrounding districts were settled by Highlanders, who first located in the Mohawk Valley, N.Y. in 1773, and their friends who joined them between 1786 and 1803. For decades the language, habits, customs, music and sports of the Highlands were maintained in their native purity in those settlements; it was also hinted that there was a strain of Rob Roy in many of them, as when, in 1838, Colborne sent the Glengarryians to Quebec to quell local disturbances, they went away infantry and returned cavalry; they were nearly all Macdonalds.

The St. Lawrence, during the rush of immigration presented an animated spectacle. Her scenic grandeur, the marvellous beauty of her inland lakes, the panoramic splendor of her mountains, the wild gorges and waterfalls of her rivers appealed to the Highlander. All traffic was at first on her waters. As the ice cleared out, waiting rafts were floated; canoes crossing and re-crossing with ashes or produce; batteaux and Durham boats, laden with settlers and their effects, proceeded in an endless procession towards Upper Canada. On the shore, in many places, teams busy pulling logs to the rafts, or the smoke of the potash fires curling cloudwards. One of the most exciting operations was the noise made by twenty horses pulling a mast, eighty four feet long, down to the water's edge. The ring of the axe and the crash of falling timbers contributed to the exciting experiences of pioneer days.

One cannot do justice to this subject without a glance at some of the causes which induced these immigrants to leave their homes for unknown lands to endure the privations of the pioneer. There were many reasons which made emigration desirable. In the Highlands after 1745, the breakdown of the hereditary jurisdiction of the chief, and the dissolution of the mutual obligations that bound tenant and landlord intensified an impossible agrarian situation. The new political conditions took the romance and chivalry out of the life of the Highlanders. This leaven, which worked from 1745 till 1770, resulted in new agrarian regulations, which changed even the face of the country. New ideas in agriculture, which demanded large tracts of land for their success, were introduced after the Seven Years' War. Engrossing of farms became common. Land, long in cultivation, lapsed into a state of nature; evictions converted whole districts into scenes of desolation. The Highlander became a stranger in the land of his fathers. Some settled on a few acres along the sea shore. Many crowded into the manufacturing centres, complicating existing economic conditions, and thousands sought refuge in distant Canada, hating a system that exiled them. During the French Revolution, social and economic conditions were considerably relieved, but after peace, vast numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors flooded the country, resulting in a disorganized agrarian and industrial system. To intensify the evils, we find a general low level of trade and commercial which seriously affected the manufacturing centres, accompanied by a fall in the price of cattle, general throughout Scotland, with the result, that farmers, unable to pay their rents, were evicted. The Highlands suffered, particularly in the ruin of the Kelp industry, which rendered fifty thousand destitute.

Another cause, equally effective in encouraging emigration, may be traced to the stream of pamphlets that depicted in glowing colors, the wonderful possibilities of Canada. It was said to be a land of beautiful climate, where fertile acres were given away or so cheap that even the poorest could afford to buy. A land of lakes, rivers and bays abounding in fish; a land of liberty, without taxes, where none need remain a servant except by choice and poverty was unknown. The writers contrasted the comparative poverty and political servitude in Scotland with the affluence and the independence of the Canadian, after a few years on the land. Small wonder that Scotsmen flocked to such an "El Dorado," but as one writer put it, "all the truth that had been written respecting Canada, could not cover half the lies that had been told." They advertised all the good to be derived from emigration to the backwoods, and carefully concealed the toil and misery en route to independence.

The privations of the pioneers were severe to a degree to which those who

landed between 1820 and 1840 had scarcely any conception. It called for more than ordinary resolution, courage and fortitude to hew a home out of the forest alone without any comforts, often enduring the miseries of hunger—in some cases existing on peas and shellfish—lacking every convenience to which they had been accustomed and totally ignorant of the work to be done. The future he many privations, which demanded all their energy to overcome; year by year through tropic heat and arctic cold they struggled, till finally the dark curtains of the forest rolled aside, and life and activity broke the silence and stagnation of ages. It was a continuous fight with Nature. The pioneer got lost in the surrounding mazes, some were killed by falling trees, others suffering tortures from fevers, without medical attendance. Almost the entire settlement of Baldoon was wiped out shortly after location.

Many are the accounts of the miseries endured during the first few years of pioneering. So poorly provided were some settlements that they lived as one big family; a community of suffering persevering in fortitude till the harvest of prosperity. It was a common thing for the settlers in Pictou to walk across the country through the woods to the Bay of Fundy, forty to fifty miles away and carry back a bushel of potatoes to keep their families from starvation. Many left the settlement during the first year; one man remained till the mosquitoes came, and, thinking it was a judgment, he also left. These experiences were far from solitary. Instances of equal suffering attended the first settlers in all the settlements. In some instances they could scarcely have that relief from toil, which sleep affords, from the dread of being burned alive by the Indians. The pioneers of Glengarry had severe privations to overcome. The same was true of all the pioneer settlements in upper Canada. In Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, the pioneers, during the first two years were subject to famine conditions. They used to divide into lots the very shores where shellfish abounded, and were it not for the abundance of fish and game, their conditions would have been indeed pitiable. In Lanark, the pioneers were for eight weeks exposed to all sorts of weather, without any shelter except what a few blankets spread over the branches of trees could afford. In time the government erected barracks where the settler obtained shelter till his log house was ready. Thus, drenched with rain, sleeping on the ground, wading streams, fighting the forest, isolated from neighbors, in hunger and poverty these brave men toiled; without roads or grist mills or any of the ameliorative agencies that make life endurable. Time and perseverance and unceasing toil brought their own rewards.

The privations of pioneer days gave place to comparative comforts; roads permitted the settler to emerge, other than in winter, from his enforced isolation; villages were formed, mills erected, markets opened, schools and churches built, and the misery of the lean years were forgotten in the prospects of assured success: the handmaid to fortitude and thrifty habits.

It was said that Canada to the Irishman meant license to do as he pleased; to the Englishman it was a land of crude manners and vulgar republicanism; to the Scotsman an opportunity. No race was better equipped for encountering the initial difficulties of the pioneer, none more adaptable, or could endure hardships more philosophically than the Scotsman. His success is explained as the outcome of hardships and conflict, toil and suffering of many centuries. Toil has been in Scotland the inexorable condition of existence. The direct result has been the development of laborious habits, which with the national perseverance converted the primeval forests of Canada into fruitful fields. Many are the references in the Dominion Archives to the peculiarly rich and abundant harvest, which the endurance, the industry and the courage of the Scot produced. These humble pioneers possessed the energy which overcame all difficulties; the frugality which spared and accumulated; the rugged earnestness and unswerving integrity, together with the thoughtful and educated intelligence that supplied a vigorous and sterling element to the population. Of the two, the Lowlander came first in neatness and comfort. The Highlander seldom showed the same orderly arrangement in his work. In fact in an ex-

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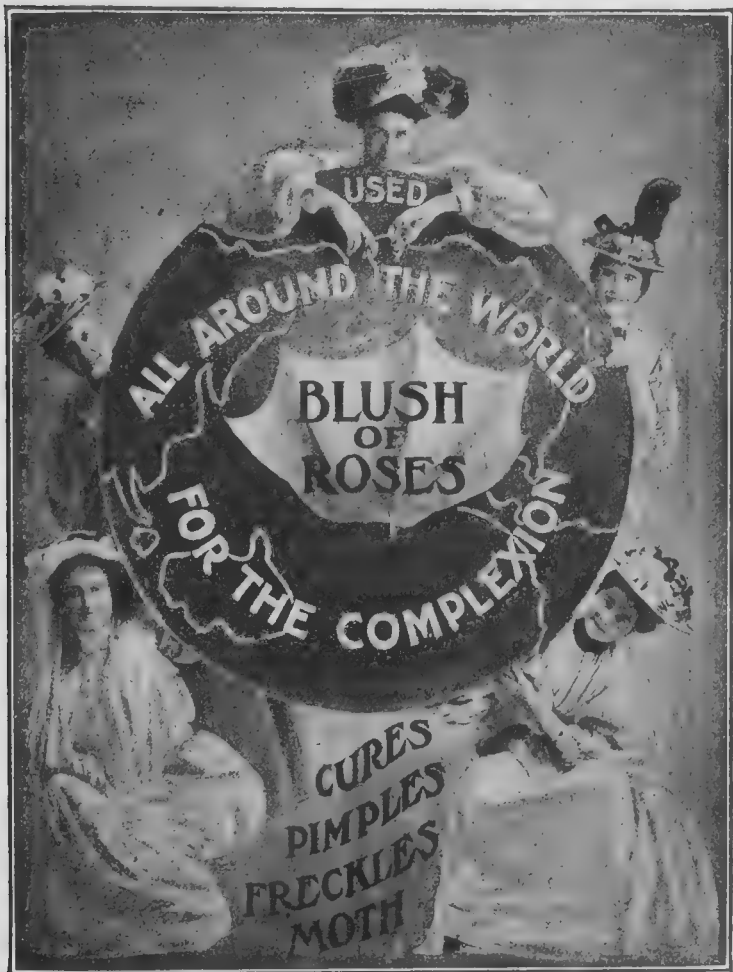
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ively Highland community, the rate of development was slower than in a Lowland settlement. But, mix them, and no one showed more adaptability in facing and overcoming new conditions and hardships than the Highlander. On the other hand, travellers through Canada strongly advised people of the same habits, customs, language and locality to club together, as it engendered greater peace and contentment than in a mixed society. The advice was, "Go not to Glengarry, if thou be not a Highland man."

During the early days of immigration, the Scots spread over so wide an area as to exercise profound influence in the national development. From these Scottish pioneers have sprung men of commanding influence and character. In the recorded events of Canadian history, the Scot, and especially the Highlander, has played a leading role in every walk of Canadian life and thought, altogether disproportionate to their number. What is equally striking is the influence Canada exercised upon Celtic character. The Highlander was not entirely free in Scotland; he was dominated by a landlord with the power

of eviction in his hands. In the wilds of Canada, he became a free man, a member of a democratic community, exercising the rights of citizenship in a system of responsible government. From bondage to conditions he could not influence to the freedom of the new life, aroused latent powers which made the humble crofters of Highland solitudes men of action, of enterprise and vision. The basis of the present Canadian development may be traced, at least in part, to these latent Highland qualities, that responded and unfolded so rapidly in the warm breezes of Canadian liberty and assured prosperity.

Their defects were those of their qualities and the results of local conditions. Lumber camps, and the utter lack of social amenities, inseparable from bush life, do not encourage refinements in morals or habits. The years brought their transformations; the expedients and crudities of the infancy of things were reduced to a system; prosperity gave time for mental and spiritual development, and the humble settlers of pioneering days became in time, the leaders and legislators of Canada.

Christmas

By Irving Allen



WE have reached the season of the year when, with a little variation as to the precise day, growing out of the differences between the old and new style, Christians of almost every name commemorate the birthday of their common Master.

"On Christmas Day, beginning at Jerusalem, in the Church of the Sepulchre of our Lord the Christmas Anthem has travelled with the star that stood above His cradle, from region to region, from communion to communion, and from tongue to tongue, till it has compassed the land and the sea, and returned to melt away upon the sides of Mount Zion."

In these eloquent words the Christmas-tide of 1860—fifty-nine years ago—was welcomed by Edward Everett, most marvelous orator of his land and time.

So recently as fifty years ago, almost the sole exception to that general observance of Christmas of which Mr. Everett wrote, was found in his own New England, a remnant of the old Puritan prejudice which still hung darkly over the land of Winthrop, John Endicott and the Mathers—the witch and pope-hating Cotton and Increase. Able writers maintain that the abhorrence of the festivals of Christmas and Easter was but the natural result of certain tendencies in the English Church in the days of the Puritans to honor with undue and unscriptural observance the well-nigh innumerable saints' days in the Church's calendar. There was little enough in the poetic hopes and memories that cluster around these sacred seasons that appealed to the iron and granite of the Puritan character. A noteworthy exception to the rule appears in the immortal author of the grand "Hymn on the Nativity"—the Puritan poet, John Milton. It is only within very recent years that the anniversary of the Saviour's birth has attained to anything approaching general reverence and honor in the ancient home of the founders of New England. Within my own memory the day was scarcely regarded in the New England capital as worthy of especial notice.

The Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches were, of course, open for the celebration of the appointed services for the day, and here and there some devout Catholic or churchman closed his office or place of business, but it was by no means then, as now, a legal or general holiday; nor was it even, as a rule, the happy occasion for the interchange of tokens of love and friendship, the season for that in my youthful days being the first of January—New Year's. In the neighborhood of Boston then the public schools were closed on the latter holiday and on the now obsolete festival, May Day, but never on Christmas, unless the day happened to fall on Sunday or within the period of a semi-annual or quarterly vacation.

Significant and happy indeed is the change! Not that it is at all the case that the New England of our fathers is in process of conversion—or, as they would have called it, perversion—to the doctrines or practices of ritualistic communion; it

is rather the natural and wholesome rebound from hereditary and cultivated prejudice into a region of healthier and more tolerant thought and action.

One of the most singular among the numerous puritanic antipathies—happily dissipated long before our day—was always an especial marvel to me—viz., the abhorrence of our saintly forbears for the succulent, though indigestible mince pie and the now obsolete English dainty known as plum porridge. The Puritans, says Hudibras:

"Quarrel with mince pie and dispare
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge."

Referring to this couplet, Dr. Johnson—a sincere hater of puritanism and all its works and ways—remarks: "We have never been witness of the animosities excited by their use, nor seen with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year would shrink from them in December. An old Puritan who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feasts of the Church invited by a neighbor to partake of his cheer, told him that if he would treat him at an ale-house with beer brewed for all times and seasons he would accept his kindness, but would have none of his superstitious meats and drinks."

In a number of The World—an ancient and once popular English periodical—occurs this reference to the same venerable and pious prejudice:

"How greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pies, which, besides the ideas of merry-making inseparable from them, were almost considered as the text of schismatics! How zealously were they swallowed by the orthodox to the utter confusion of all fanatical recusants! If any country gentleman should be so unfortunate in this age (1755) as to lie under the suspicion of heresy, where will he find so easy a method of acquitting himself as by the ordeal of plum-porridge?"

Among the few Christmas viands of "Merry England," which seem never to have fallen under the special ban of puritanic proscription, were the "baron of beef," consisting of two sirloins (a baron being, as an old writer tells us, "twice the dignity of a knight"), and that lordly dish, precious in the eyes and fragrant in the nostrils of our fathers—the boar's head.

That worthy old chronicler, Dugdale, describing ancient Christmas customs, says:

"Service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast with brawn, mustard and Malmsey. At dinner, at the first course, is served a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." A later writer tells us that "Among the earliest books published in England was a collection of carols prepared to be sung as an accompaniment to the grand entree of the boar's head."

It is a melancholy truth that, in parting with ancient superstitions, we have also lost much that was beautiful and poetic. It was assuredly a superstition—albeit there was in it a quaint element of poetry—that ascribed a sentiment of reverence to the very cattle at Christmastide. Even

near the beginning of the present century the belief was prevalent in certain sections of Devonshire that at precisely midnight on Christmas Eve, the oxen in their stalls assumed the attitude of devotion; a droll outcome of this tradition was the belief that since the adoption of the modern style of reckoning, the devout animals continued to prostrate themselves only on the eve of Old Christmas Day!

Brand, the author of "Popular Antiquities," tells us that "an honest countryman living on the edge of St. Stephen's, down near Launceston, in Cornwall, informed me that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of this. Once watching several oxen in their stalls at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it, make a cruel moan like Christian creatures."

The writings of Sir Walter Scott abound in charming descriptions of old-time Christmas keeping in England and Scotland. The honored friend of Scott—Washington Irving—is one of the most delightful of Christmas writers. In all our literature there is scarcely a more thoroughly enjoyable book than "Bracebridge Hall." Edward Everett—the common friend of Scott and Irving—in a paper wherein he refers at length, and with exceeding interest, to the Christmas sketches of those great authors, thus writes: "Although the ancient superstitions connected with Christmas, and the fantastic revels with which it was celebrated, are now almost forgotten, it is still observed in the Old Country, and as we learn from Scott and Geoffrey Crayon, with no little cordiality and fervor. The church is decorated with evergreens, and the hall adorned with mistletoe. It is a holiday for the children and a season of good-fellowship for young and old.

"The scattered members of the family are reassembled; the descendants of the house are gathered with patriarchal hospitality under the roof of its head, and while genial festivity prevails within doors bountiful supplies of clothing and food are sent to the neighboring poor. May this 'hallowed and gracious time' diffuse its innocent cheer through every family circle, and scatter its bounty largely among the children of want."

The Poetry of Christmas

Much of the traditional delight and glory of the Christmas time is due to the poets of our "Old Home" and to the divine singers of our own land. "Christmas," a poem by George Wither, the author of the still familiar lines:

"Shall I wailing in despair
Die because a woman's fair?"
contains this favorite stanza:
"Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundels
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the street with echoes ring,
Woods and hills and everything
Bear witness we are merry."

The date of Wither's poem is 1640. Robert Herrick—of blessed and jovial memory, and who wrote somewhat later—was a charming and melodious lyricist, and his sprightly verse still keeps its ancient sweetness. What lover does not remember with gratitude and appreciation the jolly poet-priest for his ever fresh and most human ditties anent the delights and pangs of the tender passion? All our readers are familiar with Herrick's jingling Christmas verse of which this is a stanza:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your hearts' desiring."

No reference to the poetry of the sacred season would be complete without a word concerning the Christmas carols. Within the last thirty years our own country, as well as England, has witnessed a revival of interest in the old custom of carol singing at Easter and Christmas. Who does not recall that homely favorite of ancient times, beginning thus:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ in Bethlehem
Was born upon this day."

Dickens in the immortal "Carol" puts this old rhyme into the mouth of Scrooge's unlucky caller on Christmas Eve, who, the reader will remember, had a narrow

escape from the mahogany ruler in the hands of the irate old miser. It is still sung in England by choruses of men and boys on their annual rounds in the evening and far into the night before the great holiday.

There is not much holiday poetry in the writings of Wordsworth, but a poem of his entitled "Pictures of Christmas Eve" is so beautiful that I cannot refrain from

quoting a few stanzas. It is addressed to his brother, Dr. Wordsworth, later an eminent English bishop:

"The minstrels played their Christmas tunes
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While smitten by a lofty moon,
Th' encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen
That overspread their natural green.

"And who but listened till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And 'Merry Christmas' wished to all?"

"How touching when at midnight sweep
Snow, muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear and sink again to sleep!"

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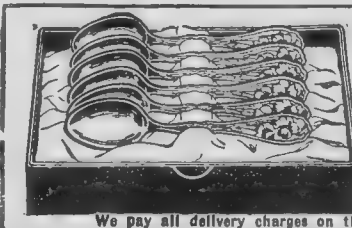
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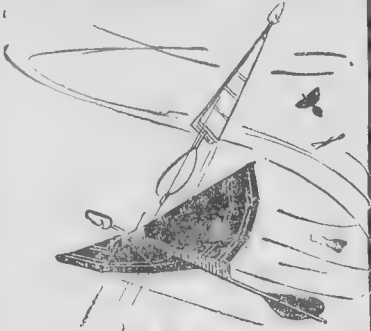
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Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard and heard no
more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid."

John Milton's great poem, of which I have spoken above, was written at the age of twenty-one. "When," says an eminent critic, "it is recollected that this piece was produced at that early age, all deep thinkers of fancy and sensibility must pore over it with delighted wonder."

I should be glad to quote the entire poem; but every reader is familiar with its sublime and stately numbers. It is surely one of the best illustrations of the genius of the great minstrel addressed by Tenny-

The host and I sat round the wassail-bowl,
Then half-way ebb'd; and there we held a
talk,
How all the old honor had from Christmas
gone,
Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd
games
In some odd nooks like this.

* * * *

In sleep I seemed
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point; till on to dawn when
dreams
Began to feel the truth and stir of day,
To me, methought, who waited with a
crowd,
There came a bark that, blowing forward,
bore
King Arthur like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port; and all the people cried:
'Arthur is come again! he cannot die!'



Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, First Lord of the British Admiralty, was associated with Marshal Foch in the armistice negotiations with Germany. It is reported that at the negotiations the German admiralty representative protested strongly against handing over the German ships to the Allies, as theirs, he states, was still an undefeated navy. Sir Rosslyn adjusted his monocle leisurely and replied, "Well, you only had to come out."

son as England's "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, Milton—a name to resound for ages." Tennyson himself—justly termed by one of our own most brilliant singers "the noblest poet that ever lived"—has celebrated the Nativity in sweet and lofty measures. There is in English song little that is finer and more sweetly pathetic than this; little that more tenderly touches and unseals the fountains of sacred grief:

"Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possessed the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas Eve.

"The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost."

Here is a specimen of the Laureate's verse of a different, perhaps even more characteristic, tenor; it is from "The Epic"—the introduction in later editions of the poet's works to Morte d'Arthur:

"At Francis Allen's, on the Christmas
Eve—
The game of forfeits done—the girls all
kissed
Beneath the sacred bush and past away;
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard
Hall,

Then those that stood upon the hills
behind
Repeated, 'Come again, and thrice as
fair';
And further inland, voices echoed, 'Come
With all good things, and war shall be no
more!'
At this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke and heard,
indeed,
The clear church bells ring in the Christ-
mas morn."

His Christmas Rose

By Etta Squier Seley

Sammy was so small that it was hard to realize he was ten years old. He had been tossed about all his lonely little life—living down among the wharves or in alleys. Of father or mother he had no memory. His only idea of home care was formed from the attentions bestowed upon him from time to time by some motherly souls living in the shanties on the tide flats or sheltered by the miserable houseboats built on scows and anchored along the shores of the river. He earned a pittance as a bootblack, and took care of himself; and such care!

When I first met him he was leaning against the door of the church listening to the boys sing. They were at work on Christmas music, that happy festival being not far distant. I had opened the door hastily, and he crouched in the shadow as if he expected a blow. He was wet and shivering with cold, and I coaxed him inside to get warm. Our choir-boys were a sensible lot, and so made the poor lad feel somewhat at home—although he was greatly overawed at first by the strange surroundings.

From that night the choir-boys took charge of Sammy.

He became an attendant at the Sunday-school, was quite independent since he had been set up in a good booth and his business prospered, and tried hard to use decent language and keep out of fights. That was hardest—to keep out of fights and not lose his standing with the other boys on the street; but he managed it somehow.

Then one Sunday he was not in his class, and we all knew something had happened—something was wrong. We found him at the hospital; he had fallen under a car, and both his poor little legs were broken, but he had not lost his cheerfulness.

"Hard luck, Sammy," I said to him.

"Yep," he replied, "hard luck, but I'd rather have it me legs than me arms." It was always so; he ever saw the bright side of the dark clouds.

Very slowly for Sammy the days dragged by, but the choir-boys came often to see him, and sometimes to read to him; and he was to be out soon, the nurse said.

It was the day before Christmas when she told me he might go the next day, but must use crutches a long time. That very afternoon Sammy's teacher sent him a beautiful, long-stemmed red rose. The little card with it read:

"With much love and best wishes for Sammy, and in remembrance of the Blessed Christ Child."

I was with him when it came, and for the first time since I had known the boy I saw him cry. He held the rose first against one cheek and then the other, and great sobs shook his whole body. At last he drew a sleeve across his eyes, and said brokenly, "I reckon—you think I'm a—a great cry-baby—an' I reckon I am—but I never had a—a rose before in my life—n' I guess I ain't very strong—or I wouldn't bawl about it."

"It's a beauty," I remarked.

"Ain't it a peach, though?" he said, smiling through his tears. "What d'ye s'pose ever made her send it to me, though?"

"Why, because she cared about your being sick and hopes you will soon be well again, as we all do. And besides, you know what else the card says, and to-morrow is Christmas."

He sat looking out of the window a long time then, holding the rose caressingly against his cheek.

When I left I said, "Well, boy, you and your rose leave together in the morning, I suppose?"

He laughed as he said, "Well, you kin jes' bet yer head the rose goes, if I do."

The service Christmas morning was unusually well attended, and we felt from our pastor's voice that something moved him profoundly. For one, I confess I was openly curious, for it was rare indeed for that voice to tremble or hesitate in any part of the service. After the benediction he turned to the altar and lifted something carefully. When he faced us again I saw he held a long-stemmed, red rose and a piece of brown wrapping-paper.

"My people," he said, "you see what I hold here." Then he related in a few words the story of Sammy, and of the gift of the rose, of which I had told him the night before. "I found this at the foot of the altar cross here this morning," he continued, "and with it this note—sadly misspelled, it is true, but overflowing with Christian charity and the true spirit of Christmastide. I will read it:

"'Dear rector.

"'I leev this rose hear. i was goin to tak it hom but when i got to the church suthun kep a-sayin pig pig pig. so i rekun the lord dont want me to keep it when sum uther kid needs it morn i do. pleze send it bak to jimy ross at the

hospital. he cant never get out, and dont you tel him i had it tel him its frum the christ child.'"

He paused. "Who may reckon the price of this gift?" he said.

Turning again, he presented the rose before the altar, as he would the regular alms-offering. As one person the congregation rose, and then sank to its knees as the rector left the sanctuary. A great

wonder held us all. Who that day had given best? We of our plenty, or Sammy who had given the sweetest thing which ever had come into his life, nor sought praise for himself in the giving?



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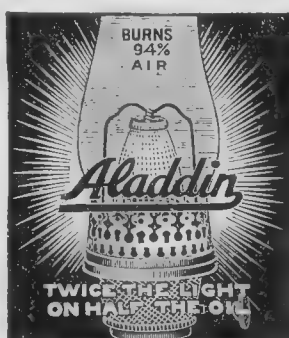
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Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

"And on earth Peace to men of good will."

Some years ago when public attention was so much drawn to new translations and revision of the Bible a very wordy controversy was waged as to the superiority of the above rendering of the familiar text "And on earth Peace and good will towards men." To-day with actual fighting brought to a cessation over the greater part of Europe, but with the gigantic task of the Peace conference facing the representatives of the allied nations, it is not difficult to see a significance in this form—"Peace to men of good will."

It is difficult to believe that there can be any "men of good will" in Germany. A recent letter from a friend, who in pre-war days was familiar with conditions on the continent, contains this significant paragraph. "Not since the boom of the guns was first heard in Paris have I felt so apprehensive as I do at the present time. I never doubted that we should win the war until now, and now my doubts are grave indeed. Every German is equally with the Kaiser "a beast of Berlin," and nothing but the crashing of their own cities about their ears would have brought full realization of the war to the German people. They have escaped all the horrors which they have heaped upon others. Hindenburg is still in the country; there is no stable government and I tremble for the peace conference. I feel that all celebrations should be absolutely withheld until the peace terms are fully known and signed."

This letter echoes the apprehension that has been in my own heart ever since the coming of the armistice, and while I have no wish to cloud the happiness of those who are rejoicing that the awful slaughter has for a time, at least, ceased, I cannot help issuing the warning to the women of western Canada not to indulge in the feeling of false security, and above all, not to harass public men who have to deal with the peace conference, with petitions and suggestions at the present time. Also let them try and stifle the natural craving to have the men home, and not distress the government of Canada with pleas for the speedy return of the men. A number will come home; some will be here in time for Christmas this present year, but the work of "making the world safe for democracy," a phrase which has been worn threadbare, is very, very far from being completed. To my mind the lack of anything like enthusiastic celebrations by the women of France and Belgium is highly significant. They are on the spot and realize, as we can never do, what it has been to fight the "beast of Berlin," and while giving thanks for the cessation of hostilities apparently feel far from safe as to the future.

It is rather interesting to note that it is the Americans, the last people to enter the war and the people who have suffered least from it, who are the most confident that the struggle is over. There is another passage of Scripture that rises continually before my mind. It is, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and Germany has assuredly not yet reaped what she has sown. Patience, endurance and courage on the part of the women now may help the situation materially. The women of Canada have been brave and have done wonders, but the next two months, in my humble opinion, will test them as even the war has not done. The men who have the business of the peace conference on their hands, and that means, in part at least, the government of Canada should not be hampered and harassed with appeals for this and that. I am laying emphasis on this, because of the fact that Ottawa to-day is practically inundated with petitions for the immediate return of almost every Canadian soldier overseas. The men themselves, are many of them painfully anxious to get home, and it is just and right that the men who went early and have been there through the terrible struggle should be released at the earliest possible moment, but if, as is very possible, at the end of the armistice the struggle has to be renewed, would they not hate to be out of it, and the women of Canada would they not be ashamed to have had the men withdrawn from service overseas.

Every woman naturally looks at it from the standpoint of her own needs and her own desires for the return of her men, but this is not merely a national or even an international crisis, it is a world crisis.

The request of the women of Alberta to have a woman representative at the peace conference, naming that representative, shows that in one province of western Canada, at least, there is an amazing lack of vision. As has been so forcibly written by Allison Craig, at a conference of this kind, countries can only be represented by their governments and there is no woman member of the government in Canada. Even the advisory committees which will assist the actual peace conference can only be composed of those who are nationally representative. If any possible exception could be made to this rule, it certainly could not be made for Canadian or American women. The only women who would have the slightest claim for such representation would be the women of Belgium, France, Great Britain and Italy. The mails and cables so far contained no record of these women clamoring for representation at the peace conference, and let the women of western Canada govern themselves accordingly, and while thankful in their hearts for the cessation of slaughter and the hope that the cessation may mean permanent peace, let them "carry on," in quietness and do nothing to weaken the hands of those who must deal with the tremendous issue of the peace conference.

During the very trying period since the influenza made its appearance in western Canada, I am sure that scores of women, particularly in Saskatchewan and Alberta, have thought longingly of the help which would have come

The Influenza to many of the scattered homes and communities, had those homes been served by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police as they were in the old days before the war. Then when any general calamity overtook the provinces, these capable "riders of the plains" were always requisitioned to round up the isolated farms and communities to see what was needed and in bringing help and assistance.

In the grim winter of 1907 when the roads were blocked with snow and the whole country short of fuel, these two great provinces were patrolled by the mounted police and every homesteader accounted for. I have listened more than once thrilled with stories told by men and women on lonely homesteads of the opportune arrival of a trooper, and how it had meant life to all the family. Now at this time there have been undoubtedly tragedies on many remote communities, and some substitution for the work of these wonderful men should be found by the provincial governments, and before winter closes in, these homesteaders and remote communities should be checked up and accounted for. No force at present exists that could do this work with the same efficiency and dispatch as could the men of the familiar scarlet tunic, but it could be done and should be done, and this would be a very laudable work for the women to urge upon the provincial governments.

The epidemic has been a testing time and much true heroism has been shown, not only by the medical profession and the trained nurses, but by the volunteers, men and women, who, realizing something of the danger, have risked all to bring help and comfort to their neighbors. The roll of honor, those who have given life to this

Wanted Co-operative Service work is a long one, but it will never contain all the names that it should, but one thing has come home with great force to the women of Canada in this crisis, and that is, the need of some organization where in time of disaster, it will not be necessary to rely on the volunteer help. Whatever the organization may be, we should have something national and under government control, possibly semi-military in its character, whereby the forces for fighting disease should be co-ordinated, and where it would be possible for both men and women to be of service. It should be something that would take in both men and women from say, 18 to 50

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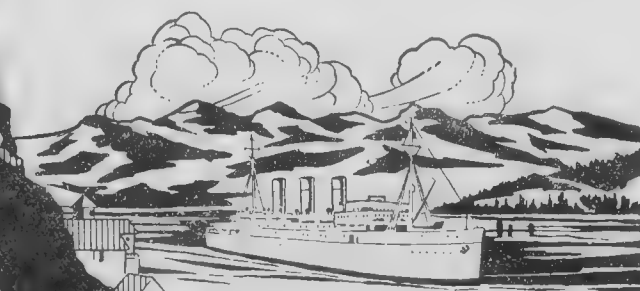
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years of age, who would have certain training and would be at the call of their nation when the need came. This sounds vague, but it could and should be worked out. Probably 60% of the people who have died of this epidemic need not have died had there been at the beginning an adequate supply of help and food available for immediate distribution. Just at present there is a serial running in one of the American magazines projecting a scheme whereby all the youth of the United States who have reached a certain age, to give a year of service to the country. It is a rather fanciful work and possibly might have many a flaw picked in it, but the conception is a fine one. The idea there is for the controlling of the production of the country and the regulating of the growing of crops and the industrial manufactures, but it contains the germ of what organization might do with regard to the care of health.

There is in Canada a very wonderful Health of Animals Act which works marvelously, so marvelously that four years ago when the United States was over-run with one of the most contagious diseases known among animals, and when millions of dollars worth of livestock was sacrificed in order to get rid of the disease, not a single case occurred in Canada, though there was considerable coming and going between the two countries. Had Canada to-day a federal system for the care of the health of the people, in any sense as adequate as they have for the care of animals, the present epidemic could not have reached the gigantic proportions it has done.

That it could not have been prevented entirely is evident from the fact that cases have occurred on scattered farms and remote islands of the sea, where there have been no communication from the outside world, but that an enormous amount of contagion could have been prevented by adequate health laws acting along the border there is no manner of doubt. We have been talking ever since the war started of having learned more about the value of human life, yet in the last six weeks many hundreds of lives have been sacrificed, because we have no proper co-ordination of national welfare service whereby they could have been taken care of.

Last month I made reference to the book by J. W. Stead of Calgary, "The Cow Puncher," and since then it has come to my desk and I have read it. It is a clean wholesome tale, and sets forth what is really the land boom of Calgary and Alberta in an interesting light. To me, however, the whole thing is too local in character to make a great contribution to the literature of western Canada. Mr. Stead is not happy in his women characters, he does much better with men, but on the whole it is a tale that is interesting to read and is not a misrepresentation of a phase of life in western Canada which has been so often the objection to books on the West in the past. Mr. Stead has not achieved "the epic" of the West, that is still to be written, but he has contributed a book which will undoubtedly have a wide circulation and which is informative on certain phases of the development of the West, and more especially of Alberta. The book is issued by the Munson people of Toronto, and can, I fancy, be obtained from any book store.

Earning Christmas

The teachers in our Province and every other province have earned the right to Christmas blessings. When their schools were closed they risked their lives to care for those suffering from the recent epidemic. Some have gone to the Great Beyond in the service.

Out in the foreign communities they have nobly carried on the service in the midst of great difficulties. In some places doctors could not be had and these teachers bravely did what they could. I know some of them personally and feel that their service is worthy of highest admiration.

We have learned so much of noble sacrifice during the past four years that the triumph of justice we are now experiencing fills our hearts too deep for expression in words. Somehow we feel so intensely that we must express ourselves in service. As Margaret Deland says: "The cup of sacrifice and suffering

is being held out to us. 'Drink ye all of it,' civilization says to us. And we put out eager hands toward that sacramental draft; we take the cup—and give thanks."

Christmas Proof

At Christmas time we feel we are related to everybody. Let us carry this kinship through the year. As we grow closer to the Heavenly One we think lovelier things about others because we realize God is the Father of all. Beautiful flowers cannot blossom in a weedy mind and a muddy soul. If we want to accomplish good we must develop beautiful ideas. Why I have known a girl to give a Christmas present to another and then say something mean about the recipient! The loveliest and most helpful Christmas remembrances we can give is kindness and consideration. A Christmas remembrance should be Christly. We have been given a mind and a tongue to use helpfully.



Lieutenant H. T. C. Walker, of the British Navy, is one of the heroes of the famous attack on Zeebrugge. He was an officer on board H.M.S. *Vindictive*, which was the centre of the enemy's attack when they discovered the attempt which was being made to destroy the Mole. Lieutenant Walker had his arm carried away by a shell on the upper deck of the warship, and lay in the darkness and confusion while the storming parties raced over his prostrate body. He was recognized and dragged aside by his commander. With his remaining arm he waved a greeting. "Good luck to you," he called as his friend had to leave him. Happily he was rescued and is still able to do his country good service, while his name is one of those which will never die as long as the history of the Great War is read. His photograph shows him to be a typical British naval officer, and doubtless he will soon become known to a very great circle of friends on this side of the water. This photo was taken upon his arrival in New York City.

The experiences of the war have convinced men of the presence of God. Out of the bitter conflict have men realized the truth of Christmas.

Mrs. Duryea tells in Harper's Magazine the story of a famous surgeon who has found in the war a true religious experience. He said to her:

"Madame, before this war I was a confirmed questioner and doubter. With all my intellect I searched men's bodies for some proof of the existence of a soul, and found none. I fell back on two codes: that might is right and that the strongest law of the material world is that of self-preservation. Like Germany, I founded my creed upon such fallacies, omitting and denying any spiritual element. But I learned better, for there is another law abroad in the world to-day that cannot be denied—a law as old as the creation of man. Tell me, madame, why are you here? Why am I here? Why are these wards filled with broken men who do not complain, although they have sacrificed

every material thing for an ideal? Why are fastidious women scrubbing filthy bodies in hospitals and sending those they love to die, while they and their children endure every hardship? Why has that bulwark of human flesh along our frontiers held at bay year after year forces of superior physical strength? Why does the civilized world (which does not include Germany, who fights for profit) sacrifice every material thing, that unborn generations may possess happiness and peace? Why does humanity give up wealth with prodigality and personal ambitions sometimes dearer than life itself? Why does this gigantic struggle continue when peace might be had at the price of dishonor?

"Because, madame, there is a force stronger than any law of the material world—the force of the spirit! It controls man to-day; it controls destiny; it will decide that this sphere is not a mote spinning through space inhabited by a highly developed animal called man, but

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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Guiding Star

"The star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Every girl has a guiding star. Some see it clearly—others allow clouds to obscure the vision. Those whose vision is clear follow that star until they accomplish their goal in life. When a girl sees her guiding life star she is happy in her work, because she sees the vision that crowns a career of achievement.

Was there ever a Christmas when the whole world was so thoroughly convinced of the truth of the star of Divine guidance? Has there ever before been such profound evidence of the triumph of justice?

Events of the past four years have convinced us that along with the clash and struggle of mighty material forces, there have been powerful spiritual conflicts and victories. This Christmas witnesses a world that is being convinced that "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." During the past six weeks our young women teachers and nurses and business girls have sacrificed their lives to save others. Surely with lessons like this everywhere about us, we must leave the old shell of criticism and all other selfish intoxicating poisons and grow into the larger life so wonderfully impressed on the world by our soldiers and nurses.

They have cleared away the clouds that obstructed the light of the Divine guiding star, and will not understand us if we allow the old musty specks to darken the true vision of life.

That brave Canadian lad, Lieutenant Walter R. Gayner, like thousands of others, emphasizes the truth that ordinary men and women can exert themselves beyond any limit they may have set. After relating some of his courageous experiences, he says: "The only interesting thing about all this, it seems to me, is the way it shows how the will to do a thing becomes a sort of habit of the mind. And if this is true in the army, I don't see why it would not be true in civil life. And if it is true in civil life, it is certainly worth any one's while to form that habit. In my own case the determination to carry on became a fixed idea. It is the same with thousands of other fellows who have kept doggedly at the business of fighting. No matter how often they were put out of the game, they came back. And if they could do this in the hard business of war, they—and other men—can do it in the business of living and working under normal conditions."

Every ascending life is a series of resurrections. Do we possess the same faults we did a year ago—Faults that hinder our growth? Have I criticized noble work that may differ from my narrow idea? Have I said anything that injured another? Have I thus hindered my own progress in following the guiding star? What mean specks have I allowed to cloud my vision of the star? Are we full of fear of this and that? Does this possession of fear hinder us? Fear! How large a place in our life does it usurp? It is not a gift of God. Listen!

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Then His guiding star promises us these three great gifts. Like the wise men of old, whose hands were full of gifts—may we follow life's guiding star and with the gifts of power, of love, and of sound mind present to humanity a life rich in sacrifice.

Captain Fagan, another brave British hero, who is probably the only survivor of a unit of two thousand five hundred men that were sacrificed at Gallipoli, says: "No man who went through it can ever be the same again. And no one who understands what was done there will ever have room in his mind or heart for contempt of human nature. Worse than any other element in it were those days of burning, consuming thirst. And as fine as anything in that record was the unselfishness of those men who shared with their comrades the last drop of water."

In lessons of blood and sacrifice our soldiers and nurses have written a history

for the world to learn. They have made the vision of the Christmas star clear for humanity. In the darkness of war they saw a great light. We girls—young women—older women—all womankind shall not have room in our minds any more for the things that mar life's vision. No, the path has been cleansed with the blood of brave men and noble women. This path of glory must be kept clean by our women. It is now broad—very broad—and the shining star leads to God.

One Viewpoint

We read so much these days of women's work. Women have taken new positions—they are doing the work well—and some exponents even say they are not willing to give up their work. We read article after article of this woman's work and that woman's work, and the impossibility of her going back into the narrow life of the home.

I ask myself this question: "What kind of evidence of appreciation are we showing to the brave men who left these positions, and after sacrificing everything are ready to return to them?" Just what will they think when they come back to their work and we say: "You cannot have your position. I have it and what's more I am going to keep it. I've decided I am not going back to the narrow home life to look after children and cook and sew. I've learned to wear overalls. I am earning more money than I did before the war. I can wear better clothes and afford more luxuries."

Just what value is a girl's patriotism who blows a horn and shouts at a peace celebration, but keeps the position a soldier left to fight for in order to make that position safe? What respect can he have for the young woman who refuses to let him have his position back when he returns? I believe every soldier is entitled to his position or one better when he returns. Surely a good position is due him, as well as a happy home life. Where shall we find good home makers if our girls all go into the business world? Is it possible for mothers to care for little children if the mothers are out all day? Surely we cannot say the art of home-making is narrow when we know of the brave men and women our mothers have sent out into the world. Character building is not a menial work, it requires a broad minded woman to develop strong men and pure women. Few men will allow anyone to say their mothers were narrow. On the other hand we hear them praise their mothers for their keen insight and power of endurance. Would our soldiers have been such splendid men and our women war-workers so nobly efficient if their mothers had spent six days out of seven in business?

When our men come back, shall they find our vision too narrow for their broadened minds? Will they be disappointed at our selfishness?

It is unfortunate that our young girls should be influenced by women who have little respect for men. It is women who have failed in home life or who have not experienced the pleasure of the true home maker who belittle the art of home making and urge our girls out into the business world. It is true it is necessary for many young women to go out into business. We respect and admire them—but I refer to those who are occupying positions that are due our returned soldiers and to those who regard home-making as narrow and menial.

We do not find successful home makers discontented. They are among the happiest women I know. My little girl clasped her arms around my neck to-day and said: "I love you, mother." Is there any salary or position I would accept in exchange for the pleasure of holding that little one in my arms? And when my oldest girl rushes in from school and asks a question that sends me into the library for an hour's research—can I say the life is narrow and uninteresting? Do I find dish-washing drudgery when above my table I may read quotations from the noblest minds of the ages? Then when the husband and father comes in and our little family circle is complete, is there any luxuriously furnished business girl's room that can compare with the atmosphere charged with the love in a happy home?

Narrow? Is the molding of human

lives a little work? On the pages of our history has not the influence of a great personality counted for more than a trial balance sheet? Narrow? In the hands of a little babe may lie the destiny of nations. A mean, petty, selfish, vain mother will impress those traits on her child. Ah—it requires great mothers to train great men. I wonder if with the glare of the newness of things we shall measure up to the strength and personality of the mothers of yesterday.

Biography is intensely interesting to me. I have clipped references from the stories of great men, and the emphasis they place on the influence of a mother, or wife, or sister surely places a bomb under the theory of the narrow sphere of home making.

Captain Fagan, in referring to his awful experiences in Gallipoli, said:

"We did sing a little, and one chap always got us started on one song:

"'Dear old mother, in the days of old, Sweethearts then, sweethearts now, sweethearts evermore, Ever true, dear, as the days roll by; My sweetheart then in the days of old, My sweetheart till I die.'"

Captain Fagan said: "We'd sing that song—and cry like children, cry openly and not care a hang who saw us. It's your mother, God knows, that you think of at such times."

Abbe Patrice Flynn, that noble priest, who has worked so hard on the battlefield, in emphasizing the soldier's longing for his mother, said:

"When I am administering the last comfort of the soul to a man on the battlefield, I usually lie down by him, to make it easier for his poor, tortured breath to speak to me. And often lying there beside him, when he has whispered his longings for his mother, I have said to him: 'My boy, let me take your mother's place!' And he has looked up at me with such love and gratitude in his eyes, and has put his arms around my neck as he would his own mother's, and has gone to sleep happier because of that!"

Home making is a work of the heart as well as the head, and that is just what makes it a broad, beautiful life for women.

Then shall we all go out into the business world and leave empty homes and hungry hearts? Love is the oldest thing in the world and the newest. Christmas is the birthday of love, and we shall continue to keep our hearts open for the blessing of love. The return of the Christmas season is a reminder of woman's mission to humanity—that of mothering the race.

Is It Fair?

When the Christmas season draws near I always think of the girl in an isolated place. Perhaps she is big-hearted and longs to remember every one in her family, but has not one cent of her own. At no time of the year is it so hard for a girl to be without a little money as at Christmas. If the father or mother would see that their daughter has a little to spend at this time, the daughter's whole life would be influenced. I knew a girl who never had a cent to spend at Christmas. Instead of making her economical, it made her extravagant. When she started to earn her own living, she spent every cent. She said she was so disgusted with the spirit of hoarding that she never wanted to be guilty of it. If the girl had been allowed a little money during her girlhood she would have learned to spend it wisely. She said: "I dread Christmas. I did not want a present, because I could not give one, and every Christmas during my girlhood was a dark period." To-day the girl cares nothing for her home, and it is due largely to the neglect of her parents' carelessness of the little love thoughts that Christmas means. And that makes me think of other girls I know who have not had their rightful share of home harvest. If I could have the opportunity I would like to speak to the fathers of daughters and urge them to give the girl an equal chance with the boy.

Girls have come to me penniless—some of them ruined for life—and this has been their story: "I spent my girlhood working hard on the farm. I worked in the field as well as in the house, and went without the pleasures that every girl should have—but I was willing because we were struggling to pay for our farm. Then father died, and in his will he left my brother the farm and he left me fifty dollars. He said I could get out and earn

my living. What could I do? I had never had the chance to learn any particular kind of work that would fit me for earning a living. I went to the city—and of course you know the rest. But the brother married; they built a new home, and his wife does not need to work. She has luxuries and comforts, while here I am struggling for a narrow living—broken down in health from heavy farm work." This is the story of not only one girl, but of many girls I know—girls who have come to me. Why must the girl be sent out penniless to make her own way and the brother given the property and protection?

I trust fathers and mothers who have this inclination will think seriously before they send the daughter out into the world practically penniless. It is not a square deal. The daughter in the home deserves the same consideration that is given her brother.

The Star of Happiness

Service alone leads to happiness. My experience with women convinces me. I have in mind a young woman who had only a few days to live. Her body was so badly decayed from the dregs of wrong living that in her extreme pain, she exclaimed: "I thought nothing but money would bring happiness. I had it—plenty of it—here I am. There's nothing in such a life—nothing." She died before her thirtieth birthday. The end of a selfish life. The crowning beauty of a woman's life is unselfishness. It always leads to service.

Elizabeth Fry never awakened from her sleep without asking this question: "How best may I serve to-day?" She said: "In the best sense we are all one, and though our paths here may be different, we have souls equally valuable, and have all the same work to do; which, if properly considered, should lead us to great sympathy and love for others." At the age of thirty-three she began her remarkable work in prison reform. When her name became known everywhere she acknowledged the success of her work as coming from the desire for service.

Success in the true sense of the word means happiness. We are all searching for happiness. Some one has written: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

Old Friends

There are no friends like old friends,
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them,
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
Though born of kindred mold;
And while we prize the new ones,
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest—
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam—
In lands beyond the ocean,
Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends,
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait the other side.

—David B. Sickels, in "Banner of Gold."

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How about your home? Is it a real home? Is it something more than a house with a yard or a farm around it? Is it something more than a place to eat and to sleep and to shelter you? Is it a place where the united family can gather together and be happy? Has it something that will bring joy into the life of father, mother, grandparents or children? Has it something that will make your friends enjoy visiting you? That is happiness. That kind of a home is a happy home. Such a life is the only life worth while. And anything that will bring you such a life is a *necessity*. It means as much to you as food and clothing. Money cannot measure its value.

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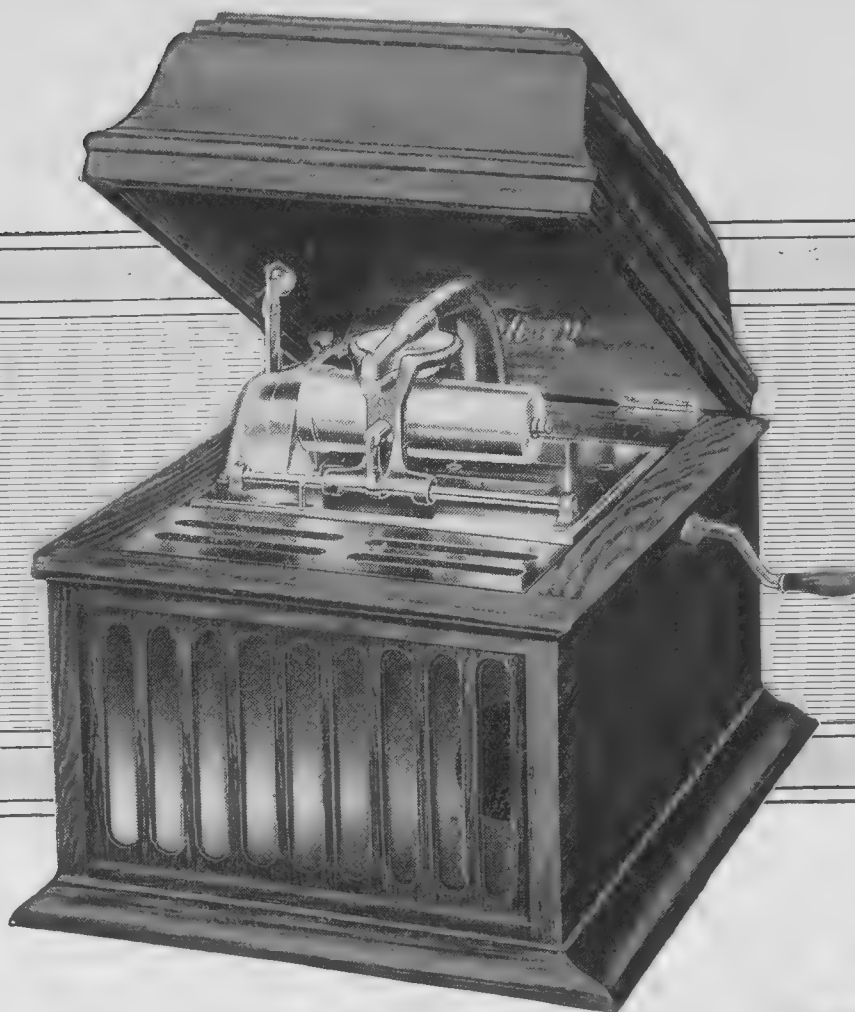
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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Recollections

Engrossing as the present is, the past has its charms. What a strange thing memory is! The staple incidents of life sink into a species of oblivion, but certain scenes and experiences stand out like mountain summits. I don't think it is valueless for one to ask oneself, what are the "purple patches" in my life as I look back on it?

Salem and the Scarlet Letter

One of the great books that I read in my boyhood was Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." I suppose there is pretty large agreement that that is the greatest novel or romance yet produced on the American continent. At last the time came when I visited Salem, the old Massachusetts town where Hawthorne wrote this book. The Custom House still stands where Hawthorne was employed when he produced this great Puritan masterpiece. One may still see there the novelist's birthplace, and, of course, the bleak rocky hill on which the witches were executed in 1692. After all the chief thing about the place is the atmosphere of austere sternness of which "The Scarlet Letter" is so powerful an expression. "The Scarlet Letter" is a sort of prose counterpart of the "Paradise Lost" of Milton.

Concord

Shortly after my first visit to Salem, which I have since seen several times, I made my way to Concord, Massachusetts. Concord has probably more literary interest than any other town of its size in America. With it are associated memories of Hawthorne, Thoreau and Emerson. Emerson's son still lives there. As one enters the town from Boston one sees "The Wayside" where Hawthorne was living at the time of his death. His death actually occurred away in the North, in New Hampshire, if I am not mistaken. A little farther on toward the centre of the town stands the home of Emerson, a comfortable looking white wooden house. On the wall of the library is a picture of Thomas Carlyle, the friend and contemporary of Emerson. In the library at Concord I read for the first time the correspondence of the great American and the great Scot. Emerson's mind went almost completely, toward the last. Concord still numbers quite a few people who remember him intimately. Away at the other end of the village stands the old manse, where Hawthorne wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse." He occupied this house immediately after his marriage. It is within a stone's throw of the battle-field where the British regulars met the minute-men a little later than the engagement at Lexington. On the base of a statue of a minute-man one reads Emerson's lines ending: "Twas here the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world." One may still see the spot where stood the shack or shanty in which Thoreau lived, at infinitesimal expense, near the shore of Walden Pond. Thoreau's two most famous works are "Walden, or Life in the Woods," and "The Week," a narrative of a week spent by the author on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. Perhaps the most interesting spot in Concord is Sleepy Hollow, the cemetery where all three men are buried. The grave of Emerson is marked by a huge granite boulder.

A First Afternoon in England

One of my halcyon memories is the first afternoon I spent in England. On a lovely June afternoon in 1898 my wife and I cycled from Liverpool to Chester. This was my first glimpse of rural England. We passed many noble homes of the English gentry, which made me think of a stanza in Tennyson's "Palace of Art":

"And one, an English home—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep,—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

That evening, in the golden light, we walked about the walls of Chester, saw the charming river Dee, made beautiful by the ruins of an ancient mill and by swans, which I then saw for the first time.

Hawarden

The next morning we wheeled to Hawarden. Gladstone had just died. We visited the village church, where he had been so faithful an attendant. In the churchyard we saw the grave of his eldest son, father to the present owner of the estate. For the first time I realised here the wonderful charm of English churchyards. I could understand why Gladstone wanted to be buried there, rather than even in Westminster Abbey. As we wheeled through the grounds we met Stephen Gladstone, then Rector of Hawarden. I had seen a picture of him playing a game of chess with his great father. We spent the whole afternoon in the ruined castle that looks down on Gladstone's home. That castle takes one back to the time when the Welsh border was a stormy and turbulent territory.

A Great Afternoon

On one single afternoon we had all these great experiences. Starting from the Royal City of Windsor we saw first Runnymede, where the Barons wrung from John the Magna Charta, the foundation of British liberty. Then we passed through Eton, where

so many of England's leaders have been trained. Thence on to Horton where Milton wrote "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." In the little church at Horton Milton's mother is buried. From there we went to Stoke Poges, immortalised as the scene of Gray's Churchyard Elegy. Within sight of the Stoke Poges church is the family mansion of the Penns, where the founder of Pennsylvania was born. A ride of a few miles took me to Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton, blind, finished "Paradise Lost." The cottage in which he was living at the time still stands. That evening, in the rain, I rode alone to Great Marlowe, where Percy Bysshe Shelley lived for a time.

Calgary and Schaffhausen

I was in Calgary the other day. From my window in the beautiful Palliser Hotel I could see the ice and snow-covered Rockies. Looking at them I could not help recalling my first glimpse of the Alps, got from the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. How that evening persists in my memory! I could hardly persuade myself that those great banks of white were really mountains. They looked like great cloud wracks. I remember that my interest was still further whetted by the recollection that John Ruskin had first seen the Alps from that point.

The Lake of Lucerne

Some of the fairest days of my life I spent on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne. In the little city of that name I read two of the most moving books I know. One was Renan's *Vie de Jesus*. The other was Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Much of the life of Jesus was associated with the Lake of Galilee, and it was a great privilege to read Renan's lovely pages looking down from a beautiful garden on the waters of the Swiss lake. Above me as I read towered Mount Pilatus, in the waters of a lake on the summit of which legend has it that Pilate vainly strove to wash his bloodstained hands. One of the chief attractions of the Lake of Lucerne to me was the memory of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." No book that I have ever read embodies more completely the fine old Germany that the modern militarists have apparently destroyed. In the Rutli meadow, on the other side of the lake from the city of Lucerne, one finds three springs reputed to have sprung from the spot where the leaders of the Forest Cantons took the oath to throw off the yoke of hated Austria. It was at Altdorf, at the other end of the lake, that Tell is reputed to have shot the arrow on his son's head. I re-read Schiller's noble drama, sitting at the door of the old monastery at Altdorf. Marvellous how Schiller, who never visited Switzerland, caught the scenery and spirit of the place. Thereafter my wife and I walked over the St. Gotthard Pass from Gothenen on the Swiss side to Ticino on the Italian. Golden days, those, etched forever on my memory.

St. Malo

I visited St. Malo as one of the shrines of our Canadian nationality. Thence Jacques Cartier set sail in 1534 for the mouth of the St. Lawrence. What intrepidity there was in those old navigators and discoverers. Champlain was a noble example of this type. Canada has some fine statues of this Christian coloniser. There is a fine one at St. Johns, New Brunswick. There is a splendid hopefulness and "urge" in the figure. There is another on the terrace at Quebec. Still another in the park between the Chateau Laurier and the river at Ottawa. These statues are like so many steps in a gallant progress. But to revert to St. Malo. Two memories crowded on me there—those of Cartier and of Chateaubriand. The great Catholic writer lies buried under a slab of granite on the rocky islet of Grand Bay. I lingered all afternoon by the grave of Chateaubriand, from which I withdrew only as the advancing tide drove me perforce as the night came on. As I did so I thought of Tennyson's words: "The deep moans sound with many voices."

A Ride Through Lombardy

One breathless morning we spent in the refectory of the old monastery at Milan, on one of the walls of which is painted Michael Angelo's "Last Supper." I had never before realised the difference between a masterpiece by a great artist and modern copies of the same. The room is crowded by copies, each missing something of the glory of the original. I shall never forget our ride across the Plain of Lombardy from Milan to Venice. The places that won my attention chiefly were Brescia, the birthplace of Arnold of Brescia, and Padua and Verona which I linked with Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." And then think of the witchery of Venice! The streets of water, the swaying, graceful gondolas, the Rialto, the palaces of the Grand Canal, the square of St. Mark's with the Doge's Palace, the Cathedral and the Campanile. Three years later, I think it was, I was in Peachland, British Columbia, when I read of the fall of the Campanile. I felt, as so many others did, that I was personally bereaved. The literary memories that crowded on me most at Venice were those of Shakes-

peare's great tragi-comedy, Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Browning's Italian poems, and Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." I think I should add Shelley's "Julian and Maddalo." J. Fennimore Cooper's "Bravo" was a good deal in my mind, too. There was no city that Ruskin loved so much as Venice, unless it was Florence. I never realised the spirit of the Middle Ages until I read the three volumes of "The Stones of Venice." Browning died in Venice in the Palazzo Rezzonico, one of the noble palaces on the Grand Canal. The Grand Canal is simply the main street of Venice, and the Rialto is a bridge spanning it, in fact the only bridge so far as I remember. It was once, I think, lined with shops like the celebrated Goldsmith's Bridge at Florence. The finest single picture I have seen is the "Assumption of the Virgin" by Titian. It is splendidly hung in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice.

Toward Canterbury

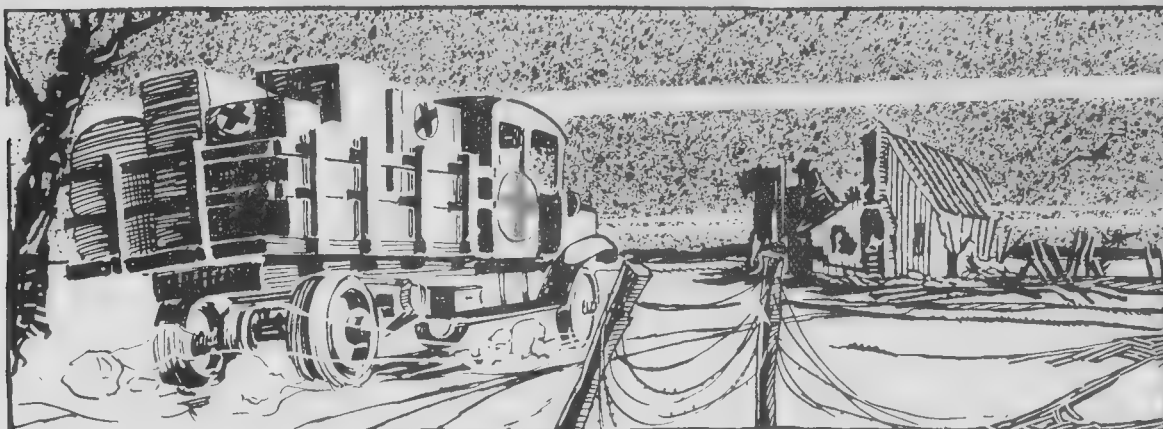
In 1904 I rode over the route followed by Chaucer's Pilgrims from the site of the Tabard Inn in Southwark to Canterbury. The ecclesiastical history of Canterbury stretches back to 597, the date of the landing of Augustine, the first Christian missionary to England. The Anglos and the Saxons had landed on the Island of Britain the century before—to be exact in 449. Those two, by the way, are dates that I learned very early. It seems to me that the practice of making children learn dates has gone too completely out of use. Tennyson says: "For manners are not idle." Neither is learning the dates of leading events 'idle,' that is, insignificant. But to come back to my reference to Canterbury, what a beautiful ride that was in the June sunshine—through Chatham, Rochester with its sturdy Norman Keep, through the Kentish hop-fields to the religious capital of England. The murder of Thomas a Becket in 1170 was another event the date of which never slipped from my memory after I first learned it in Collier's history. In the fullness of time the tomb of Becket became one of the famous shrines of Christendom. Thither pilgrims wended their way in vast numbers. This opportunity Chaucer seized. He gathers in the Tabard Inn a motley throng of pilgrims. Mine Host strikes a bargain with them. He will ride with them next day to Canterbury. In fact he will be their marshal. Each member of the company must tell two stories going and two stories coming; and the company will decide when all is over which tale takes the palm. Then in his memorable Prologue, one of the first glories of our great English literature, Chaucer describes all the members of the party. Incidentally we get an imperishable picture of 14th century England. I was introduced to this classic by a fine old professor, happily still living. I shall never forget his reading of the lines:

"A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That, fro the time that he first began
To ryden out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy."

How the past is linked with the present! As I sallied out of London in the path of the pilgrims, I passed the gates of Chislehurst where then lived, and I think still lives, the Empress Eugenie, widow of the ill-fated Napoleon III. What a strange irony if she is still alive to witness the capitulation of the children of the men who broke her husband so ruthlessly.

Brittany

One of the "purple patches" of my life is a bicycle ride through Brittany. In Brittany the four places that impressed me most were Auray, the shrine of Ste. Anne; Carnac with its haunting monoliths; Paimpol, the scene of Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman"; and Treguier, the birth-place of Renan. I was at Auray for the great festival held yearly in honor of Saint Anne, the patroness of the Bretons. I shall never forget my walk in the dewy morning from Auray proper to Sainte-Anne d'Auray. Arriving at the little town, I breakfasted with an attractive company of nuns and priests and peasants in the little inn. I remember the bowl-like cups from which we all drank delicious coffee. The desolate moor of Carnac with its long, sweeping avenues of lovely stones, leaves an indelible impression. One feels oneself there in the presence of an immemorial antiquity. At Paimpol I visited the cottage in which Yaun lived, and chatted with the peasant mother of Loti's shy and taciturn hero. I slept one night at Treguier where Renan was born. Renan's life of Jesus and his life of St. Paul are written with infinite charm. Renan makes Paul live before one's eyes. The reader of the letters of the Great Apostle to the Gentiles is struck with the spirited passages that rise, often a little incongruously from the body of the text. Renan has a plausible explanation of this, if I remember rightly. Saint Paul employed an amanuensis or secretary to write for him. As he read over the copy he would ever and anon comment on the original text. These comments are often the rhapsodic passages to which I have alluded, and which frequently have the air of not being logically incorporated in the tissue of the letter. Whether this is correct or not, at any rate it is interesting and suggestive.



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SUFFERERS OF WAR

Gaunt, hungry, and
that come from where
brother, gone; sons, --
child at her breast coming
ing in the features of
What is it that keeps
her plodding footsteps
heap she once called home

And she is not only
is left of King Albert
Department of the
Montenegro, and of Austria

We have saved the soul of civilization
---we must now protect the body from the
blight of Anarchy. The Star of Hope in all
this desolate land is the crimson sign of the
Motherhood of Christ,---our Red Cross.

If you ever felt the sacredness of your
humble part in the great organized mission
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high, for Red Cross needs you now and for
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Remember your Red Cross Pledge and
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The Philosopher

them prompt us into kindly action that will help in making Christmas something more like what it should be for such children, we shall be making it a more genuinely happy Christmas for ourselves. Nothing is more profoundly true than that except we become as little children we cannot enter the spirit of the Christmas festival.

One Plain Lesson to Mankind

One thought which the coming of this year's Christmas brings to all thinking minds is that the resort to force, that is to say, war, without righteousness behind it as the impelling power, will always hereafter be foredoomed to failure. Which is another way of saying that the war which has wrought such carnage and devastation in the past four years and more will be the last of such outbreaks of savagery in the world. The mind and conscience of humanity have been aroused as they were never aroused by any previous war, to an understanding of the need of making the world secure, so far as human wisdom and foresight can achieve that purpose, against any future attempts to violate them. Surely no nation ever again will delude itself with the belief that might is right. The lesson of this war has been burned into the memory of mankind; and as long as human memory endures it will be remembered that reliance upon the doctrine that might is right and the other doctrines of kultur must end in disaster. If it did not, there would be no meaning in civilization.

The Greatest Factor in the War

Ever since the first heroic resistance by the Belgian garrison of Liege to the advancing hordes of spike-helmeted invaders, and the never-to-be-forgotten devotion of "the contemptible little army" from Great Britain and of the French regiments which threw themselves so self-sacrificingly against the German advance to save the precious hours and days so terribly needed by the Allies innumerable are the instances in the war which have proved beyond any possibility of question or doubt that the spiritual valor of mankind doing battle for the cause of righteousness and justice is mightier than brute force. Again and again there have been heroic rallies against the enormous masses of German brute force, and the Germans have been beaten back. Wonderful were the preparations of the Germans. Never before in all history had there been so many new and terrible methods of destroying life put into operation as the Germans used with utter ruthlessness on land and on sea. Amazing were their uses of the application of science to those methods of ruthlessness. But with it all they lacked the vital factor of spiritual valor inspired by righteousness and justice, which made it possible for the Allies to make good the forever famous words which that spiritual valor inspired Marshal Joffre to utter: "They shall not pass!"

Doctors and Nurses

The recent visitation of the influenza epidemic, which caused such widespread suffering and so many deaths, has given thousands cause anew for gratitude to two classes whose devoted faithfulness to duty is so often truly heroic, namely, doctors and nurses. Not many of us are there who have not at some time had our lives in the keeping of a doctor, or a nurse; still fewer of us are there who have not known what it is to be aware that the life of a beloved one hangs in the balance, and that for all that human aid can do to save that precious life, a doctor and a nurse must be looked to. Some of us, it may be, have known what it is to lie helpless in a bed of pain absolutely dependent on the ministrations of doctor and nurse, and after restoration to health have neglected to manifest the gratitude due for those ministrations. There is an old poem about a sick man, who after sinking near unto death, recovered, and was both forgetful of what he had been through, and ungrateful as well—

"God was forgot, and the doctor slighted."

Doctors and nurses see us with our disguises removed; they see us helpless as little children. That must be why they are, as a rule, so kindly in character themselves, and so charitable in judging others.

Women in Parliament

The progress of the British nation through the centuries has been accurately registered by the evolution of the British Parliament. Another step forward has now been recorded by the passing of an act by the House of Commons to entitle women to become members of that House—which is, of course, the logical consequence of woman suffrage. The time is past when the House of Lords used to have the power to block legislation passed by the Commons. Indeed, Lord Robert Cecil has taken occasion to explain that the Government had considered the question of legislation entitling women to sit in the House of Lords, but that there were some difficulties to be got over in that connection. It is to be noted that in the House of Lords there was only a small minority against

woman suffrage. In connection with the legislation entitling women to become members of the House of Commons it is noteworthy that two months ago the law officers of the House decided that women were ineligible, as the law stood. But, of course, Parliament can alter any law. Parliament, said one of the Chief Justices of England, can do anything except make a man a woman, or a woman a man—it has the supreme power in the British system of democratic, responsible government. It is only a matter of time until there are women in our Canadian Parliament. Already there are two women in the Alberta Legislature, and one in the Legislature of British Columbia.

The Nemesis of a Manacled Press

Germany will furnish forever in history the outstanding example of the results of the absence from a country of freedom of the press. For more than half a century the autocratic military state system of Germany laid its iron hand upon all newspapers and other publications in Germany, and allowed them to print only what it judged suitable. This was one of the main methods by which the German people were reduced to a state of submissive incapacity in regard to citizenship. Thus the German system of public education, so remarkable in some respects, was nullified, in that the Germans were not free men, citizens of a self-governing state, but mere herds of human cattle managed like the cattle on a ranch by their rulers. Decade after decade the German state system became more and more rigidly a military autocracy; decade after decade the German masses became more and more incapable of democratic self-government. Freedom of the press is one of the fundamental essentials to "government by the people, of the people, and for the people."

How History Repeats Itself

Just as the German Emperor attempted in the second decade of the twentieth century to impose Hohenzollern domination upon the world, so also had Louis XIV, of France, styled the Grand Monarch, attempted in the last quarter of the seventeenth century to impose Bourbon domination upon the world. There is, indeed, a striking historical parallel between the war which began by the German rush upon Belgium in 1914 and the war in which the Grand Monarch set France against practically all the rest of Europe in 1689. Like the Kaiser, King Louis proclaimed loudly the falsehood that he was fighting because he had to, in self-defence. Like the Kaiser, too, he began by a sudden and overwhelming invasion of Belgium. In each case it was the old fable of the wolf and the lamb translated into military aggression and attempted conquest. Like the Kaiser, King Louis had the advantage of the Allies who joined their forces against him, in that he had the superiority in military preparation; he won many victories over them, but like the Kaiser, he had to sue in 1693 for an armistice and suggest the discussion of peace terms. And the attitude of the Allies in 1693 in regard to the armistice proposal and the peace offensive was the same as the attitude of the Allies of 1914 towards like proposals when they emanated from Berlin. The British sea power was an all important factor against the Grand Monarch, whose coasts it blockaded. It was the compulsion of starvation that finally made him surrender, and brought to a disastrous ending the Bourbon attempt to achieve world mastery by what he counted confidently upon as his superior military might.

The Rise of a Notorious Family

Incredibly absurd as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that in Germany in the past twenty-five years not only have men been sent to prison for the crime of lese-majeste, or majestatsbeleidigung, as it is in German (that is, speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor), but men have actually been imprisoned for publishing truths about his ancestors long dead—Hohenzollerns who lived centuries ago. On a high hill in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, one of the component parts of the German Empire which Bismarck formed and prophesied that the Crown Prince of his time, who lived to become the Kaiser Wilhelm II, would live to destroy, there stands a castle built by that man (whose name will forever hold an evil place in history as that of the maker of the war which has caused carnage and devastation unprecedented) built as a memorial to his ancestors. The truth about those ancestors of his, the Hohenzollerns, is that they held some land and a small castle on that hill, and maintained a band of freebooters who made it their practice to set upon and rob travellers and pilgrims passing along the high road to Italy, who did not pay them blackmail. From that beginning the Hohenzollerns got on in the world, through treachery and grasping, until they were able to seize control of the petty German state of Brandenburg, when they assumed their first hereditary title. Such were the ancestors of the man who prated of his divine right to rule Germany and who soaked the soil of Europe with blood in the attempt to realize his dream of making himself ruler of the world.

The Obligation of Christmas

The world may roll on with its wars and wickedness and misery, and kingdoms may go and governments may come, but whatever else may betide, so long as there is Christmas, the blessed household festival, and so long as the spirit of Christmas, the great anniversary which commemorates the central fact of Christianity, is in the world, not even the most jaundiced pessimist can say that this life is not worth living. It is the children's festival, and it speaks to every heart of the birth of the Divine Child in the stable of Bethlehem. To enter into the spirit of the Christmas festival we must enter into the spirit of childhood. Those who are privileged to take part in a Christmas celebration with children are the fortunate ones. There are so many men and women who have no children. For all such lonely ones, for all who bear a burden of bereavement and deprivation and whose days are shadowed with sorrow, for all with whom the world has gone hardly, those of us whose lot has been more fortunate and to whom life has brought happiness must do what we can to make Christmas a day that speaks of human comradeship. This is an obligation which rests upon every one who has it in his power—and who of us has not?—to do something to bring some brightness at Christmas into some shadowed, lonely life. With that obligation not lived up to, no one's Christmas can be a truly happy one.

Christmas and Children

Those who have no children about them to make Christmas joyous call up memories of their own childhood. Many a lonely man and woman finds a little comfort in thinking of dream children, and of what might have been, if life had gone differently, and envies the father against whose knee a little head rests wearily in the dusk of Christmas Day, with the utter trust of childhood, and envies the mother who feels the soft, tired, little body snuggling up against her breast. There are many childless men and women in the world; but has there ever been a Christmas before these recent years of world war which dawned upon so many orphaned children as there are in the world to-day? These are thoughts which must come to everyone who has a feeling heart. And by letting

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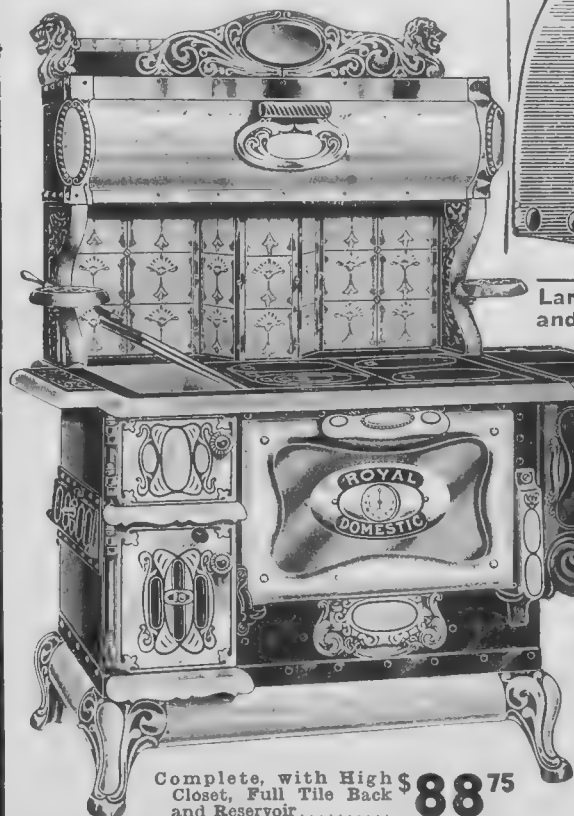
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This wonderful Range, with full tile Back Mirror and Medallion. Polished Warming Closet Door. Full polished Cooking Surface. Large enameled Reservoir. Extra large Oven and dozens of other up-to-date features is the Premier of all stoves offered you to-day; has large 20-inch oven; large Fire Box; burns anything; large Cooking Surface; Six Lids and Full Polished. No blacking required.



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Closet, Full Tile Back
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BEAUTIFUL RIBBED SHADE Verde Green Base

SAFETY—The Radiant Lamp has been endorsed by hundreds of lighting experts all over the world. It is as safe as a lamp can be made. You can turn it upside down and it will burn just as well as in an upright position. It can be upset without spilling oil. It does not smoke and has no odor. It is the safest and most satisfactory light ever devised.

THE LAMP ITSELF is handsomely equal to any obtainable; all parts are well made and finely finished. The design is neat and symmetrical. The shape is very artistic. The lamp is attractive in every way.

SIMPLICITY—The Radiant Lamp is just as simple as it is safe. There is no wick to bother with, nor chimney to clean. It uses two shadowless, inverted mantles of exceeding durability. It generates in 20 seconds, and no generating torch is required. The generator is removable without the aid of tools, and without disturbing either shade or mantles.

No. 27-563—Suitable for hanging or setting on table; is 22½" high; capacity of about 1 quart; tested to 100 lbs. pressure; will beautify your home fully 100 per cent; looks just like an electric light and is just as good. Order it on approval.

No. 27-563—Price at Winnipeg \$8.75

Generators. Extra. 70

You Can Hang From Ceiling or Stand on Table

335 CANDLE POWER—As a light giver the Radiant Mantle Lamp has no equal. It is the most powerful table or reading lamp on the market to-day. The light it gives is intensely bright, yet soft, easy on the eyes, and steady as the sun. It produces a light of 335 candle power. Gives 13 times as much light as the ordinary oil lamp, 7 times as much as gas, and 21 times as much as the standard 16-candle-power electric light. Beside it all other lamps look yellow and dim.

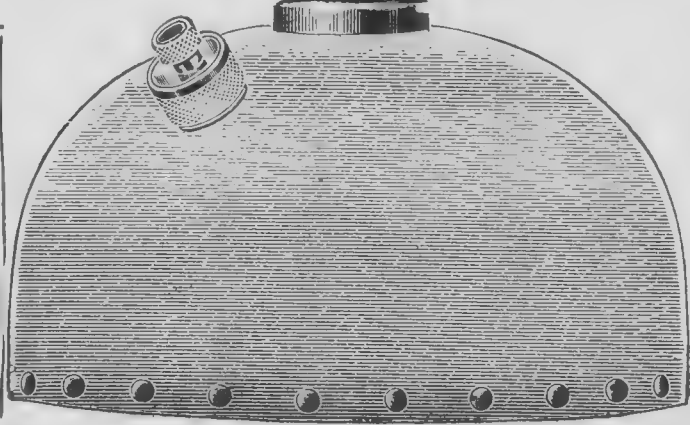
ECONOMY—The cost of operation of the Radiant Lamp is practically nothing. You can burn it 2½ hours a night every night in a month on a single gallon of kerosene or coal oil. By actual test, it has burned 80 hours, at a cost of 30 cents, or about ¼ of a cent for each hour burning. It will soon pay for itself in the saving of oil.

WITH EACH LAMP WE INCLUDE a pump, cleaning needle, two mantles and an instruction card which shows you how to set up and operate the Radiant Lamp.

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Large encased Reservoir and guaranteed to burn less fuel than any other range and Bakes to Perfection

Use it for 30 days, and if not satisfied you have

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and have a range equal to any, ship it back to us, and your money will be immediately refunded. For "Nor-West Farmer" readers during December we offer this range at \$10.00 less than our Catalogue Price. Buy Now. No. 06-9-20—Complete as shown, F.O.B. Winnipeg \$88.75

Dust proof compartment, specifically designed to contain records; this gives protection against dust, dirt and damage, and keeps records always easily accessible (albums extra).

Top can easily be lowered and raised, enclosing entire phonograph, making it one compact unit and protecting all working parts. Nothing is exposed to get injured or to spoil appearance.

Sound waves do not pass through metal. Tone arm is of violin fibre. This prevents rasping metallic ring.

Remain seated and you can easily rewind or change records. One winding plays one 12-inch record, or two ten-inch or three 8-inch records.

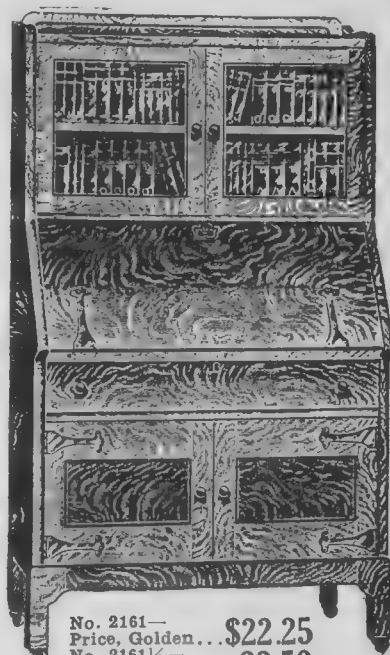
Every musical note reproduced in all its fullness and richness.

Body is made of acoustic metal, strong and durable. Mahogany finish. The appearance is a surprise. It is beautiful, artistic and dignified. The delicacy and excellence of its finish, we believe you will agree, makes it the finest looking little phonograph in the world. Small and convenient to handle.

Light enough to carry about the house; ideal size for yacht, to take to summer cottage, or in motor car.

Order to-day and save \$9.60. You will be surprised at its wonderful playing qualities. It's a wonderful bargain, and such as you will never be able to obtain again. Exactly as shown in Sketch—Securely packed. No. 27-4180—Carola Talking Machine. Regular \$29.50, Special Reduced Price, with Six Free Selections. (A clear saving of \$9.60) F.O.B. Winnipeg. \$19.90

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No. 2161—Price, Golden... \$22.25
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A place for everything. Two large bookshelves in top. Large Writing Desk fitted with interior shelves. Bottom cupboard is just the place for files and large books. Long drawer is fitted with lock. Entire desk is made of maple, finished golden or fumed. Is 65 ins. high and 31 ins. wide.

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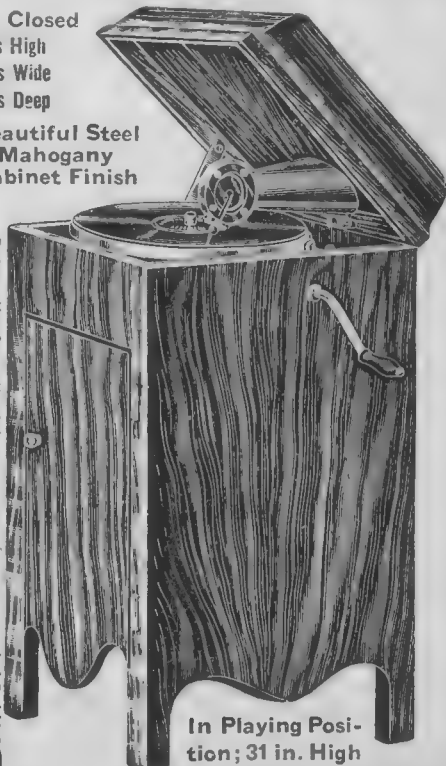
A Regular \$29.50 TALKING MACHINE at a Saving of \$9.60
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You have no conception of what marvellous music this machine makes until you have heard it. Owners of phonographs costing hundreds of dollars more, vow they cannot tell the difference.

When it arrives in your home, it will be one of the happiest moments in your life. You can dance all the latest dances in your home. It will be an endless source of delight and comfort to the entire family, and makes an ideal present.

When Closed
22 inches High
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Beautiful Steel
Mahogany
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In Playing Position; 31 in. High

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WINNIPEG

All Things

Written for the Western Home Monthly By Mrs A. T. Horton

WE know that all things work together for good to them that love God." The preacher gave out his text in a strong clear voice, and something either in the text or the voice seemed to arrest Gertrude Norton's attention. She stopped trifling with the tassel of her umbrella and settled herself to listen.

"My friends," the minister was saying, "it is to the 'all things' that I wish specially to call your attention this morning. There are circumstances in the lives of every one of us which sometimes make us feel inclined to question this emphatic statement of the Apostle. Circumstances which appear to us so dark and gloomy that we fail altogether to see the light of God's love and goodness shining behind the cloud. Yet says the Apostle confidently, 'We know,' and if we could carry this trustful knowledge and confidence with us in our daily lives it would make life an altogether different thing to many of us."

It is doubtful if Gertrude heard very much more of the sermon on that Sunday morning. Her thoughts all the rest of the time were on these opening sentences, and the meaning they might have in her own life. During her walk home the two words "all things" kept ringing in her ears. Was it possible that those "things" that had been so worrying her all the past week would work together for her's or anybody else's good? And yet she did love God, and her mother, her dear patient mother, what a saint she was, and yet how hardly things had gone with her lately.

Six months before, Mr. Norton, Gertrude's father, had been obliged to give up his good position in the city on account of his failing eyesight. The oculist had told him he must have complete rest, but ever since that time his sight had grown steadily worse until now he could hardly see at all. They had been obliged to give up their comfortable home, and had come down to Ridgemoor, a seaside town, where the mother and her three daughters had kept the home together by letting lodgings. Through the summer months they had managed fairly well, but now that winter was approaching the visitors began to fall off in numbers, and those who did visit Ridgemoor were mostly old timers who were satisfied with their accustomed winter quarters and did not look out for new ones.

Gertrude's work in the house was not quite of such a strenuous nature as that of her sisters and mother. She had made it her chief duty to wait on her father, and by reading to him, and writing for him to lessen his trouble as far as she possibly could.

As the result of a family conclave and a serious investigation into their ways and means, it had been decided that two of the girls must get something to do during the winter. Margaret the eldest, was at once elected as the one to stay with her father and mother, and the two younger girls, Gertrude and Mary, made up their minds to get some kind of work to do.

"It is all very well for you, Mary," Gertrude had remarked as they sat round discussing the matter, "with your stenography and book-keeping you can easily find a job, but what about me? I'm no good at anything except nursing and I've had no proper training." Mary had laughed reassuringly, "Oh you will find something easily enough, an old lady who wants her pug dog taken out for walks, or some invalid who wants a companion."

But for some weeks Gertrude had tried in vain to hear of any such post, or indeed of anything that she could undertake satisfactorily. She had answered advertisements, and advertised in the local papers, and though she had had several interviews with invalid ladies she had always come away disappointed. "You have not had sufficient experience," or "you are not a certificated nurse" had been some of the objections raised, so that particular Sunday morning found her in a despondent frame of mind. Mary, as she had prophesied, had had no difficulty in finding work, but Gertrude seemed doomed to disappointment. The opening words of the sermon that morning made a deep impression on her heart. If she could feel the confident faith expressed in the words of the text how it

would sustain and uplift her during this trying time.

On Monday morning Gertrude felt cheered by receiving an answer to one of her advertisements, from an invalid lady asking her to call at her house in the neighboring town of Weston at 3 o'clock that afternoon. "I shall walk along the sands," she said as they were discussing the letter over the breakfast table, "it is only a little longer than the road over the moors and I shall enjoy it."

She set out feeling quite hopeful. Perhaps the waiting time was over at last. How glad she would be to be settled at something and to be able to help a little in the home expenses. The walk did not seem long, and it was with a hopeful heart that she drew near to her destination. It was a large house, evidently the home of wealthy people Gertrude thought as she rang the bell. She was shown into a prettily furnished sitting room, and a lady lying on a couch by the window bade her "good afternoon." At first all went splendidly, and Gertrude began to feel confident that she would really get the post this time. But alas for her hopes "Are you a good pianist?" the lady was asking. Poor Gertrude, she was obliged to confess that she was no pianist at all.

and it sounded somewhere away in the darkness to her right. She raised her own voice to shout in reply, and turned her footsteps in the direction of the sound pausing every now and then to call again and receive an answer to guide her in the right direction. It was not long before she came upon a woman seated upon a large stone partially sheltered from the storm by some bushes growing near by. "I hope I did not frighten you," she remarked as Gertrude came near, "I thought I heard footsteps passing, and that I might get help."

"What is the matter?" asked Gertrude. "I was walking on the moors this afternoon and sprained my foot. I have been trying ever since to get home, but I am still some way from Weston, and I don't think I can get much further without help."

"Do you know the way?" asked Gertrude, "for I thought I was going to Ridgemoor, but believe I must have lost my way."

"You are a long way from Ridgemoor," the lady replied, "but we are only about three quarters of a mile from Weston."

"Then I think," said Gertrude, "that you had better let me help you home as I shall never find my way to Ridgemoor in this storm, and you cannot possibly sit here any longer."

It was a tedious and weary walk to both of them. It was evident to Gertrude

Then it was Gertrude's turn to listen, and Mrs. Vernham told her how her little girl Mollie had met with an accident and broken her leg, and how the doctor had ordered her to the seaside for the winter. "It will be some time before she can walk," Mrs. Vernham went on, "and I cannot be with her all the time, and do not like to leave her entirely with the maids. My husband is an eye specialist in town and cannot leave except to run down now and again for the week end, so I have to divide my time between the two, and I have been trying to find someone who would look after my little girl while I was away."

The next morning Gertrude was introduced to the invalid, a little girl of eight years old. She seemed to take to Gertrude at once and begged her to stay and see some of her toys.

"She is a very good little patient," said Mrs. Vernham, stroking the little fair head lovingly, "I do not think you would find her much trouble."

"Oh, mother, is this the lady you said you would get to look after me," cried Mollie. "Oh, how nice!"

"I don't know yet, darling," answered Mrs. Vernham smiling, "but we will try and arrange things if Miss Norton is willing, I shall not mind my sprained ankle if it brings a kind companion for my little girl."

"It must be one of the 'all things' like my disappointment yesterday, and the storm and losing my way," said Gertrude quietly, for she had already found that she and her new friend thought alike on these things.

But there was more good working together for Gertrude from these seemingly trivial circumstances than she had dreamed of. When Dr. Vernham heard of her father's trouble he went over to Ridgemoor to examine his eyes, and gave great hopes that an operation would work a cure.

Gertrude took that Sunday morning's text for her life motto and it helped her through many a rough place in time to come, for did she not know, and that by personal experience, that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

How Could He?

Lady: Can't you find work?
Tramp: Yessum; but everyone wants a reference from my last employer.
Lady: And can't you get one?
Tramp: No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.

Back Again

Isaac wished to consult a physician and asked a friend to recommend one. "And what does he charge?" asked Isaac, making a note of the doctor's name. "Five dollars for the first visit, three dollars for succeeding calls," was the reply.

Half an hour later Isaac entered the physician's office and gave this greeting: "Good morning, doctor, I'm back again."

No In and Out for Him

"Now, then," said the captain to his men, "we'll go through the drill quickly. Fall in."

The men did. "Fall out." The men did. But one man started to walk off.

"Here, Rich, where are you going?" "Back," was the laconic answer. "I'll be damned if I go through such fool stunts. You don't know your own mind one minute in another."

A Test

A little boy called one evening at Mr. Jones' house with a basket of mushrooms as a present. Next day he came again, and saw Jones' housekeeper.

"Did Mr. Jones eat the mushrooms last night?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the housekeeper, "he had them for his supper, and enjoyed them very much."

"And is he quite well this morning?" "Yes; quite well."

"Then that's all right," replied the little chap moving away. "I wanted to find out if these were the right kind of mushrooms."

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.

Washing the Dishes

By Madam Baker-Tutley

When father washed the dishes,
Oh! the slop and mess he made
The kitchen floor was covered o'er
With cake and bits of bread
He wiped it with the dishcloth
He mopped it with the broom!
Oh! sakes alive, you ought to see
The mess in that back room.

Then Sis and Jim next took turn
In washing up the delf,
They seemed to be an endless time
Finding the kitchen shelf,
Her sweetheart kind of dried them,
He stopped and moped around,
I think there were sly kisses,
Silent china standing round.

Well, Mary Ann, the hired girl
Then took a crack at them,
The way she splashed and crashed about
Would give you just a pain.
The soap and grease and cabbage-smell
Cut no ice with her at all,
She wiped, shined, stacked them up,
Her high speed beat them all!

Then Sunday night comes mother's turn,
So gentle and so neat,
To her the dishes never look
A dirty messy heap;
To her they bring old memories
Of girlhood days so fair,
When she and dad were married
And bought their kitchen ware.

But places at the table
Are standing empty now,
The dishes sing sad songs to her
Of sons gone to the war;
Each cup and plate she softly wipes
With heart sad, sick and sore—
Every soldier of the dishpan,
Has my very best good wishes,
That she may find some recompense
When washing up the dishes.

"Then I am afraid you would not suit me, Miss Norton, I am sorry to have given you the trouble of calling," and Gertrude felt herself dismissed, and rose to leave with a sore heart. Was she never to have any success? She trudged along the moor her heart filled with rebellious and gloomy thoughts. She was tired and hungry after her walk, and that did not help to make her more cheerful. Then after a time yesterday morning's sermon came to her mind; if that were really true then this disappointment must be one of the "all things." Did she believe it? If so, it was wrong to feel so discouraged and disheartened, she would trust and not be afraid.

The interview had been a long one, and now the short autumn day was closing in, and by the look of the sky a storm seemed near. Gertrude began to hurry, the moor was not a nice spot in which to be caught in a storm, as there was no shelter of any sort, and there were still nearly three miles in front of her. The wind was facing her and growing higher and higher making every step a toil, and now down came the rain blowing in blinding sheets against her face. On she struggled, hoping every moment to reach the turning which would take her to Ridgemoor. Surely she should have reached it by now. She gazed round in the fast growing darkness. Could it be possible that she had mistaken the way in the storm and rain? As she paused she thought she heard a faint call, or was it the moaning of the wind? No, there it was again, a woman's voice she felt sure,

that the lady was in much pain though she tried to make the best of it and managed to hobble slowly along leaning on Gertrude's arm. Fortunately the wind was at their backs, and at last they could see the lights of Weston twinkling through the rain.

"My name is Mrs. Vernham," said the lady as they entered the town, "I live near the sea front so we have not far to go now."

A few minutes later, their wet things laid aside, they were seated over a blazing fire and forgetting the discomforts of a short time before. Gertrude had telephoned to let her mother know that she was safe, and that Mrs. Vernham insisted on keeping her for the night.

"You cannot possibly go roaming about the moor again to-night in this storm," she declared, "so you will have to make up your mind to stay and cheer up my loneliness."

Gertrude was only too glad to accept her hospitality. She had bathed the injured foot and bandaged it up so neatly that Mrs. Vernham had laughingly asked her if she were a professional nurse.

"I only wish I were," sighed poor Gertrude, the question bringing back to her mind her troubles of the afternoon. And then it seemed quite natural for her to be sitting there telling her new friend of all her recent disappointments and worries.

"Why I do believe the storm has blown you to me on purpose," said Mrs. Vernham, "You are just the one I want for our little Mollie."

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Christmas Order
early*



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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux

HOW full of thankfulness our hearts are this greatest year of the century when "peace on earth, good will towards men" is flashed throughout the world, the gladdest Christmas message for years. How the turkeys, ducks, geese and chickens will be fattened up for our returning boys who have been wounded and are coming home for Christmas as quickly as the ships can bring them! The best is none too good for our Canadian heroes and we must get our poultry in extra good shape for the Christmas trade—prices are good; there is plenty of coarse grain and wheat screenings available to fatten the poultry in Manitoba this fall. In all my experience I have never seen larger kernels of oats and barley. It is really wonderful and therefore makes splendid feed for all stock and poultry. Very strict regulations came in effect on Nov. 1st in Canada, in regard to feeding milling wheat of any kind to stock: screenings may not contain more than 25 per cent of wheat when wheat and other grain is so mixed up. It cannot be separated for milling without undue cost. It may be fed to poultry and stock. Any persons breaking these regulations issued by the Food Board of Canada are liable to a fine of not less than one hundred dollars or more than one thousand dollars, or to imprisonment not exceeding three months or to both fine and imprisonment. This all shows the crying need of wheat conservation so starving millions may be fed in the war zone. Canada's surplus of fibre flaxseed has been commandeered from the latest reports, the seed to be planted in Great Britain and Ireland. However, as flaxseed is hardly used at all as a poultry ration, we need not worry when we may use our abundance of coarse grains with impunity and also a by-product of wheat, bran and shorts. The farmer with a fine lot of chickens to finish for the Christmas trade should send to the Publications Branch Department of Agriculture, Man., for Bulletin No. 7 on "Fattening, Killing and Dressing Chickens for Market." These bulletins from the Farmers' Library are free upon application and are full of practical knowledge, containing cuts off fattening crates, etc., as well as the correct method of killing and trussing fowl. Chickens will also fatten very well in a small pen with a suitable trough fixed in one end of it. The pen should be darkened. Dust the cockerels aged 4½ to 5 months old with a good insect powder, starve them 24 hours before feeding them their fattening ration. On the farm the best mixture to feed this season will be cracked oats, two parts, cracked barley one part, and shorts one part. The finer the grain is chopped the better and the hulls may be left in it. Wheat screenings cracked can also be fed to advantage in this fattening ration. Mix the grains to a thin batter with buttermilk and feed very little at first, about one ounce of the meal to each bird, weighing it before adding the milk. Give twice a day and gradually increase so at the end of 7 days the birds are getting about three ounces per head each meal. The size and breed of the chickens must of course be considered in feeding. Some grit should be added with powdered charcoal during the first part of the 14 to 21 days required to fatten the birds. If a bird does not eat greedily and seems listless let him out and give him his liberty for a few days. He is suffering from indigestion. A person needs to keep a sharp eye for ailing birds during this feeding period. Soaking the meal a few hours ahead of feeding time softens the grains. No water is needed as the buttermilk supplies enough drink. A week before killing these birds may be given a little melted tallow in their mash, about three ounces for a dozen birds. The beef tallow gives them a firm white flesh and a good appearance when dressed. Crate or pen-fattened roasters will command a much better price on the market than ordinary chickens. The extra weight and price will pay for the trouble entailed.

How about winter eggs this year? I am often asked of late. Of course they will be an awful price. Certainly, new-laid eggs will command a good figure and the city markets have been unable to secure new-laid eggs for "love or money," for some weeks now. Whether the high price of feed of all kinds is making the farmers stint their laying hens of egg producing grains, has anything to do with the shortage I cannot tell. Weather conditions have been unusually suitable for moulting hens and spring pullets and they have been able to run out of doors much later than usual. The lack of wheat will not have prevented the hens laying many eggs during the fall months. I have demonstrated this in my own poultry yard where "Biddy" has laid all through her moult, and is now getting in fine fettle for winter laying. When a back yard poultry keeper can make his pen of fowls produce plenty of eggs from April 1st to Nov. 10th at the small cost of 20 cents per dozen eggs and buy all his war rations in the city, surely the farmer



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should make his hens produce eggs galore, and make a good profit on them at present prices. A Winnipeg man has done this during the past summer, keeping a strict account of every outlay and no doubt he is but one of many who manage a small flock in a business-like way. Winter feeding for eggs is an important question these days of early winter when the flock are getting used to confinement and beginning to show "red heads," a sure sign of eggs. Take a nice mild day to give the hens and pullets, a dose of epsom salts, one-third of a teaspoon to each bird, dissolved in a little water and mixed in a bran and shorts mash. Feed this at 3 or 4 p.m. when the flock are hungry, withhold water until the next morning when the usual grain feed is scattered about. A little piece of copperas or a pinch of permanganate of potash mixed in the drinking fountains will tone up the hens and ward off colds in the fall. I never give salts in very cold weather in this country. Grain, oats (cracked) and barley or cracked corn are all useful to scatter in the deep litter in the fowl house and wheat screenings from this year's crop can be freely used out in the country, but as it contains a very small percentage of wheat it does not pay to buy it for the hens. Give the grain early in the morning or after dark at night to get the hens warmed up scratching at noon. Feed house scraps and vegetables of any kind; hens will eat anything but celery and rhubarb. Small potatoes, cabbage, beets, mangels all keep them healthy and give them the bulky green food they need to replace the grass and tasty worms and bugs of summer. The hopper of crushed grains of any kind mixed with bran and shorts can be refilled in the afternoon when a few handfuls of whole grain is scattered about. Clean water should be given daily and now and again a moist mash can be fed. For a change, a few baked or boiled

potatoes, or some charred bones from the soup pot scorched in the range, green cut bone is fine for laying hens when used sparingly, but very expensive. No one need worry if they cannot get it. Granulated bone and oyster shell, gravel and charcoal all help Biddy to lay winter eggs—plenty of sunshine and a good dust bath and freedom from draughts, are also factors to be considered.

Fortunate is the man who saves a couple of loads of grain sheaves when the threshing is going on and reserves them for the hens. A flock of laying hens can do their own threshing to a nicety, and, as the straw gets too deep on the floor some of it is forked out on the sunny side of the house, where the hens may be let out to run for an hour on a mild day, but never allow them to mope about in the snow in winter. Be on your guard against over feeding, see that you keep them just a little hungry. The hens will never eat too much dry mash, therefore the hopper or trough can be filled when convenient and left ready for them to pick at. Use insect powder often and kerosene the roosts, hens infested with vermin do not lay well.

I will answer any questions in regard to winter laying with pleasure. Address H. E. V., Charleswood, Man.

As We All Know

"Father, what's a substitute?" asked Charles of his father.

"A substitute, my boy, is anything that costs more than the original article."

Had Been There

"I once knew a man who went hungry in order to buy feed for his horse," said Jones. "I can understand his sentiments," said Smith. "Many's the time I have cut down on meat and potatoes in order to buy gasoline."

Sunday Reading

"And He Healed Them"

O souls that falter with failing breath,
And wish that ye might not be,
Have ye gone to the Healer of Nazareth.
Who cureth such as ye?

He blesses the sick who touch His hem.
He cleanses the leper's sore,
And all the wonders He wrought for them,
He can do for you—yea, more.

And whether ye wait for the gentle touch
At the angel-troubled pool,
Or long for the hand that healeth such
By the gate called Beautiful.

It matters not; He will come—the Lord,
The lover of souls that cry,
And the lame shall leap and laugh at His word,
And His smile shall satisfy.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The Almsgiving of the Church

By the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., M.P.

Text—Howbeit give for alms those things which are within.—Luke xi. 41.

My subject is the true almsgiving of the church. I have chosen as a text one of those passages for which we feel most grateful to the revisers. They have given us back the true saying of our Lord. "Give alms of such things as ye have" was a somewhat pointless translation, and has nothing approaching the significance of the true translation, "Give for alms those things that are within." In this form my text is, as you see, an authoritative contribution to a great

controversy. What is to be the great end and aim of religion?

The setting of the words is significant. They are preceded in Luke's narrative by certain sentences which Matthew included in the Sermon on the Mount, sentences which it is by no means improbable He may have used on more than one occasion. At this very time some nameless Pharisee invited Him to his home to dine. All the circumstances are not told us. From the conversation of Jesus, it was pretty clear that while the invitation was ostensibly to honor Him, its real intent was either to silence Him or to catch Him in His talk. He too had His reason for going to this feast. It was to search and try the hearts of those in whom He recognized His enemies. In the most solemn and awful way He exposed their hypocrisies, contrasted their punctiliousness in matters indifferent with their neglect of the great realities which are the soul of religion. "Ye tithe mint and rue and every herb, and pass over judgment and the love of God." "Give for alms," He cries, "those things which are within! Study not to present the mere appearance of respectability and to be blameless in regard of the law of externals. God requireth truth in the inward parts—holiness, without which no man can see the Lord; love, as the very life of the soul. Give, therefore, for alms, the things that are within."

It may almost be said that anyone can give money, and that most people do. It is after all probably our easiest gift. It is unthinkable that Christ would simply direct His disciples to do what the children of every other faith did in like measure. No; but when you get this amplifying word in Luke's gospel you get at the same time what was unique in the teaching of Christ.



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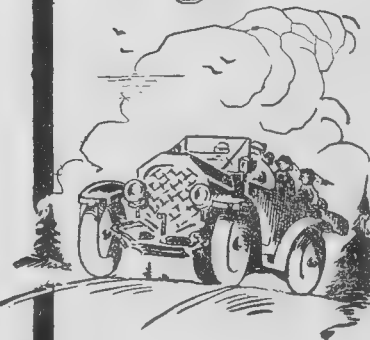
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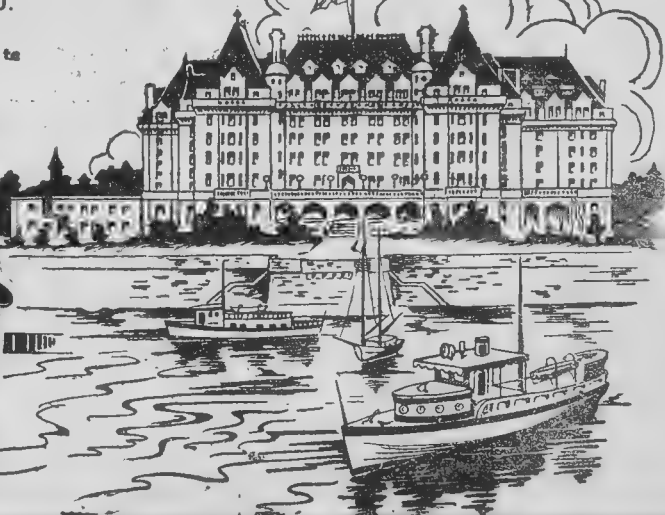
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What were they to give? Themselves! The gift was to be the giver. They were to offer their very heart's blood, if one may so say, to mankind. They were to pour out for them the contents of their souls.

Do you ever reflect how singular it is that in what Henry Drummond called the programme of Christianity there is the promise that the poor shall have the gospel preached unto them? "Behold," cries your materialist, "what a mockery is here!" "The poor should be given food and clothes and money. The poor should be promised a share of the property of those who are better off than they." Yet there the promise stands, the gospel for the poor; and it is characteristic of Christianity. Jesus did not offer the poor the gospel because it was the least and poorest of all gifts, but because it was the best of all gifts. The temptation of the poor was to believe that if only they had enough and to spare they would be happy. Jesus never dishonored them by deceiving them with that belief. They were not mere animals to be satisfied with food and shelter though they had been too long treated as if they were. They were living souls, starving, indeed, but without faith; homeless, indeed, but it was because they had not found home in God. They had aspirations, their hearts knew the instinct of worship. Above all they were burdened with guilt; they knew the torture of an accusing conscience; they needed to find redemption, and pardon and peace. To the poor the Gospel is preached. "Give to him that asketh." What? Give for alms that which is within; thy knowledge of the love and power of God. Give to the poor the Gospel.

There is no single recorded saying of Jesus that this man's roof wants mending, or that man's house needed drainage. He never said that the sweated workman should get more wages, or that the serf should be free. Therefore, says some one, He was indifferent! Not at all! There was one thing, and one only, that could gain all these ends, and many more—the regeneration of the spirit of man, so that he should love his neighbor as himself! Get that and there is no difficulty about the amelioration of the condition of the poor and the oppressed. Poverty and oppression will cease to be. The strong will help the weak, and the rich will be brother to the poor.

If we could really get hold of this principle aright, I feel that it would meet many a difficulty on the part of some who stand aloof from Christianity and Christ altogether. Christianity has always suffered from false hopes and false expectations. Some people quarrel with the Bible because it is not the latest textbook on science; some people think the astronomy is obsolete, and so they have no use for the Bible; some people expect to find the New Testament a handbook to political economy. If Christ would show them how to turn half sovereigns into sovereigns there would be business in it. Some people think the New Testament should decide the policy of a political party, whereas members of all parties appeal to it. Why did not Christ Jesus lay down the exact lines that civilization was to follow? Why did He not sketch the Utopia He was to inaugurate so that the blundering efforts of our statesmen should not miss the mark? Why, indeed!

The supreme needs of London are not legislation. I do not underrate the necessity for social changes, but first and foremost is the necessity for a spiritual change. We want better citizens, larger-hearted, broader-minded men and women, who will give their love and thought, their sympathy—above all, their faith, to our cities. Can you not imagine a poor man or woman appealing to a social reformer and saying, "It would be much to me to be in easier circumstances. I should like a better house to live in; also to be free of the endless struggle to make both ends meet. But I am a human being; my needs do not end there. I want, above all things, new heart for my work; I want encouragement in my trials; I want faith to lift me above my temptations; I want to get out of the mean and sordid spirit, as well as the mean and sordid environment; nay, I want an outlook beyond this world with its penury and pain; I want hope; I want the presence of the Eternal with me; the rich, for all I know, may need it less than I; but I need the love of God, and what can you do for me? What faith can you give to me, what hope for this life, and the life to come?" And the

social reformer replies, perhaps sadly, "It is no use coming to me for that; I have nothing of that sort to give you. I can perhaps give you a new house, but I cannot give you a new heart. I may add to your temporal riches—I cannot add to your eternal." And the poor soul goes away troubled and wistful. Where is the man or woman to be found who can give for alms that which is within?

It is just here that Christ steps in. He does not offer a new political economy. He talks little of a social programme, though I see that He knows that that will and must follow. "All these things shall be added unto you." "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." But He begins with the biggest needs. You are sinful and you can't be happy until your sins are washed away. You are full of doubts and misgivings, and you cannot have a light heart until you know God and Jesus Christ, whom God has sent. What you supremely need is alms of that which is within. "I have not given you money, for I have left you poor, naked of houses and lands, I have taken you away from them. But I have given you love; I have broken my heart for distribution to mankind. I have poured out the red wine of my sympathy and my redeeming love. Drink ye all of it."

These be thine alms, O Christ, distributed still to the world that needs so many things, but needs nothing as it needs Thee! Yea, and these be thine alms, O Church of Jesus; did'st thou only know thy glorious opportunity. These and no mere temporal and material gifts. Faith, hope, love, pardon, purity, peace! The poor have the Gospel preached unto them. Give, I pray you; give, I command myself, to every one that asketh of thee—but give for alms those things which are within.

Which Level?

A speaker at the Northfield Conference, urging a choice of high aims for young men, said that when in London he wished to visit the Crystal Palace. At the station he stepped up to what he supposed was the booking office and put down some English coin.

The man inside said, "What will you take?" The tourist said, "I don't drink. I am a prohibitionist."

"Oh," said the ticket-seller, "I see you are an American, so I must explain: There are two ways of getting to the Palace; one is by the high grade railroad that takes you right into the Palace; the other is by the low grade metals, that leaves you down at the foot of the hill, and you climb a half-mile. Now what level will you take?" "I'll take the high level," was the quick rejoinder.

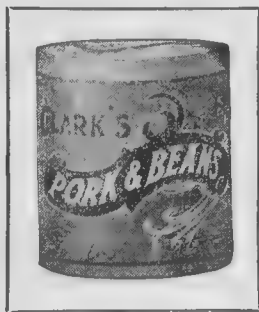
High ideals should be chosen, and clung to in the physical, mental and moral life of young men.

Above the Clouds

A traveller in the West was high up on one of the mountains one day when he saw a storm raging in the narrow valley below him. Clouds went sweeping and rolling by beneath his feet, but where he stood all was calm, and overhead was the sunshine. Then he noticed two eagles circling about in the clear upper air. They had doubtless been lower down the mountain, but had come up above the storm.

"It gave me," said the one who witnessed it, "a clearer understanding of the familiar words 'They that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles.' My work, my daily life, my companionships were and must be down among the homes of men—down where anxieties, disappointments and many a storm of sorrow would come, but there was no real need for the soul to be submerged and beaten down by these things; it had a refuge above them.

"Quiet trust in God will in very truth enable it to mount up with wings, as did the eagles, into clearer light and a calmer atmosphere. A Christian who is overborne by cares and worries, buffeted by every storm that comes, is one who has not learned the strength that God offers him, has not learned the power of faith that will lift him into quietness and confidence. The thought of that storm in the valley, and those great birds flying above it, has been a help to me many a time since when I have found myself growing oppressed and overburdened by life's tasks and cares."



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Music

She Wasn't a Doll

Miss Florence MacBeth, the well-known concert soprano, tells the following incident which occurred when she sang for an audience of 2,500 school children at Duluth.

Miss MacBeth believes that education in the appreciation should begin in the schools and that the children can be interested in the better class of music if it is properly presented to them. On the occasion of the Duluth concert "the thing that made the greatest impression on the little tots was the Doll Song from The Tales of Hoffmann, which I gave in costume."

It should be explained that in this song the singer represents a doll, which is supposed to sing and articulate by a mechanical contrivance. The effect is most realistic when well done. Miss MacBeth continues:

"After the concert I was asked to stand on a chair, and the children were allowed to walk all around and examine me. Many slyly touched my dress with their fingers or poked my side to see if I was really alive. I never moved an eyelash until one little fellow planted himself in front of me, and putting his head on one side, winked knowingly at me. I immediately returned the high sign which brought this ejaculation, 'Aw, you ain't really a doll. You're a girl.' It is to be hoped this co-operation between the artists and the school authorities will spread.

After the War

An interesting thing after the war will be to see what happens to the plain un-critical music lover who starts concert going after abstention of two or three years. Some, no doubt, who were just beginning, after considerable practice, to be able to follow the subtler windings of modern music will have lost some of their technique of hearing, and will find much of the newer music a closed door to them. They will revert with a sigh of relief, to the familiar good things. They will have for company all the men, who, after the nervous tension of the war, will relax emotionally, and will fly for consolation to the music that has within it the eternal simple verities. On the other hand, there will presumably be many whom their experiences will have keyed up to such a pitch that in music, as in politics, old shibboleths will be the merest sawdust, and even simple accepted truths will appear to them as shibboleths. But here again will it be seen the war will leave the musical world very much where it is at present, so far as the tastes and appetites of the hearers are concerned.

Redeeming Features

Even the most fascinating and congenial employments have their moments of boredom, while the most dismal occupations have some redeeming features. Music teachers should make the most of the pleasant features of their work, and avoid impatience at its occasional drawbacks. As Douglas Jerrold once said: "The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now if I were a grave digger, or even a hangman, there are some people whom I could work for with a good deal of enjoyment."

Spalding on War's Effect on Music

Albert Spalding, formerly a well-known professional violinist, and who is now a Lieutenant in the American Aviation Service serving, is interestingly quoted in the New York Sun on "Music and the War." When asked to express his views in regard to musical Italy and the effect in general that the war will have on music, Lieut. Spalding had the following to say in part:

"It is my belief that music will take a more prominent place in people's lives, and in fact is taking a more vital place now than ever before. Guglielmo Ferrero, the historian, once said 'Art is a pleasure without a need.' I wonder if he would repeat that statement to-day. Life, from a material standpoint, has during these past four years come to be made of sterner stuff than it was in the

inconsequential days which preceded the war.

"People have sacrificed and suffered to the utmost extent. Material pleasures have had to be given up one by one. Distractions, luxuries and manifold interests have narrowed themselves down and become merged into one great spiritual, mental and physical effort—winning the war for democracy.

"The psychological result of this will be to prepare and fit people more for the great consolation and mental uplift that art, and especially music, can give. For the pleasures of the body will be substituted the pleasures of the mind, by necessity at first and by choice afterward. Books will be read, pictures looked at and music listened to with greater attention, interest and concentration than ever before."

Why is the Finale a Soporific?

If a glance is taken over a concert room during the last number of the programme, a strange spectacle of nodding heads, or sleepy eyes will meet the gaze. What is the reason? It is not that the music is more soothing, for as a rule the last movements are vigorous and rousing.

Is it not because the last movement fills an emotional niche, as it were, satisfies a craving, is but an ornamental piece of decorative work of but little importance? The audience has been treated with Allegro, Scherzo, Adagio—to the humorous, solid, and sentimental—so the last movement is the requiem, nothing remains but the nodding head, the weary eyelid, the end of all sleep.

Now this is purely a physical weakness, as no amount of striving, study, or universal interest can overcome it for it is the natural result of tired nerves lulled to rest by a series of similar sensations. The last move is but lowering the curtain. Poor Finale has a thankless task.

It is certain, of course, that the intrinsic value of the composition cannot be affected in itself, though the hearers are often painfully affected. Therefore it is incumbent upon the composer in his last movement to take the greatest pains to avoid monotony; making special efforts to retain the wandering attention of his hearers at this particular moment. No special efforts are ever required in his first movement, they would be out of place, but the conventional "steady run home" of the Finale seems to be a serious mistake that calls for a drastic remedy.

Several ways will no doubt occur to the expert of meeting this difficulty, but as a suggestion, the sensibilities of the audience may be appealed to as in the Symphonie Pathétique, or by a short series of intellectual exercises in the form of variations, though in these two methods but very moderate success may be met with.

The most vigorous swinging Allegro must be abandoned, however, for unless it is most carefully dealt with drowsiness is bound to be the only result.

Beethoven seems to have grasped the situation, for in his C Minor Symphony, he suddenly arrests the vigorous March of the Finale by introducing the melody of the Scherzo; though this rude awakening is usually reserved for the very end of the movement when the attention is most wearied, and the mischief done.

No, the ear wants something entirely new; a new tune in a new time, at the end of the movement, like Beethoven's Quintette Op. 95, though one may be inclined to think it too late in the day for introducing new matter into the last 20 bars or so of an existing work. At the same time the device of serving up old material in a new form as in Brahms's Pianoforte Quintette might be indulged in, where a subject out of the first movement in conjunction with that of the last, is brought in.

Nor is this derogatory, though the composer may think it somewhat degrading to employ a device, though after all composers very seldom write anything but what interests or excites themselves, so what has led them to do so in their own case is worthy of being reduced to some method or system to excite the interest of the audience as well.

True, it may be that the art of keeping an audience awake is not the glory of the Temple of Music, but it certainly seems to be the foundation on which that Temple rests and without which it could not exist. Verb. Sap. H. H. Kinzett.

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David Lloyd George

The Man of The Hour

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. D. Ranns

If you were to ask the average man you meet on the street what he thought as to the men who had done most to help to bring the world's great conflict to a right and successful conclusion, I fancy he would say, "Lloyd George, President Wilson and Foch." There might be some difference about the order in which he would name them, but I do not think there would be much dispute about the right of each to be reckoned as a mighty factor in the result. And my opinion is, whatever that opinion may be worth, that of all three Lloyd George has earned the right to first place. You may say that is a tall order, but I think a good case can be made out for the contention.

Some people would perhaps plump for Foch for first place and the allied world can never forget what Foch has done nor honor too much his supreme military genius. But it is not long ago that Marshall Foch himself said that he would never have got his chance to do the work he has except for Lloyd George's persistence in relation to the matter of unity of command. To my mind, that word of Foch is final as to the supreme debt we owe to Mr. George. And one of the English weeklies which is rightly reputed to be very close in the councils of the British government, has recently declared, "The allied cause could never have reached its position to-day without the personal effort of Mr. Lloyd George. The story will yet be written of the private opposition he has had to face. We are free to say now that the Salonica expedition was retained by the efforts of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Albert Thomas. At first the whole British cabinet, following Lord Kitchener, was in favor of evacuation, but it was owing to the representations made by these statesmen that this was avoided and our victories in the East were made possible." Everybody now knows that it was the surrender of Bulgaria, due to the success of the Salonica expedition, that started the quick "rot" that ended in the German surrender.

So when I write this article and you read it, I am writing and you are reading, about the man to whom the world owes an unrepayable debt of gratitude. Maybe your son is safe to-day because Lloyd George was at the helm in old London. And no person in the world would be prouder of that fact than Mr. George himself, for he is a man of the people, despite the unparalleled eminence to which he has attained. The story of the British premier's life is a story that can-

not be surpassed in any tale of American "Log Cabin to White House." The story is the tale of a man who has travelled the immense distance that lies in aristocratic Britain from a simple Welsh village to Downing Street, London.

David Lloyd George was born in Manchester on January 17th, 1863, the eldest son of William George, a master in a Welsh national school in the English cotton city. His father was not a physically strong man, and it was not long after his two sons were born that his health failed and the doctor told him that he must leave the city streets. The family then went to country life in south Wales, at a place called Haverfordwest. There they took a farm and for a year or more toiled on it. But this life was not to continue, for the father had not recovered his health and his death followed some months after his removal from Man-



David Lloyd George.

The above is regarded as the finest photograph of the British Prime Minister yet secured. It was taken in the anxious days when as minister of munitions he aroused his country into united action. The photo reveals that courage and confidence which never failed him and which have meant so much to the Empire and its Allies.

chester. This painful happening meant a great change in the family fortunes and Mrs. George had to look around for a refuge. It was then she turned to her brother, Richard Lloyd, the village cobbler of Llanystumdwy, to whom the British Empire owes an incalculable debt. This poor cobbler brought the widow and her two sons and installed them in his cottage, a little two-storey residence, with a shoemaker's workshop at the side. Here it was that the future premier of Britain spent his boyhood, amid the glorious Welsh mountains and the sea. (And today his country home is at Criccieth, only one mile from his boyhood's home).

As a boy, Lloyd George was very much the same as other boys, not at all a "model" boy, but high-spirited and mischievous. The one sign of his future greatness was that he soaked up knowledge as a sponge does water and was always at the head of his class. When his schooldays were over, the question of questions to parents agitated the minds of his mother and his devoted uncle, "what should David become?" After much consideration, it was finally decided that the boy should be a lawyer. That meant an education and that in turn meant money. Now came in the fine spirit of that uncle of his. By scrimping and saving the uncle managed to pay the boy's way and his self-sacrifice enabled David to start on his way to greatness. More than that. That heroic uncle, an uneducated man, set himself to learn Latin and French in order that he might coach his budding genius of a nephew. Both uncle and nephew succeeded in the purpose before them and Lloyd George at 21 years of age became a full-fledged solicitor.

From that time the young Welsh lawyer never looked back. Very early in his career that audacity and unexpectedness which have marked him out, became manifest. At twenty-five he won local fame through his daring in boldly attacking squire and clergy in the cause of civil and religious liberty. By the time he was twenty-seven he was nominated as Liberal candidate for Carnarvon Burghs and beat the squire of his native village at the polls. At Westminster he, soon showed that he was not intending to tread the beaten path, and struck out for himself by opposing his chief, Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. This seemed "rather like a fox terrier standing up to a lion." But Lloyd George refused to be cowed. It was later, however, when the Conservative government was in power, that Lloyd George got his chance. Very few debaters in the House dared to beard Joseph Chamberlain, but Lloyd George knew no fear and before long proved to an amazed House that the great Birmingham oracle had met his match. One of the most striking incidents in his political

career was his visit to Birmingham during the Boer War, when rowdies broke up the meeting as a "patriotic" protest against Mr. Lloyd George's presence. (It will be remembered how strongly the subject of this article was opposed to the Boer War). On this occasion one man was killed and many injured and Mr. George escaped in a policeman's uniform.

It was a pawky Scotchman, Campbell Bannerman, who gave the rising young Welsh parliamentarian his opportunity in the government. In 1906, when the Liberal government was returned with an overwhelming majority, Lloyd George was made President of the Board of Trade. Though there had been doubts expressed about his capacity, it was soon evident that as an administrator he was a success. The Board of Trade became what we call on this side a "live" department, the most unconventional of all government departments. It had been throttled in its effectiveness prior to the incursion of Mr. Lloyd George by the reign of General Red Tape. In 1908 Mr. Asquith made Lloyd George his Chancellor of the Exchequer, which office he held until the outbreak of the war, and during which he provoked by his famous Budget the fight to a finish with the House of Lords. What he has done since the war as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Munitions, and Premier and virtual dictator, not one half has yet been told. What we do know is sufficient to establish him in the position assigned to him by Lord French, who calls him, "the saviour of the Empire."

There is the story of the man of the hour. A fascinating story, showing the power one masterful, intensely earnest, hard working individual may exert on the life of the world in an hour of dramatic and profoundly reaching issues. Why has he achieved such greatness and exerted such influence. Because of that strange, subtle elusive quality we call personality, which he possesses to a marked degree. The first thing in his mental and spiritual make-up fitting him for inspiring leadership, is his undoubted courage, his intrepid fearlessness. Even his worst enemies have never doubted his possession of that virtue. The whole story of his career emphasises it. It takes courage to tackle the greatest man of one's time and that Lloyd George did as a beardless youngster when he tackled Gladstone. The manifestation of his courage appeared early in life, for even as a boy at school he led a revolt against the teaching of the Anglican catechism and, led by their self constituted leader, the whole school walked out at catechism time. That was a good start. Later, when he bearded a whole bench-full of powerful local magnates and won his case, he showed his mettle and he still proves that his audacity and courage are not sleeping.

Then Mr. George is an orator, one of the finest orators in Europe. I have heard most of the greatest British statesmen and platform speakers and Mr. Lloyd George is the peer of them all for effectiveness in a popular gathering. (Perhaps under congenial circumstances Lord Rosebery is a greater speaker). Mr. George is eloquent, a fine maker of phrases, powerful and convincing. And woe betide the man who interrupts. There is a story told of how on one occasion the present premier was speaking about Home Rule and had said that he believed in Home Rule, for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. "Why not for hell" called out a man who had been interrupting for some time. This time he had gone too far and quick as a flash came the speaker's reply, "I do like to hear a man stick up for his own country." Collapse of interrupter, as you may imagine.

When we come to analyse Mr. George's personal characteristics, we find that he is incannily intuitive, makes decisions involving tremendous issues in double-quick time, has an almost American approachability, is a mixture of tenderness and ruthlessness bordering on the cruel when a principle is at stake, knows the value of the press and uses it skilfully, is very human and likeable, quite a domesticated creature, homeloving and fond of nature, a man of action when his interest is aroused, yet one who finds it easy to be idle, a man who gets things done without dilly-dallying, one born to command and to be obeyed. In short, he is a man for the tremendous times in which we live.

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THE ROUTE OF SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE

The New Teacher

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

NORA MARTIN stood at the lonely siding, looking anxiously about her. The train was not out of sight, and for a few moments she seemed utterly at a loss as she sat down on her trunk. Never in all her life had she been in such a place as this. City-bred, she had just accepted a position as teacher in this prairie district, and she had fully expected some one to meet her. But, as she looked around, there was not a creature in sight. It was the month of August and, fortunately, the daylight would last a long time. As far as the eye could reach, Dora saw endless stretches of prairie, with acres and acres of golden grain almost ripe for the harvest. A few willows interspersed, here and there, and, as she got accustomed to the place, she managed to espy a house about one mile's distance, almost hidden by the trees.

Well! She did not want to sleep on the prairie, that was certain, so, trusting her luggage to Providence, she set off with a small handbag towards the spot where she had seen a house. Arrived there, a busy-looking woman accosted her and asked her errand.

"Are you the people who generally board the teacher?" asked Miss Martin.

"We have had a couple of them here," replied the woman, brusquely, wiping damp fingers on her apron as she spoke. "But I'm tired of it. I don't want to board any more."

At that moment a man approached. "Is this lady the teacher?" he asked. "I don't see why we can't let her stay."

"That's my business," said the woman, roughly. "It's I who'll have all the extra work; isn't it? I tell you, I'm not going to board any more teachers. I've had enough of it."

Miss Martin felt she would not care to stay in such a hostile atmosphere, even as a guest; so she said, gently, "O never mind. I expect I'll find a lodging, all right; if you'll kindly direct me."

The man explained the way to a dwelling, about a mile off, and Miss Martin, tired as she was, walked away. Glancing behind her she saw the woman plunge her hands into the washer, and she wondered if people in this part of the country always did their laundry towards the evening!

A rough, dishevelled woman opened the door of the next house she reached, and, as Miss Martin explained her wants, a troop of dirty, barefooted children stood staring up at her.

"I can't take a teacher, I'm sorry," replied the woman, who was much kinder than she looked. "I've a houseful of children, and no room. You'd better go to the secretary of the school district. He lives one mile from here. Would you care for a cup of tea first?"

"No, thank you," said Miss Martin, who, having caught a glimpse of the interior of the house, felt she would rather starve than eat anything off that table. She turned wearily away, and, walking much slower than at first, she came to the secretary's house.

Here, a rather quiet-looking woman invited her in, and when Miss Martin had explained what she wanted, Mrs. Williams (for such was the woman's name) said:

"I'm sorry to say I'm half an invalid, and I haven't the health to board a teacher; but if you like, you can sleep here to-night and my husband will take you round to the neighbors to-morrow and find a boarding-place for you. He'll be here in half an hour for supper." She called "Doris," and a pretty little golden-haired child of about six came into the room. "This is my only child," she said to the teacher. "She'll talk to you if you'll excuse me." So saying, Mrs. Williams went into the kitchen, and by the time her husband returned, a dainty, clean-looking meal was spread on a spotless oilcloth-covered table.

The next morning Mr. Williams started out to find a lodging for the new teacher; and he at last succeeded in finding a temporary home for her at the house of Mr. Jones, the chairman of the school board, on condition that the neighbors start in at once and build a "lean-to" on to the school house for all teachers.

Miss Martin was a pretty woman of about thirty. Her hair was dark and wonderfully thick, and she had very steady, blue eyes. She looked so quiet and gentle—not at all as if she would be hard to please; but the truth of the matter was that the last two teachers had been rather exacting and overbearing, and this made the farmers' wives afraid to undertake the job of boarding others.

Mrs. Jones had one little child under school age, and she did not like having a stranger in her place, above all a teacher, because, as she said: "The school children might get measles or any other illness, and then the teacher would be sure to bring the infection home." This reason, of course, she confided to her husband in secret, and she urged him to see that the building at the school was put up immediately, which he did.

So Dora Martin, after two weeks' time, thinking little of the want of hospitality she had received, settled to a spinster's life, far from unpleasant landladies, in her "lean-to," and, by her wonderful tact, patience and kindness, started to win golden opinions from, at least, the parents in her district. But the pupils were not so easily won. Numbering only from ten to a dozen, they were rough and wild. The boys were always playing tricks on Miss Martin, and the girls giggled through school-time and paid no heed to the lessons. Should Dora ever reach their hearts, she wondered? She wished she could; but how?

There was one girl of about ten, called Ellen. She seemed to rival the boys in naughtiness; for, not only was she up to all the mischief that brewed, but she told lies into the bargain, and was thoroughly unreliable. This child was Irish and an orphan. She had just come to stay with Mrs. Jones, who, being her aunt and her only living relative, had adopted her, hoping in time to overcome the influence of a bad home and to make her niece as gentle as her own little girl, Eva. But the wild Irish lass did not improve, and Mrs. Jones was inclined to put it down to the teacher.

"She can't manage her pupils at all," complained Mrs. Jones to her husband one day. "I declare, Ellen gets worse every day."

"Have a little patience," answered her husband. "Miss Martin hasn't been here long. Give her a chance."

"Miss Martin, to my thinking," replied the wife, "doesn't care a fig for the children. I guess the reason she came out here was to find a husband. Much good she'll do as a farmer's wife. They do say Tom Kelly's crazy about her already."

Mr. Jones was thinking Miss Martin would make any man a good wife; but he was wise in his generation, so he shut himself up behind his paper and let "the missis" have the last word.

The next day Ellen was unusually naughty, and Miss Martin kept her in at recess. The child, instead of overlooking her lessons was busy fumbling on the ground. Dora Martin did not see what she had, as she herself was engaged at the blackboard; but the teacher turned round suddenly at a loud scream from Ellen to find the child enveloped in a flame of light.

Quick as thought, Dora rushed towards a peg, and pulling down her own coat, covered Ellen with it and rolled her on the ground. In a few minutes the flames were extinguished; but not before both teacher and pupil had suffered considerably.

Dismissing the children for the rest of the afternoon, Miss Martin told the eldest boy to go for a doctor, whilst she carried the child into her own room and, hastily disrobing her, she rubbed all the affected parts with vaseline and some sweet oil which she was fortunate in having by her.

When the doctor came he said that Dora had saved the girl's life by her prompt action, but she, herself, would not be able to use her left hand for a long time.

During the doctor's visit Mrs. Jones came rushing in to see what had happened. She could not scold her niece

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for playing with matches, because, as Miss Martin pointed out, the child had been punished enough, so she thanked the teacher as best she could and begged her, though it must be admitted rather coldly, to return with her to her house.

"School had better be suspended for a few weeks," said the doctor. "I will arrange it with the trustees. And I strongly advise you to avail yourself of Mrs. Jones' offer. Thus you will not be alone, which is always so bad for anyone in pain; and, brave as you are, Miss Martin, I know what you suffer, and a burn is a burn—there's no getting away from that fact."

Poor Dora! She could not think what to say, knowing well as she did that Mrs. Jones was very reluctant at boarding a teacher. While she stood hesitating, she heard the sound of a buggy outside, and almost at once a big, stout, good-natured Irish woman rushed in.

"Miss Martin," she said, in her dominant manner, "here I am. Just you step into my rig outside, whilst I gather your belongings. You're coming to my place without more ado."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Fitzgerald—" expostulated Dora.

The woman paid no attention. She rushed the teacher's few possessions into a bag, rolled things that would not fit, into a bundle, wrapped the odd books in newspaper, and soon had the buggy filled and the "lean-to" completely empty.

Mrs. Jones looked relieved as she went home with her troublesome niece (now very subdued and crying).

"I had to ask her here," she explained to her husband, when talking about the teacher. "But I'm glad she didn't accept. My hands are full enough with a sick child on them."

"There'd have been no child," observed the husband, drily, "if the teacher hadn't saved it at the risk of her own life. Ah, well, I guess she's all right with Mrs. Fitzgerald."

Mr. Fitzgerald welcomed poor Dora with all an Irishman's hospitality: "My missis and I were away at the time you came," he told her. "Otherwise you'd never have spent the first night tramping all over the country for a lodging. And, from this day on, as I told my missis, you stay right here. And no returning to that dull 'lean-to' at the school. We've two children, and one person more in the house will never count. You agree with me, don't you, Moll?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"You bet your life," answered the woman, with more force than elegance. "How would we like it if our own children had to rustle a living and no one would give them shelter? As I said before, a district which can't make a creature at home somewhere, has no right to have a teacher. Now, Miss Martin, we're not very well off, and the place is none too well furnished, but what we have is yours, and you just consider yourself as at home here as if the house was your own. That Mrs. Jones ought to be ashamed of herself," she added, turning to her husband. "I heard her invite Miss Martin, in that stand-offish manner of hers—just the way to make a person say no."

Miss Martin laughed, even though her poor hands were hurting badly under their bandages.

"At any rate," she observed, "I can't say you invited me that way. You just carried me off by force. Oh, how shall I ever thank you?"

"By saying no more about it," said Mrs. Fitzgerald. "But by coming to table and showing me you can do justice to our poor fare."

But the ham and eggs, pancakes and syrup, hot potatoes, raspberries and cream, did not constitute what Miss Martin called "poor fare," and she did ample justice to it, not only that day, but for the rest of her stay with the kindly, Irish family, and it was from that house, that a few months later, she married Tom Kelly.

And, as for her hitherto unmanageable pupils—well—from the day that Dora saved little Ellen's life, the rough, unruly boys viewed their teacher in the light of a heroine, and, by a strong loyalty often seen in boys, they sided henceforth with her, making the remainder of her stay at the school a pleasant one. And on her wedding day they presented her with a handsome present:

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Xmas Messages

A CALL FOR CANADIAN UNITY

Sir William Hearst, Prime Minister of Ont.

IN the confidence and thankfulness of victory,—in that natural and joyous rebound that has followed our being relieved of the weight that had been pressing on our anxious hearts during these four ominous years of war—we are, perhaps, inclined to forget the perils and horrors we have escaped. Comparatively speaking, it was only yesterday that the shadow of Prussian militarism cast its gloom over the smiling farms and peaceful homes of our fair Canada. Nothing stood between the Hun and the ruin of our Empire, our civilization, and our liberties, except the brave men who sought to stem the flood of savagery in France and Flanders. Thank God, that living barrier held firm against the fearful onslaught.

In these happier days it is well for Canadians to remind themselves seriously and often of the heavy price that was paid in order that Canada might live and might remain British. In a very real and solemn sense, the glorious heritage of the rich and beautiful country, which is ours to-day, has been bought for us with the life blood of the bravest and best of Canada's soldier sons.

To-day Canada stands on the threshold of a new and, I believe, a better and a more glorious era of progress and development than we have ever known. We must beware lest the glamor of the immense material possibilities that seem to lie ahead blind our eyes to the necessity of cultivating those nobler and loftier virtues which alone will make us worthy of our heroic dead. Never was there a greater need than to-day for Canadian men and women to have their souls aflame with the loftiest patriotism. Many problems and difficulties confront our country. If these problems are to be satisfactorily solved, and these difficulties surmounted, a strong national consciousness is essential. Let patriotism wipe out every division that hinders Canadian development. Let us, whatever be our mother race, serve this our country of Canada with something of the devotion of the brave souls who have died for her. Fearlessly let us discountenance every sordid selfish thing that would sully the fair name of Canada, which our heroic dead have written in letters of gold on the scroll of fame of the nations of the earth.

Surely the heavy sacrifices made by the heroes who have made the name of Canada immortal demand that nothing shall be countenanced in this country that is alien to the letter and spirit of the British constitution, the British Flag, and British sentiment?

The hope of the future of our country lies in the patriotic co-operation of all classes, inspired by the consciousness of the greatness and dignity of Canada's destiny as a nation, and seeking not personal or sectional advantage, but rather the welfare and advancement of our beloved country.

Sir Robert Falconer, President University of Toronto

FOR the first time in five years we are able to greet one another in the old way and wish one another a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The black night of war has gone and its horror is now but a memory. Out of it, however, still come sorrows for the thousands of the friends of those who have fallen or who have been wounded and have suffered some disability.

Though the edge of these sorrows will become less keen as the years pass, they will always remain with this generation to remind us of what we have gone through. At the same time these sorrows will be tempered with pride because of the heroism of which they are the counterpart. The sorrow and the sacrifice and the heroism are all permanent possessions which make us as Canadians a better people, and which will fit us to face the tasks of humanity with a finer courage. These tasks are now looming up before us. We need the same energy, the same pluck, the same patience to perform these tasks as our people exhibited during the war. We now must recognize, as we never did before, that right is right, and that if a nation goes on constantly in the wrong way for years, even though it builds up an imposing fabric, that fabric rests upon unsound foundations, and in time it must come tumbling down, even though as in this last war it required heavy blows to overturn the German structure. It is to be hoped that we Canadians have learned the lesson that the prosperity of any people must be based upon righteousness.

E. W. Beattie, K.C. President C.P.R.

THE less Canadians talk about East and West, the better. Ever since Confederation we have been one Dominion, and from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to British Columbia and the Yukon the interests of the whole people have been really identical whether those interests are nominally those of the farmer, of the transportation company, of the merchant or of the manufacturer. The war has made us more than ever one. The Canadian soldier in France or Flanders is fighting not for a Province or for an interest, but in order that Canada may retain the blessings of freedom. Those of us who have not been able to go to the Front should remember this and should also keep before them an ideal—not merely to prove themselves efficient in their particular work or business and fight for their own exclusive interests, but to help to make Canada the best country in the world in which any man, woman or child can live.

Converging Trails

Written for The Western Home Monthly By H. Mortimer Batten

HE was a nervous, highly-strung little man, who had the unhappy knack of speaking his mind, and who imagined the world to be as honest as himself. As a business man he was not a success, yet he amassed a fortune. He was not a success because he made no allowances for the weaknesses of his fellow-men; because he could not tolerate at any price the ordinary foibles of humanity; because he had never learnt, and never would learn, to permit the everyday shortcomings of his fellow-creatures. He made money simply on account of his sterling qualities, which were known only by his closest friends, and which even they did not appreciate fully. He was a success financially simply because he stuck unwaveringly to the prescribed path of business, and on account of his sound judgment.

He was not a popular man; in fact, I think I am safe in saying that he had only two sound friends on God's earth—his ten-year-old daughter and her canary. He had lost his wife when both of them were young, and so there had been no one to smooth down the jagged corners and to help him to a tolerant understanding of everyday life.

At the age of thirty-three this misunderstood, and misunderstanding, little man had realized enough for the possible

Finally, he and his little daughter went quietly away in the early hours of the morning lest the neighbors should try to make a fuss about it.

It goes without saying that so astute a business man had his plans cut-and-dried. There was some land bordering a lake which was one of the many lakes dotted with countless fairy islands, far from the noise and tumult of the southern world. At present this land was the property of the great railway companies of the north, and they advertised it as "beyond the spoilt area." He went to see it, saw, and was overwhelmed. The wonderful silence, the sunsets over the water, the atmosphere of peace, and the fragrance of balsam, spoke of one dream at any rate realized. So he bought the vast lake margin at an exorbitant price, and then, to his dismay, discovered that already there was a settler there.

II

Corbit Wells had lived on the border of Loon Lake for five years. He had no earthly right to live there, but he did not care. The railway companies had threatened to eject him, but, knowing they would never trouble actually to do so, he continued to smoke vast quantities of "Blue Jacket" and to live in peace. He was not an ambitious, nor even a systematic man; he was subjected to all the

teeth and crutches. And Corbit, dreaming still of that great partnership, which he had no particular reason to think he would ever realize, fully agreed with them, and let his golden opportunities drift by.

The news fell like a bolt from the blue. The railway company had sold the property to a wealthy southerner, who was building a mansion on the south shore of the lake, and who possessed a strong aversion to company of any kind.

The little man who had come with his child from the southern city was, I have forgotten to mention, a red-haired, red-bearded man of meagre countenance and mild blue eyes. On that first joyous day of prospecting he saw Corbit's cabin, with its streak of smoke rising straight skywards, and he was annoyed. When he learned that Corbit smoked cigars for which he had owed the blacksmith, quite unnecessarily, five dollars for two years, and that he had even been under the influence of liquor (evidently two per cent beer), the city man decided that Corbit must go. Corbit received an official letter to that effect, pondered over it, decided to take no notice of it for the present, and finally lost it.

Some miles from the woodsman's cabin was a "salt lick," adjacent to which was always to be seen a herd of deer. All spring and summer Corbit had devoted his time to taming these deer. He had an idea in time he might be able to induce the pretty creatures to eat out of his hand, and many and costly were the "deer-dopes" he tried in anticipation of this consummation. But always, on his arrival the deer would knot into a herd when he was half a mile distant, remain thus till he was within eighty yards, then scatter.

That day, on approaching the "salt lick," he was astounded to see his tame deer already herded, while they were hazing down the south shore of the lake instead of towards him. They seemed uneasy and restive, and, even as he wondered, a rifle shot rang out. The herd simply split up like an H. E. shell, but behind them they left three of their number. One was finished, another tried to rise, gained its knees, and fell again; the third stood still for the space of ten seconds, shuddering and coughing, then stumbled away.

Corbit remained hidden. At his heart was murder. Clear it was that some "sportsman" of the type he knew so well, had fired into the brown of the herd. But the "sportsman" did not appear, and Corbit, wondering and angry, finally stole up and clubbed the two dying ones whose beautiful lives had been shattered out of them to no benefit of man or beast.

The city man had always loved the birds and beasts of the lakes and forests, though he had seen precious little of them. The sight of that great wild region set his pulses tingling with the anticipation of the chase, and that afternoon, starting out in the hotel dory, he had taken a sporting rifle with him.

Seeing the deer from afar, instantly that mad thrill of discovery, which every hunter knows so well, leapt into his heart and took possession of him. He was no longer a quiet-eyed little city man, but a wild beast on the prowl—a beast in whose soul was no desire but to kill and to destroy. With the little girl trumbling at his heels he leapt ashore, and, bidding her be silent, together they "stalked," full in the open, the watching herd which Corbit, all unwittingly, had fully trained for such a fate.

The reader knows what happened. He has seen—and so did the city man. For fully a minute he waited, while the smoke died from his rifle, and he himself crouched lower—lower in the undergrowth.

Was this the end of the chase—this the crowning glory? Three beautiful creatures tortured out of existence—stumbling and bloody amidst the wild flowers they had loved?

The city man cowered away. Over and above all stood the law. Never in his life had he broken the law, but now he realized that the law forbade the shooting of these lovely things unless one possessed a license. He possessed no license, and fearful and excited he crept back to his dingy, terrified that he had been seen. But in the night, tossing on a restless pillow, he decided that he must buy a license and confess to the forest rangers. He who had never done a dishonorable thing throughout the precarious process of building up a fortune, could not tolerate



Nomads of the Shetlands

fulfilment of his dream. He was by then a tired man—tired of the constant misjudgments that had beset his life, tired of the shortcomings of the business world; tired above all of the huge, electrically lit basements in which he had carried on from the first. He loved the sunshine, the birds in the trees, and the damp and silent places, fragrant with the scent of moist moss and of the flowers in the underbrush; he loved the crimson of sunset and the grey of the morning, and above all he loved the wide horizons of the Great Lakes. And his highest ideals concerned his little girl. She was a pale-faced, languid little creature, typical of the childhood reared within the confined limits of the suburbs, and his highest ideal was to see her golden and brown, her hair tossed about her forehead, mounted on a half-wild cayuse, and rejoicing in the struggle for mastery.

He had other ideals. He had read about men who have partners, and in whom the bonds of comradeship are strong as the love of life. He pictured himself with such a partner, but bitterly foresaw the impossibility of this realization. No man, hitherto, had come near to understanding him, and what friendships he had known were of the cool condescending type, without the touch of love or even familiarity.

So he partook himself from the active circle. His business he sold to a young millionaire, and no one knew of the transaction till they found another in his place. As for his home, it was simple enough, and all that it contained he gave away secretly, and with shame-faced stealth, to the poor of the neighborhood.

weaknesses of carnate flesh, but he was as open as the skies, and generous as the sunshine. On the whole he was sober except when, on occasional visits to town, the atmosphere of society blew in the opposite direction, and he became appallingly drunk.

Five years ago Corbit Wells had scraped up a winter shelter on the shores of Loon Lake. He had done well with his traps, wild fowl had become plentiful in the spring, and later, by means of hairnets and lines, he was able each day to despatch a goodly catch of live fish to the southern cities. Next winter he again did well with his trapping, and in the spring the wild fowl came north in countless millions. As the season grew slack he pulled down his shelter and built a comfortable cabin, and, proud of his work, took pains to keep it decent. He constructed a garden, bought rose trees from Toronto, made a gravel walk and a floating landing stage.

Corbit Wells had never possessed a partner but long had he dreamt of one. He hankered under the opinion that, with a partner, he could "make things go." Each month he visited the group of straggling shanties with its store and blind pig joint they called the city; each month he gave all his spare nickels to the children on the sidewalks, was bled by his friends, and generally exhibited his inability as a man of business. His bank manager and his clergyman discussed with him the advisability of taking unto himself a wife who could manage affairs, and mildly intimated that, unless he pulled himself together, he would find himself without the wherewithal to buy false

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the thought of descending to the level of the game hog.

It was the following morning. Corbit, who acted in an undisciplined capacity as game warden of the district, sat in his breeches and a cotton vest at the door of his cabin. It was late autumn, but the mild frost did not seem to trouble him much. At his elbow was a glass of non-alcoholic wine, brewed out of huckleberries. Corbit had lived in the hope of this wine becoming alcoholic, but he had never been able to keep it long enough.

At the floating landing stage below, a woodsman beached his dory. He was a red-haired, red-bearded little man of meagre countenance, and with him he brought a girl-child, whose face was pale under its newly acquired tan. Corbit did not rise—merely stared rudely.

The little man mounted slowly, pausing from time to time to ponder, apparently, on the beauty of the view.

"Good morning, Mr. Wells."

"Morning. Have a drink?"

"Thanks, no. I do not drink."

It was on Corbit's lips to say, "Go to—then!" but he restrained himself.

"Of course," pursued the little man, "there is no particular hurry for you to go, Mr. Wells. At your own convenience. Entirely at your own convenience."

Corbit gulped down a huge draught of his home brewed liquor. "I go to-morrow," he snapped, smacking his lips. He had not the least intention of doing so.

"No hurry," repeated the little man. Then looking around him at the gorgeous expanse of lake, island, and woodland scenery, he added: "Nice place this. And plenty of game, too! Deer in abundance. I saw a whole herd yesterday. I—I—"

Corbit stared. The little man bowed. The child, having learnt the rudiments of civility from a housekeeper, went up and offered her hand. Besides, she had rather taken a liking to this half-dressed, bronzed woodsman, who so far had taken not the least notice of her.

Corbit stared at the small white hand—at the small fragile face smiling up at him. Somehow it reminded him of a flower that had sprung from amidst the under-bush, and only just caught the sunshine of day. He took the small hand, and, unconscious of the fact that he was retaining it, he answered: "Yes, some top fired into the brown of my tame herd, and I guess I shouldn't have to search far for him. As for you, sir," and he took off his hat with old world decorum, "I wish you good day!"

The big man of the woods watched, while the two sauntered back to their boat. He noticed that both of them were wearing life preservers of the kind made to strap to the shoulders, though they wore them strapped clumsily about their waists. It brought a new line of thought to Corbit's mind, and perhaps the small white hand he had recently held had no little to do with it.

"Hi!" he shouted, "look out for squalls! Loons went south yesterday. She'll sure blow hard and cold the next ten hours."

The little man turned, and, bowing pursued his way.

Corbit watched them till they were far out, then it occurred to him that he would have biscuits for lunch, and he went into the cabin. He lit the stove, but scarcely was it going when, as a first signal of winter, the smoke blew back in a choking puff and filled the room.

Corbit was in the act of swarming up to add the extension to the chimney pipe when he bethought himself of the dory. He glanced across the lake, and saw that a dozen different catspaws played ducks and drakes with its surface. Next instant, standing on tip-toe to peer above the tamaracks, he saw the dory—saw the man with the oars was in difficulties and likely to be swamped at any moment. Corbit told himself that the outfit could "go hang," but nevertheless it was noticeable that he dropped the chimney extension in double quick time, and, like a startled bear, made for the creek.

Corbit leapt upon his own slender birchbark, one hand on either gunwale, sending her ricocheting far out into the lake by the impetus of his rush. In the north-west black clouds had collected, the wind was freshening, and there was a taste of snow in the air. Under such conditions Corbit would never normally have headed for open water, but the touch of a small soft hand in his was still fresh in his memory, and he recalled having noticed the adjustment of the life belt, which meant certain death. He

knelled in the stern of his canoe, its bows high out of the water. When he came up with the others the child was floating on the surface thirty paces away, buoyed up amidstmips, but her head under water. The man had managed somehow to rid himself of his belt, and, having lost the child, was making futile endeavors at diving. It might have been ridiculous had it not been tragic, for all the time his head was under water, and his hands groped for the bottom of the lake, eighty feet away, a portion of his person was above the surface.

Corbit made for the child, got stern on, and by means of a delicate balancing feat lifted her aboard. He shouted to the man that the child was safe, and ordered him to cling to the capsized dory, which the man did.

Then for once Corbit overestimated his abilities. He fancied he could paddle strongly enough to tow the capsized dory against the wind. He made fast with the tethering rope, but only to find himself in danger of swamping. Then he cut the rope, and cried to the man who was still clinging to the dory to come across.

"If you try to climb aboard I'll brain you with a paddle!" cried Corbit. There was no answer, but a glance of infinite contempt met his own. "You paddle—I'll push," muttered the city man between clenched teeth.

They tried it—watching the shore. For a time they imagined they were gaining, then the gale seemed to take possession of the frail craft.

"She's freshening up some!" cried Corbit, roaring to make himself heard. "She's

"Try now," said man the in the water, and his fingers loosened their grip upon the gunwale. In a moment he was gone.

Away in the blind pig joint of that group of shanties which Corbit called "the City," a number of men drank and sang and called each other by names of endearment, which were often unspeakable. Yet they were clean and great men, these. One was a Hudson Bay factor, who, with the freeze-up, would partake himself to the untrodden regions with God's stars as his guides. There were blow-holes and wolves and rotten ice on the way. Another was a forest ranger; a third a trapper who hunted a region no other white man ever penetrated, and so on down the list—men of the silent places, princes of the universe. They said: "Yes, the little quitter's bought him out, but I guess Corbit will fix him O.K."

Away in a New York city, just off the dust and turmoil of a famous avenue, a group of city men sat talking and wondering: "Little fool," said they. "He thinks he can shake off civilization and take to the wild! We'll see him back in less than a year."

The little man in the canoe peered over the edge, plunged his hand under water, and held.

"It's not you who has to go," he cried; "it's me. This is my show!"

"Don't be a fool," muttered Corbit thickly and weakly. "The kid—the kid—I can't look after her. She's yours. God knows she's yours!"

But as yet the struggle had scarcely

It is so easy for a mother to give a few, curt orders and then leave the children to their play. Soon a slap follows the orders, and perhaps a few blows, because: "Robby is so disobedient." Well, I, for one, never did nor never will believe in corporal punishments. If the mother took the time and the trouble to explain to Robby why he must not do so and so, the boy would, probably, turn out quite docile.

Children are not machines. Their little brains are always working, intelligently. Nor is what we call their "naughtiness" really such. It is very often merely a desire to find out something in this world of wonders, where they find themselves. If there were no inquisitiveness, there would be no search for knowledge, no new discoveries. If the young boy "wants to see the wheels go round," why not give him an old clock or an old watch and let him see and satisfy himself!

Some parents talk too freely on certain subjects in the hearing of their children, because they assume, very wrongly, that the little ones do not understand. A child may grasp a thing, in part, just through listening to the "grown-ups." And a partial knowledge may do great harm; for there is real truth in the saying: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Therefore, we should be very careful how we talk in the presence of our children when we consider the time right to enlighten them on all matters, then and then only, should they hear the whole truth, properly explained by a mother who knows how to put into simple, easy language, just what it is right her children should know.

If a mother thinks her child never understands anything, just let her try to remember that child's bright sayings, from the age of three and upwards. A stupid child has no "bright sayings," yet most mothers quote with pride what Mary and Robby said at a very tender age. It is strange how proud we were of our child's first gleam of intelligence; how we were, ourselves, the first to point out to "Daddy," how "Baby understands," and how, when the little mite reached the age of two and a half, we said with true maternal pride: "Mary understands everything now." But the years went on, and Mary passed from babyhood to childhood, and later to girlhood, and we remarked slightly, as we talked to our neighbors: "O, it's all right, Mary doesn't understand anything!" Are we less proud of our offspring as they grow up, that we are ever ready to assume, so carelessly, that they are lacking in ordinary intelligence?

A mother ought, as far as possible, to know how much her children understand. This, she will never know, unless she mixes with them, and plays with them. Perhaps that is why an only child is often more intelligent than one in a large family. The only child is spoken to more often until it becomes a real companion. But people with large families ought to find time to have "real talks" with their children, even if it be only for half an hour each evening before bedtime. These "Home Talks" will remain sacred to the memory of the children, in after years, when they themselves, have grown up and assumed the responsibility of parenthood.

We, parents, have no right to thrust children into the world and then let them shift for themselves. We are careful enough of their physical well-being; but there are times when we say: "O, it's all right. She'll learn that when she goes to school," and we throw all responsibility on the teacher. Yet, we must know that there are lessons which only a mother can teach, there are great truths of life which it should be a mother's sacred duty to impart, herself, to her child. And if a child does not understand, then it is the mother who should watch for the "Dawn" and be ready, at the correct moment, to help her child's understanding and to lead it in the right path. O, mothers! Be very careful how you talk in the presence of your children; for they do understand far, far more than you think they do; and you would be sorry all your lives if you found that mischief had been done, just through your careless way of talking in front of them. If you cannot guide the conversation aright, better leave the room with your children, and you will spend the time more holily and more profitably than you would have done by indulging in idle gossip!



The Kindergarten Class of a Western Indian School.

going to blow ten thousand devils before we get ashore!"

The little man groaned. "I'm only a dead weight," he said presently. "I've got cramps in my legs."

"That so!" bellowed Corbit. He knew they were absolutely and completely up against it. His eyes were on the child in the slowly filling canoe, and all the wild, dare-devilry of his nature, which long ago had led him out into this adventurous region awoke within him. "Take a spell," he ordered. "Try to keep her nose in, and I'll help you."

Then, of all unheard of things, he stood upright in the rocking canoe—stood upright and leapt, launching himself in one direction, and the canoe, nose foremost, against the wind. He came up alongside the city man, and clutched the gunwale "Climb aboard—I'll help you!" he ordered. "You paddle—I'll push."

The little man stared at him. "No!" he answered. "It ain't up to you. This is my show. Climb aboard yourself."

Corbit's wet eyes opened wide in surprise. "It ain't you and me!" he bellowed. "It's the kid! Get aboard quick!"

For twenty minutes they fought, while the freezing wind gathered in strength, and the water around the edge of the canoe took on that metallic click suggestive of the formation of cat-ice.

Corbit was hanging a dead weight behind. The little man sank over his paddle. "I'm all in," he said. "Guess this is the end!"

Then, with a little moan, he recalled the child at his feet, raised her in his arms, caressed her, kissed her forehead.

begun, and how it ended is beyond human conception. We know only that the little man got Corbit aboard, and that some how, it must have been hours later, they landed on the opposite shore of the lake, a dozen miles distant, and put up at one of Corbit's shelters near to the "salt-lick." We know only that at this point fresh meat was awaiting them, and that, at all events, they pulled through, which is the only thing that matters in the north.

A week later Corbit held out a sick man's hand, looked into the eyes of his little city friend, and said—"Partner!"

And the little city man, stooping over him, cried aloud—"O Partner! Partner! I am glad—yes—glad!"

And searching Corbit's face, the city man knew that he was understood, while the big woodsman passed his coarse fingers through a child's hair and muttered: "Guess she'll learn to be a pastry cook, partner. We'll find her no end useful—you and me."

Do Children Understand

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

How many times do we ask ourselves this question: Do the children really understand?

I think that, given a child of average intelligence, he understands a great deal more than we give him credit for. And this is one reason why mothers should talk more to their children than they do.

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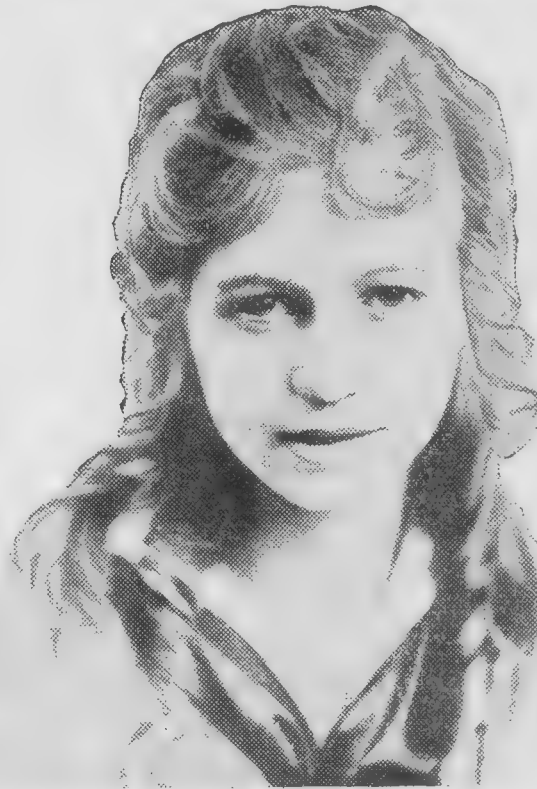
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Why does milk turn sour?
Why is snow white?
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Stories to Children

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

In reading stories to children, I wonder how many of us ask ourselves if the matter we are reading is suited to their young intelligence?

At Christmas time, a fond aunt or uncle sends us books for our little ones. These books are chosen at random. Often the purchaser goes to the counter and says to a very inexperienced young girl: "Give me a child's story book," and the girl picks out any expensive one which comes to hand—preferably choosing the dearest, because of her commission being the more. The purchaser takes this parcel and most likely sends it off at the nearest postoffice—without so much as looking at it! I have often known such to be the case, and in one instance, I remember the mother burning the books as soon as they arrived, because they were not suited to her children. Books are precious things, and it seems awful to burn a Christmas gift—especially as a very cordial letter is often written to the sender, thanking him or her for that same present. What hypocrisy it all engenders!

But still more precious than any book which was ever written, are the minds of our children, and we cannot be too careful what reading we put within their reach. Any book which contains pictures is thought good enough for a child. And even these pictures—are they not sometimes too ugly for words? Children may get a real taste for drawing and painting, if none but the best illustrations be shown to them.

There is, also, such a thing as consulting a child's taste. Some children are very sensitive and do not like sad stories; they even cry when they are read to them. Well, do we want to give a book for a Christmas present, when it is likely to make a child cry, in that most joyous season?

A boy very seldom cares for the same kind of reading as a girl, and, here again, we should consult their tastes. And by

"consulting their tastes," I do not mean that we should give them what they often have a morbid fancy for; but I mean that we should so direct and guide their tastes when young, that they will, naturally, like only what is good and true.

Once a mother finds out that her child has a love of reading, she should be very pleased; because a love of reading can be turned to great good. But, in these days of cheap literature, a great deal of harm may be done as well, especially when the child grows older, if the mother does not watch over her. When a child reads, she is quiet and good, and we are inclined to say: "Leave her alone; she's reading." The matter must not end there. A mother ought always to know what her child is reading.

If mothers took the habit of reading to their children more often, and making the children read aloud to them, then, naturally, she would talk to them about their literature, and all being interested in the future development of a story, it is much more likely that on other occasions, mother would be shown all new books which are brought to the house. When a girl or a boy sneaks off to the barn or to the hayloft to read, we ought to know what they take with them.

I do not believe that children should ever have any secrets from their parents, unless it be something about giving them surprises and presents. These are only for fun, and are but temporary secrets. I always have misgivings when I see girls, especially, talking together in whispers. When they have a book between them, which the mother has never seen, she'd better go quickly and join the conversation; for some girls have a knack of finding hidden, nasty meanings where none were intended. Once a child has a taste for bad literature, it is very difficult to overcome this tendency. It would have been much better to have trained its mind right, from the start. I do not believe that any child has natural, bad tastes.

It may have perverted tastes, but bad ones—never!

So it is up to all the mothers to see that only good literature is put within reach of the children. The English language is rich, with the grandest, most perfect literature. Even in stories for very young children there is a great deal to choose from, and we can have our choice if we will, and pick out the best. It is a little trouble, I will admit; but everything worth doing at all, is a little trouble. The result is well worth while; for good reading of a really, wholesome sort, makes nice, clean, healthy-minded boys and girls.

We all know what a fine companion a book is, and how, when the rain pours down the window panes, and the outside world looks dark and dreary, we can go to our shelves and take a book and be happy for hours. What matters it about the outside? Here we are in a world of our own, perhaps amongst tropical fruits and flowers in the brilliant sun! Or perhaps, we are away, sailing on the deep, blue sea, and we can almost smell the salt water! Books can transport us so that we forget all else. Does this not show what an influence they have on our minds? And, if it be so, with us grown-ups when we read imaginary tales, must it not be so a hundred times more with children? You can't say: "O, it's only a book. It can't do them any harm. They know it isn't real." That's where we are often wrong. A story is very real to a young child. The author in a book has a grave responsibility; for he can imbue others with his thoughts and ideas. As Marie Corelli makes one of her characters say: "A book lives." But the mother's responsibility is the gravest; and as long as her children keep young, she should follow them in their reading—directing, inspiring and condemning.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know, Are a substantial world, both pure and good; Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

THE PROTEST

By Grace G. Bostwick

It's not this fighting, land on land,
It's not the lifted hand 'gainst hand,
Nor yet the brave men's sufferings
That to the soul black horror brings.

It's not the women for they know
Some purpose in it, even though
So cruelly torn from those most dear
By war that rages far and near.

But ah, the children—innocents—
Who know not why nor where nor whence;
But stricken thus, with wee eyes wide,
Stare on, bewildered, terrified!

The babes that crave warm mother arms—
Their haven safe from all alarms;
But freezing, starved—so soft and wee!
Great God, how can it be?

Her Hands

Anna Spencer Twitchell

Not white, nor soft her hands, not tapering—
Uncared-for, rough, with red work-coarsened skin;
No gems they boast, but long by time wore thin
As pledge of wifehood; just one plain band ring
Their sole adornment through the years has been.
Such willing hands, alert for anything,
Of service—for the daily tasks that bring
Nor thanks nor praise—the same dull round within
The house, of toil and grind the grim years send;
Such patient, tender hands, so swift to ease,
So strong to minister in hours that try
The tortured soul.—Ah, it is hands like these,
Faithful and burden-bearing to the end.
We miss—God help us!—when they folded lie.

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The Horse

Winter Care of Pregnant Mares

Those who have had experience and observation in horse breeding have noticed that a considerable percentage of the spring colts, especially those born before the mares have been on pasture for some time, are weakly, often not able to stand, and in some cases without sufficient ambition and life to nurse when held up and the teat introduced into the mouth. It will also be observed that colts of this description are usually those of dams that have been pampered during the winter months—those that have been well fed and kept in the stable most of the time without exercise. Of course, there are exceptions, and it is not uncommon for a mare so used to produce a vigorous foal. Therefore, while it is not necessary in all cases that breeding mares should have regular exercise during pregnancy, it is at least advisable, and has a strong tendency to exert a beneficial action upon the progeny. In countries where the climate is such that horses can, with comfort, run out in the fields at least during the day time, mares will take sufficient voluntary exercise; but in climates such as ours this cannot be done, as often conditions for weeks at a time are such that they cannot be allowed out in the fields at all, and if turned out in the barnyard (which, of course, is better than standing in the stable) they take little exercise, but stand in the most shaded place most of the time to as much as possible be out of the cold until they are again allowed to enter the stable. The pregnant mare should be well fed and given regular exercise or light work. The idea that a pregnant mare should not be well fed is not uncommon. A little consideration should teach us differently. The foetus is daily increasing in size. This growth does not occur without nourishment. The nutriment must be supplied by the blood of the dam, and, as nutriment is not a natural product of the blood, but is supplied by the feed that the animal consumes, we can readily see that the pregnant mare has not only her own tissues to nourish, but also those of the growing foetus, which in the latter months of gestation is no small matter. Hence we see that the in-foal mare requires more feed than a gelding or un-pregnant mare of the same size doing the same work. While she requires more feed, greater care should be exercised in the selection of feed, all of which should be of first-class quality, of an easily digested character and fed at regular intervals.

All possible care to avoid digestive derangement should be observed. Good hay and oats are the feeds to be relied upon to produce nourishment, and these should be fed in quantities proportionate to the size of the animal and the labor performed. In addition, she should be given a few raw roots daily, and a feed of bran with a cupful of linseed meal at least twice weekly. She should also be allowed all the good water she will drink at least three times daily; still better if it can be arranged so that she can have water at will.

She should have daily exercise. If there be regular light work at which she is kept busy for a few hours every day it is better, but if not she should be driven a few miles daily. The work of exercise should be light. Work that necessitates excessive muscular or respiratory efforts should be avoided; so also should plunging through deep snow, etc., be avoided if possible. Excessive muscular exercise, plunging, etc., cause violent contractions of the abdominal and other muscles, and this tends to produce abortion. Greater care than usual should be taken to not subject the mare to even moderate exercise shortly after a full meal.

Saddle work, especially during the latter months of gestation, should be avoided, as the mare has sufficient to carry without a man on her back; but where saddle work is given the use of spurs should not be permitted, as pricking an animal on the sides or flanks with spurs causes more or less violent contraction of the abdominal muscles, which is dangerous to the foetus. All nervous excitement should be avoided, as also should sights that frighten her; also offensive odors. The odor of freshly-drawn blood tends to produce abortion in mares that are not accustomed to the odor, hence she should not be allowed near a slaughter house, etc. All operations should, if possible be postponed until after foaling, and also the administration of medicines which tend to abortion, as drastic purgatives. When necessary to give a purgative to a pregnant mare it is well to give raw linseed oil in preference to aloes, as while it does not act so promptly its action is milder and does not cause the griping and contraction of both voluntary and involuntary muscles.

Towards the end of gestation still greater care should be exercised, and while exercise up to the very last is advisable,



This cup was awarded for highest scoring creamery butter at Toronto exhibition to J. P. Donald, Russell, Manitoba. Mr. Donald's winnings for the season included the following: Edmonton, 1st, and 5th; Regina, 2nd and 6th; Toronto, 1st, 2nd, 5th and 6th prizes, silver cup for highest scoring butter, second for highest average score; London 2nd.

Mr. Donald is a young Scotchman who spent three winters at the Manitoba Agricultural College specializing in dairying.

it should be given more carefully, and less of it when she becomes somewhat clumsy and inactive on account of size and weight; but many of the most successful cases we have known have been when the mare has been unhitched when showing labor pains.

After the birth of the foal the mare should not be worked for at least two weeks, and if she can be allowed idleness until weaning time all the better. Many farmers who breed one or more mares have sufficient horses to do their work and driving without using the pregnant mares, and, as a consequence they live in perfect idleness. We repeat that this is a mistake, and that while all horses are the better of a certain amount of regular exercise it is better to allow the geldings and un-pregnant mares to live in idleness than the breeding mares.

TUBERCULIN TEST IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

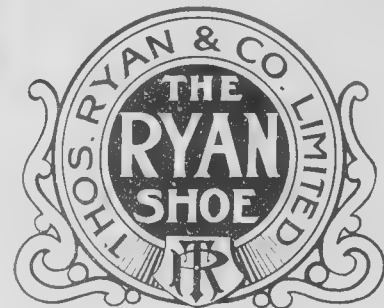
The compulsory tuberculin test for dairy cattle is in its sixth year in British Columbia. When first instituted it created a disturbance in the dairying districts which led to numerous public meetings, slopped over into the coast newspapers, and made enemies of lifelong friends. Some of the most successful dairy farmers were against it, in some cases men who had favored it until they saw what losses it would inflict on farmers. I recall a hot farmers' meeting at New Westminster, the Fraser Valley trading center, in December, 1913, at which John Oliver, of Delta, afterwards minister of agriculture and provincial premier, led the attack on the law, and Price Ellison, of Vernon, then minister of agriculture, was powerless with his oratory to placate the dairymen. Little wonder The Government "vets" were dealing ruin right and left. Whole herds were practically wiped out in a number of cases. The reactors over the whole province ran to 80 per cent. How near the vet came in those days to being annulled by order-in-council the public at large does not know, and it is not of any particular account, for the law stuck. The crucial fight was in the Fraser Valley, and when the testers left that district behind the battle was won.

In 1918 there is probably nothing that the British Columbia dairying industry is prouder of than the clean condition of the herds. From 8% in 1913, the percentage of reactors steadily declined to 3% per cent. in 1917. It is understood that the 1918 percentage will be even less. British Columbia dairy herds have come to be acknowledged the cleanest in all Canada. Infection through importations is prevented by regulations which entail a tuberculin test both before and after entry.

When John Oliver was made minister of agriculture he had an opportunity of dealing as he saw fit with the depart-

ment's tuberculin test work. He announced that the test would continue operative. He knew that whatever 1913 farm opinion had been, 1917 judgment was that the compulsory test was by far the best way to handle a dangerous cattle disease.

Compensation on a percentage basis, with standards for both grade and pure-bred cattle, has been paid from the first. There is quite a body of opinion that this side of the work could be improved by substitution of a head tax on tested animals for the creation of a fund out of which full compensation would be paid the owners of reactors. In effect such a scheme would be simply an insurance plan. The owner of condemned cows is allowed, when he wishes, to retain them in approved quarantine quarters, and to feed the milk, if sterilized, to fattening cows and swine on the premises.



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others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c, sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, \$1.30 per box, containing one month's treatment. Address with 3 stamps—

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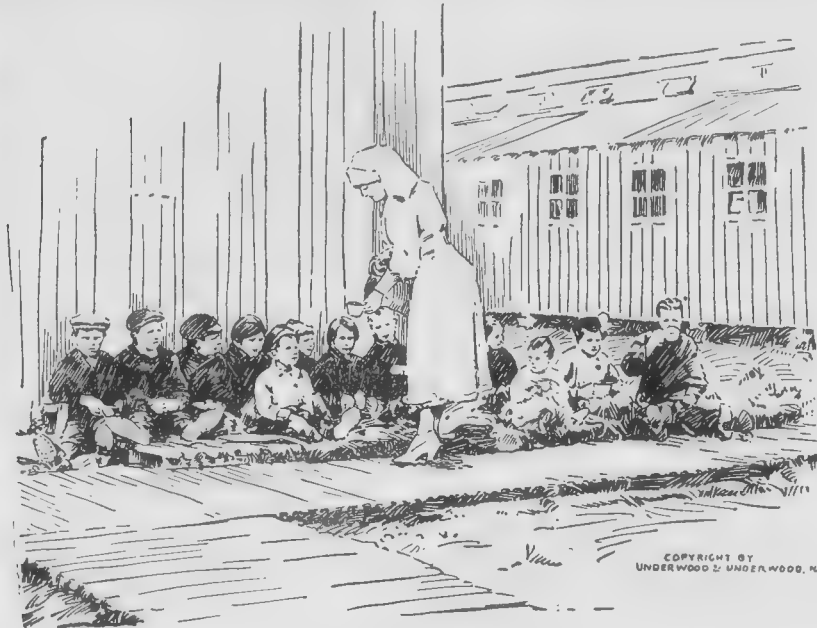
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queror will be filled from their Canadian Labora-
tories without duty.**They Know Not From Whence They
Came**

Not one of these small children has now
father, mother or home. They are but a
handful of the war orphans of Belgium.
The eldest is eight and the others are six
and under. Only two can tell whence
they came and to whom they belonged,
the others, should you ask them where
their father and mother are or where their
home was, would only shake their heads
and remain mute. All remembrance of

Belgium cannot help them, no one there
has any money and still less have they
food. You who tuck children into their
beds at night, think of these Belgian
orphans with no home, no parents, no
relatives and no future. Help the Belgian
Relief Fund in caring for them by sending
your contribution to your local relief
committee or direct to the Central Com-
mittee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

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the past has gone and perhaps it is as well.
But the other two, the girl of eight and
the boy of six have told officials of the
Belgian Relief Commission who are now
caring for them in a small village in the
safety zone behind the Allied lines, of
what happened when the Boche came.
They are simple childish narratives, the
full comprehension of which happily they
do not understand.

In the little hamlet in which Marie
Campagne lived in northern Belgium
there is to-day but a heap of ashes to mark
the spot. The Boche came one day and
after months of near starvation, all the
food of the village was taken to feed the
German soldiers, the Boche left but before
going he burned all the houses and
"killed a lot of people," so Marie Cam-
pagne says in her own words. Marie
was at the other end of the village one day
when she saw the houses on fire and she
ran home. Outside in the roadway was
her baby brother—dead, and just inside
the front door was her mother also dead.
She was left alone in the big world for her
father had only a year before been killed
at the front. Marie was much too
frightened to cry. Other people were
running away from the village so Marie
ran too and many long days, she with the
others, wandered about the roads, and
some of the other people who had man-
aged to save a few crusts of bread shared
their store with her. Then one day they
reached a village in which were strange
soldiers who, when they spoke to her
and the older people, they could not under-
stand. Then followed a long train journey
and Marie with a lot of other children
were taken away and given food to eat
and a little white cot to sleep in. And
now, although alone, she is happy in her
new home.

The little fellow of six, Rene Dubuc, is
his name, has a much simpler story to
tell. One day "mother went out and
didn't come back." Shells were bursting
in the village and Rene who had been left
in the cellar, stayed there and after long,
long hours was rescued by soldiers "not
Boches" and taken to a "big school" where
he is now happy and well fed. Rene's
father too, he will say "was killed" but
where he does not know.

These little war orphans of Belgium
who can never now know the fond care of a
mother or the happiness of home are
being cared for by nurses and soldiers and
are under the direct patronage of the
Belgian Relief Commission. There are
thousand like them, little mites who have
been rescued from death or starvation by
the merest slip of the hand of fate which
has laid waste to Belgium these past four
years.

These children are now public charges

The Fifth

By Nancy Avery

There they sat, a patient little group,
as the doctor came into his office from
his round of evening calls. He knew their
probable errand and sighed the while he
spoke cheerily to them and called each by
name.

"And now what's the matter, John?" he
asked kindly, after the mother and father
with the two youngest babies had followed
him into the inner office.

"The same old story," the man answered
shamefacedly. "Mary just feels as
though she can't go through it again.
Here's the baby only a year old and
Robbie just two, not strong a bit and
hanging to her skirts all day. And
Lillie and Carl out there in the office, too
small yet to help themselves much. You
see how it is, Doc—can't you help us out
some way? I know it ain't right—it's
a shame to bother you like this—but we
just don't know what to do."

"That will do, John," said the doctor.
"I know how it is. I—know how it is."
He leaned back in his chair and rubbed his
hand across his eyes. He was desperately
tired. The night before he had been up
all night on an emergency case. There
had been no chance for rest all day. His
weary brain and body called for sleep—
and yet—here were folks in trouble.
"His folks," he called his patients lov-
ingly.

Every one of those little tow heads he
had helped into the world. Four times
he had coaxed and conjured back to life
and to her babies that patient little mother
who sat crying softly drying her eyes with
the hem of the white dress of the baby in
her arms, and he had been repaid a thou-
sandfold by seeing her devotion to her
family. And here they were in trouble
again, and had come to him for help—and
he couldn't help them. He couldn't—that
was all.

He leaned forward suddenly and picking
up the fretful two-year-old, held it
tenderly in his arms.

"I guess I'll have to tell you a story,"
he said, huskily. "Some forty years ago in
the barren hills of an Eastern state, on a
little stony farm there lived a man and
woman situated in circumstances just
about like you, John, and your wife here.
And times were hard, and money scarce
and the babies kept coming just the same,
until soon there were four. And pretty
soon there was to be another and the
mother rebelled and cried about it and
the father became almost discouraged.
But they struggled on and the baby in due
time came into the world. It was always

a struggle for life on that little farm, but it
was an honest struggle and the children
grew straight and strong and robust
though they lived mostly on beans and
potatoes.

"Well, the years rolled on as they do and
the little brood went out into the world and
—won their way. One holds a position
of trust in an Eastern city—a man with
high ideals and a mighty influence for right.
Another, a daughter, gave her life on the
foreign field to help her heathen sisters;
one is a minister and thousands have felt
his touch upon their lives, and one is the
mother of a beautiful family of children.
The fifth, the one that wasn't wanted—
is I."

The doctor paused a moment and
brushed his hand across his eyes. "I may
not fill as big a place in the world as the
rest," he said softly, "but every day I do
my best. My dear old mother lives with
me, and every day she tells me she
thanks God for giving me to her and prays
to be forgiven for those rebellious thoughts
of her hard and struggling youth!!

"John," the doctor put new life and
vigor into his voice, "brace up, my lad.
Little woman, take courage and bear your
burden with a smile and a song. Who
knows but what the fifth will be your
heart's desire, your stay and help some-
time, your comfort when you need it
most?"

The little wife dried her eyes and pressed
the sleeping baby close to her breast. The
husband straightened his stooping shoul-
ders and put his arm around her awk-
wardly but lovingly.

"Thank you, Doc," he said huskily.
"We'll get along some way, won't we,
Mary? And we'll live to be proud of every
one of 'em, God bless 'em."

The Human Touch

"When did your reformation begin?"

a gentleman asked a Christian man who
had formerly been a great criminal.
"With my talk with the Earl" (Shaftes-
bury, noted for his devotion to discharged
criminals). "What did the Earl say?"
"It was not so much anything he said,
but he took my hand in his and said,
'Jack, you'll be a man yet.' It was the
touch of his hand electrified by his love."

A gentleman visiting a glass manufac-
tory saw a man moulding clay into the
great pots which later were to be used
in shaping the glass. Noticing that all
the moulding was done by hand, he said
to the workman: "Why do you not use a
tool to aid you in shaping the clay?"
The artisan replied: "There is no tool
can do this kind of work. We have tried
a number of tools, but somehow it needs
the human touch."

And it is true of other things besides
glass that they need the human touch.

Help Your Brother

By Fred Scott Shepard

Help your brother when you can,
For he is your fellow-man;
You are members of one clan—
Help your brother!

Is he weak—beside him stand,
When he needs a helping hand;
Fail him not when there's demand—
Help your brother!

Are you favored more than he?
This should added reason be
For your aid—Give heartily—
Help your brother!

Give him money, time or cheer—
That's perhaps why we are here;
Thus may we afar, anear
Help our brother!

The Sowers

Moist earth, and sunlit skies, and spring!

And a glad sower went one day

Forward and back across the land,

And good seed cast away.

The furrows buried it from sight,

The harrowed field lay brown and bare;

But the wise sower knew that time

Would bring a harvest there.

Soft grass, and smiling skies, and spring!

And sad hearts slowly went their way

Unto a field with terraced slopes,

Their dear love there to lay.

The brown earth covered it from sight—

The precious seed so sweet, so fair—

But, some time, some time, the dear God

Will reap His harvest there.

—Emma A. Lenten.

The Home

Written for The Western Home Monthly By C. M. Watson

TO some, the word "home" is almost a meaningless term, but to the great majority it is one of the sweetest words in the English language, one that thrills us with delight. How often have most of us repeated those well-known lines by Paynes and really felt that "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Some one has described home as "a world of love shut in, and a world of strife shut out," but "Home is where we are treated best and grumble most" is a more correct definition.

In order to have that heaven on earth, a happy home, it is imperative that each and every member of the family do his best to contribute largely towards the happiness of the home.

"The world has nothing to bestow; From our own selves our joys must flow, And that dear hut—our home."

Although disrespect between the members of the same is frequently noticed, yet the same boy or girl who can be so cross and irritable at home can have a perfect demeanour away from home. But because we live in the same house and see each other so frequently, and become so familiar with them, we neglect to guard our tongues and our actions.

Let us peep into an ordinary household and tell what we see. The young

considered due. This is the credit she gets, "Ma, this meat is not done." "You did not boil the potatoes long enough." "This pie is tough." All of which assertions have not the least foundation. What pleases some will not please others, and each contribute their share of "kicking." Is it any wonder that the poor mother becomes discouraged? Instead, suppose one had said, "Ma, this meat is beautiful," or another, "I have enjoyed my dinner very much, thank you," or the young son had said, "Ma, this pie is fine, may I have another piece, please?" What a difference would have been noticed in the family circle, and above all how the kindly face of the mother would have brightened by the words of appreciation. Just try it and watch."

And now let us accept the invitation and go with one of the elder children (who are so good in grumbling at home), to a friend's house to dinner. How polite and respectful they are to those around them! Do they grumble at the food? Oh, no! They would not dare to transgress all laws of etiquette and courtesy. Now here comes the main question: "Is a stranger or friend more worthy of respect or courtesy than their own mother?" No! A thousand times no! But because she is their mother, they see her so often, and they know her so well, they forget, they neglect to give her the little acts of respect that they accord the stranger. These are only little things, little acts of carelessness, little acts of



Our lady of the snowshoes.

son has not slept very well and gets up "the wrong way." He is not so tidy as he might be, so it is not to be wondered at that he has lost his cap, his coat or his books, although he is "positive" they were put away in their place. Immediately the reserves of the household are called into action and a battle royal ensues for the recovery of the lost article, which, after much jangling, is found to have been thrown into a corner. "Well, I'm glad he's gone," follows the disappearance of the young culprit. This time it is the young boy who disturbs the peace of the home. Then Sister Sou gets into a sharp argument with her elder sister or mother, but just at this moment the door-bell rings and a visitor is announced. She is received with great respect and kindness. All angry feelings for the time being are forgotten, and a pleasant time is spent with the caller. As she goes away she says to herself, "What a beautiful home. How agreeable and pleasant those sisters are to each other?" Yet all this pleasantry was because of the appearance of a stranger in the home. These sisters gave the respect to a stranger which they failed to show to members of their own family. Then, perhaps it is father, but as the troubles of father are many we will simply address to him the words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the one who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

There are in some homes what you may call "chronic kickers." The mother has always plenty of work to do which takes up all her time, especially in the morning. She prepares what she considers a good dinner, and when the family are seated round the table she receives the thanks

omission rather than commission, but they all help to whiten the mother's hair, and to bring that careworn look.

We cannot always have our mother with us, but "we always have the memory of how we treated her." Those who have had the benefit and wise counsel of a Christian mother will, perhaps, echo the thought, and maybe feel "a slight vibration." When the mother is taken away we place beautiful wreaths on her coffin, expressions of love. Yet how much better would it be to give her "the roses of love" while she can appreciate them, not in actual flowers, but in the many little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness which makes the sunset of her life more beautiful than the sunrise. She delights to make the home pleasant and attractive for her children, and she cannot receive too much praise and respect for her labors of love.

A boy or young man is always the better for a girl's society, and a sister is the best comrade in the world. If a young man could always remember to treat his sister with the same respect that he treats someone else's sister, he would feel amply repaid.

The sister takes more interest in her brother than he is aware of, and delights to make the home attractive for both him and his friends. A young man will not go far astray when he thinks of his home. And the silent influence of a loving unselfish sister and mother will follow him wherever he goes. Their memory is a safeguard in times of temptation.

Much is said about woman franchise and their rights. Women, no doubt have their rights, and the greatest rights in the world, but they are the training of the boys and girls in the home to be noble men and women in thought, in word and in deed.

Let children learn from their home life to walk the right way.

The New-Day Price Tags

Should Show Calories Per Pound

The Vital Point in Food Cost

The calory is the energy unit by which governments and experts measure food.

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In these foods, for example:

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Fish Averages	40 "
Canned Salmon	33 "
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The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, Canada

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SASKATOON, Canada

Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/4 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt 1/2 cup sugar
2 cups boiling water 1 cake yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water 5 cups flour
Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/4 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night, with the liquid the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

1/2 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.
Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.



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What Shall We Call The Baby

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Olive L Reamy

BY the way, have you named him yet? asked the first caller of the young mother.

"Named him!" exclaimed the young mother. "Why, we've only just begun. It has taken us a week to go as far as k. You see," she went on, "we are taking the dictionary as a starter. We mean to leave no known name unconsidered and ancestors persist in coming in to complicate matters. We debated a long time last evening over James. Fred's father was named James and so was one of my grandfathers, but the name is too plain, we had to give it up. Really, it is a joy to be able to do something for our boy without consulting the doctor, the nurse or any of the rest of the meddlers."

The first caller smiled and held up a protesting hand.

"Don't anathematize the meddlers, my dear, for I've a suspicion that I shall join that class. I certainly shall unless you show more regard for human ears and tongues than most persons do when bestowing names on their offspring."

The young mother looked puzzled. "What have ears and tongues to do with naming children?" she asked.

"Nothing, my dear, positively nothing, if one may judge by the names one hears, but they should have a whole lot to do with it. Don't tell me that you never rebelled against your maiden name, Mabel Bolton."

"Rebel! Why, no; I liked it so much that I was tempted to turn suffragist, or socialist or something of that sort, so I'd have an excuse for not changing it when I married. What's wrong with it, pray tell?"

"The same that is wrong with my name, Esther Torrey. Suppose now that you had been called Esther Bolton and I, Mabel Torrey. Don't your ears and tongue thank you when you make the exchange? Just speak the names yourself and notice the difference when you don't have bel bol and ter tor in juxtaposition."

The young mother spoke the names in their original combinations and then in the suggested transposed form. "Why, that is better, isn't it? I never thought of it, though."

"No, that's the trouble, but it's time people began thinking, and you might as well be a pioneer in the art, so please begin now."

"But I don't know how. Will Frederick do? This dictionary business is only an amusement, you know. I've meant all the time to call my son for his father."

"Ask your ears. How does Frederick Hooker sound? Isn't it rather a—corker? Bolton Hooker would do better, but that has faults."

"Bolton Hooker! Why, Esther, what's the matter with that?" asked the young mother protestingly. "I don't seem able to grasp your idea at all."

"Well, the particular fault in that combination is monotony, the repetition in the second name of the vowels in the first. The long o and the oo require nearly the same position of the organs of speech and the obscure o and e of the second syllables are approximately the same. Besides that, both names have two syllables with the accent on the first. Really, your plain James Hooker is much better balanced."

"M-m; that's interesting," mused the young mother. "I begin to see, but I never knew you had such wisdom in your head. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, it has just grown through observation. It was a fancy at first and then I built a foundation of phonetics to support it."

"Well, if I've run into a whole bunch of unanticipated rules, please hurl them at me at once. What's wrong with, let me see; let's take the families in this neighborhood; what's wrong with Nettie Eaton?"

"Can't you tell that yourself?" asked Miss Torrey.

"Nettie Eaton," slowly repeated Mrs. Hooker. "Why, yes; there are too many t's and n's, I suppose."

"Correct, but that is not all. The first name ends with a vowel and the second begins with a similar vowel sound, always a fault. Margaret Eaton is nearly as bad with its near proximity of t's; and Louise Eaton has not only the repetition of a tense vowel against it, but it has two accented syllables together. The only good name in the family belongs to the boy. Oliver Eaton is a delight to the ears. There is no repetition and the accents are properly placed."

"I don't understand what you mean by a tense vowel," said Mrs. Hooker, eagerly pursuing the clues offered by her friend.

"Speak long e," was the reply, "and observe the position of your tongue and lips. Can't you feel that they become more or less tense?"

"Yes, I can now," answered Mrs. Hooker.

"Now speak slowly long a and long i. That's right. You see that each ends with the same approach of the tongue to the roof of the mouth that you have in e. Long u begins with that position and merges into the oo sound, which purses the lips. Try them several times to get my meaning."

Mrs. Hooker gave the names of the



A hardy little Indian maid.

vowels mentioned slowly and carefully. "Yes, I see," she said.

"Now speak on, us, and awe and notice how the lips and tongue relax."

"Yes, that's so. Oh, this is fascinating, Esther. Please go on."

"Who has moved into the house next to the Eatons? I noticed that it was occupied."

"A family by the name of Gordon. They have two children, Ethel and Percival."

Miss Torrey uttered the names thoughtfully before pronouncing her verdict of, "Both good, but the boy's name is better because of the accent. Where the surname has two syllables, a one or two-syllable Christian name gives a more pleasing combination. Next come Ruth, Muriel, and Reginald Green, the first two good and the last bad."

"Why, I should think Ruth faulty. There are two one-syllable names together."

"Then let me give you a lesson on consonants. Give the sound, not the name, of the letter p; that is, start to say put, but stop after the p. Yes, and now give the sound of b. Do you observe that the only difference lies in the use, or non-use, of the vocal cords? We will call the vocalized sounds strong and the non-vocalized weak. There is the same difference between t and d, k and hard g, s

and z, f and v, ch and j, and the th in thin and then. L, m, n, and r are vocalized, but they are flowing and easy of utterance; liquids they are termed in phonetics. These last combined with vowels and non-vocalized consonants make our softest and most agreeable names, but such names lack strength. There should be at least one strong sound in one name or the other to give character, just as a high light gives life to a picture. Green, for example, has hard g and the tense e. Both Ruth and Muriel are easily spoken. Only one real effort of the tongue is required in speaking either name. Reginald, on the contrary, has two strong consonants, g and d, and the d is particularly unblendable with the hard g of Green, so the tongue must make three distinct efforts in uttering the name.

"Oh, I'm beginning to understand, really. Let me try. There are Louise, Herman and Roger Moulton. I suppose Louise is faulty because two accented syllables come together."

"No, it's very good, because the s and the m blend perfectly and the whole of the remainder of the word is relaxed and weak. There is only one effort. It is much easier to speak than Herman

across the street and consider Grace, Elinor, and Donald MacDonald, Scotch, of course. What's your opinion of these?"

"Grace is fair, Elinor is bad because three unaccented syllables separate the accented ones, Ellen would be better, wouldn't it?—and—well, my ears and tongue don't mind the boy's name."

"No, nor mine," said Miss Torrey. "It has rhythm, which seems to give it a purpose, and it contains no harsh consonants or tense vowels, while it still has strength in the d's."

"Then I should think we should be able to scan long names as we do poetry, or to sing them easily."

"Yes, that is just what I mean."

"But that hasn't settled the question

of my boy's name," said Mrs. Hooker, returning to her first interest.

"No, and I'm not going to take the initiative there. I'll be the referendum," answered her friend laughingly. Then, listening, she exclaimed, "O dear, I think I hear the nurse! I've overstayed my time. Let me escape her wrath! Good-bye, my love, goodbye."

The first caller fled precipitately before the approaching footsteps, leaving the young mother exulting over the acquisition of rules which the doctor, the nurse and the rest of the meddlers could not gainsay.

The baby was finally called Benjamin after his maternal grandfather—and Miss Torrey approved.

Go Easy, Go Easy

Sandy and John were sitting in a car when a pretty girl got in and smiled at the former. He raised his hat.

"Do you know her?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, yes, very well," the Scot replied.

"Well, shall we go and sit over beside her, and then you can introduce me?" asked his companion.

"Wait a bit," returned the canny Scot. "She hasna paid her fare yet."

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.



Trying to please little brother.

Moulton, with its repeated m, and it has a high light, which the latter has not. Roger Moulton is good, though I should prefer the variety of accent that Roderick Moulton would give."

"Oh, Esther, this is a lot more fun than the dictionary! How about Genevieve, Dorothy and Theodore Evans? The first is very bad, I know, with its v's and e's."

"Yes, it couldn't be much worse."

"The second isn't bad, in my opinion, even with the two vowels together, because one glides into the other; and the boy's name seems to me particularly good."

"Right again. I'm proud of my pupil. Continue, please."

"There are John Fox and the twins, Joseph and Josephine. The last two are faulty, I'm certain, but I rather like the first, though I hardly know why."

"Think."

"Well, I suppose the J gives character and the relaxed vowel with weak consonants suits a lazy tongue."

"Yes; think how much less agreeable Eugene Fox would be. Now let's go

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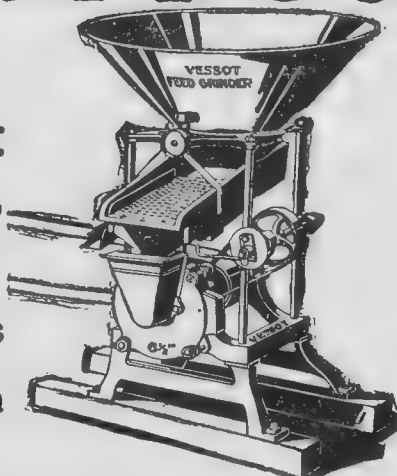
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About the Farm

The Farm Horse to His Master

By Elizabeth Clarke Hardy

Oh, master dear, the blistering sun
Beats down upon my head,
As round and round the furrowed field,
With weary steps I tread;
You ride behind me on the plow,—
I'm glad that you can ride;
And willingly I toil for you
With patience and with pride.

The dust drifts up in stifling clouds
And chokes and blinds me sore,
My collar chafes my sweltering neck
As it has done before;
And long and sultry are the hours
Since I have had a drink,
How parched and dry my throat must be,
Dear master, only think!

I saw you seek a shady place
And drink a cooling draught,
I heard the water trickle down
As from the stream you quaffed.
If I could only plunge my nose
In water sweet and cool,
If I could quench my burning thirst
A moment at the pool!

quitting time is hard on horses. It is far better for the team to take an extra hour to make the long trip instead of hurrying beyond a comfortable gait. Extra speed always requires an extravagant expenditure of energy.

Don't Let Horses Get Sore Shoulders

Horses' shoulders must be watched closely every night and morning, so that if one of them should get a swelling or a bunch under the collar it must be treated right away, so it doesn't get any worse. Cooling the swelling down with cold water is probably the best thing I have ever tried, and next morning take the collar and lay it on something hard, a wagon wheel is a good thing or an anvil if you have one, and with a hammer hit several blows on the places of the horse collar right where the swelling formed, so as to dish the collar and relieve the swollen part of the shoulder.

If a sweat pad is used on such a horse make a little rip right over the sore part and pull out some of the filling, enough to not press on the swollen or



High school pupils receiving a science lesson on the production of honey.

Oh, master dear, we serve you well,
But oh, if you would think,
When oftentimes you quench your thirst,
How much we need a drink;
And if a moment, now and then,
You'd rest us in the shade,
We'd feel for all our patient toil
That we were richly paid.

—From Our Dumb Animals.

Steady Work with Team Counts Most

The driver who is patient and pleasant and allows his team time to turn and to move when told accomplishes much in a day if he keeps going. It is the stops that kill time. Five to ten minutes' rest wastes the time a team would take to travel across one side of a square 40-acre field. When two binders are cutting on the same land the one behind can hardly catch up if once set back by a few minutes' delay. Few men realize how fast time flies when the team stands still or how far a team travels in a short space of time.

Plenty of snap is a good attribute in a farm hand, provided he keeps it under control. One's temper needs a special guard kept over it. Slow, sure, steady motion is what performs work with the least waste of energy, and we must keep within those bounds when the sun is scorching hot.

Patience with teams pays the whole year around. The conservation of the horse's energy by a careful driver saves feed, keeps the animal in good flesh and helps to prevent shoulders and neck getting sore. Then there is more power stamina and ability to turn out good work all the time, and big work in an emergency. The common tendency now-a-days to slam a team through in order to finish a big day's work by the usual

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sore part of the shoulder. I have done this for 15 years, and never have any horses with a sore shoulder, and work as many as 14 head in seeding time, but I always watch their shoulders, especially in hot weather, that is the time when they will get cold by doing extra work. After the horses are unharnessed in the evening just strip their shoulders with your hand, and if there is anything there which should not be there, get cold water and wash it good and clean. It will pay you big for such a little extra work. I never used grease of any kind to put on sore shoulders.

WINTER EGG PRODUCTION

By Prof. W. A. Brown Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada

Winter egg production is one of the phases of the poultry industry on which much has been written and much been said, but one, nevertheless, in which much practical work remains to be done in order to bring the standard of production up to what might reasonably be expected.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the subject in detail, but rather to point out and duly emphasize some of the more important features underlying the subject as a whole.

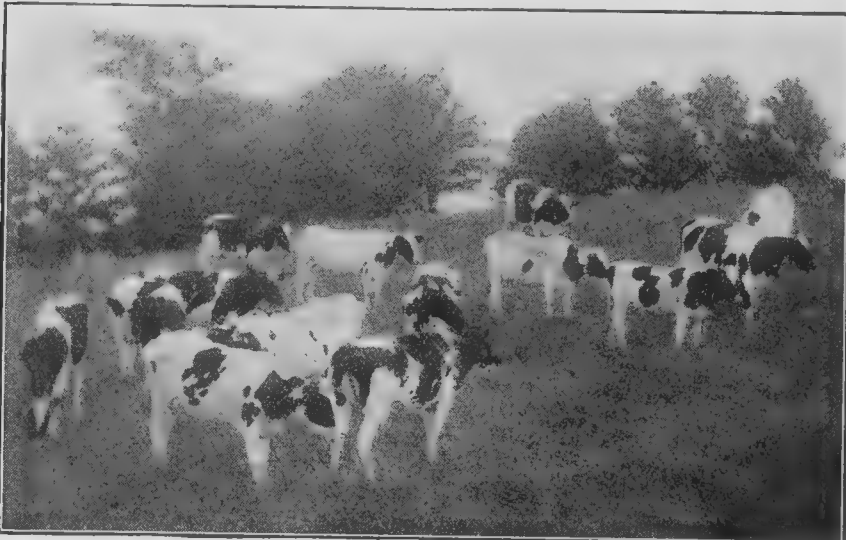
The chief essential in the production of winter eggs is to possess good stock, and by good stock is meant, strong, hardy, healthy, vigorous, pure bred pullets that have reached maturity before the cold weather comes in the fall of the year. This implies that these birds must

drink. This causes the interior of a tightly closed poultry house to become very humid, and in cold weather the walls and ceiling become frosted. This also has a direct bearing on the frosting of the birds themselves.

Dampness must be eradicated. Two methods are in common use, (a) the use of the straw loft; this consists in placing a thick layer of straw on poles or rough lumber placed at intervals on the collar beams. This plan, of course, is better adapted to square or hip roofed houses than to shed roof houses. (b) The use of the cotton or open front houses. Many people are of the opinion that the cotton front houses are colder than those having many windows. This is an erroneous idea. It has been proven without doubt, that glass is a more excellent conductor of heat than cloth. Thin cotton or burlap allows the moisture in the house to pass through, and brings about an equalization of outside and inside humidity, and while no doubt the temperature in an open or cotton front house may be lower, than in a closed house, it is common knowledge that any medium will freeze more quickly in a damp cold atmosphere than in one which may be colder but drier.

The second consideration in a good house is ventilation. Poultry in order to thrive and retain the vitality essential to the production of winter eggs must have an abundance of fresh air.

The third consideration in a good winter laying house is that it be well lighted and permit of plenty of sunshine within. Windows should do this, but in the average farm poultry house, they are so dirty, so covered with cobwebs, that but little bright light penetrates the



A fine group of young Holsteins.

have been hatched early, kept separate from the old stock during the summer, and given every possible opportunity to thrive and grow.

It takes from five to six months for the average pullet of the general purpose varieties to mature. Under suitable conditions they will grow at the rate of a pound a month, and thus to have pullets laying the latter part of November it is necessary to have them hatched not later than the twentieth of May. From the middle of April to the middle of May is the best time to hatch stock for winter egg production.

The pullets should be carefully selected and placed in their winter quarters early in October. It takes them, as a rule, a month or more to become fully accustomed to their new surroundings. In classifying stock for winter production pullets should never be placed in the same pens with hens, and the late-hatched pullets in pens with those more matured. For best results only those should go together in the same pen that are of the same size, age and maturity.

The second essential in the production of winter eggs is a good poultry house. At the present time there is more agreement among poultrymen on the principles of house construction than on type, in fact type is still in a state of evolution.

A good winter laying house must be dry. Dampness in any form, whether emanating from outside sources or from within, seriously impairs the vitality of the stock and directly affects production. Fowls are anatomically different from other farm animals, in that they exhale from the lungs, in the form of vapor, a large proportion of the water that they

depths within. The cotton front on a hinged frame, opened on all bright days, overcomes this difficulty and affords the birds the opportunity to fluff their feathers and dust themselves in the dry earth and litter on the floor.

A fourth highly important consideration is that the house be clean and sanitary. Poultry may lay in a dirty house, provided other conditions are right, but it is evident from the present condition of the product that a campaign of sanitation and cleanliness is necessary in the poultry business. Fowls delight in a clean, dry, well-lighted, well-ventilated house, and it pays to cater to their desires in this respect.

Other features to be considered in the production of winter eggs are good feed (well fed), good management and plenty of suitable exercise.

Experience has shown that as great egg production can be secured by a judicious use of the simple home grown feeds as by the purchase and use of many of the higher priced feeds; provided that the fowls have the necessary vitality and maturity.

The hard grains, wheat, corn, oats, buckwheat, etc., and their by-products, have been and no doubt will continue to be the staple poultry foods. They may be used singly or together as desired, but the fact that variety is important should not be overlooked.

Meat food in some form is necessary. Beef scrap, fish scrap, meat meal, raw meat, green cut bone or milk are used, and of these, experiment has shown that none give more satisfactory results than buttermilk, or sour skim milk.

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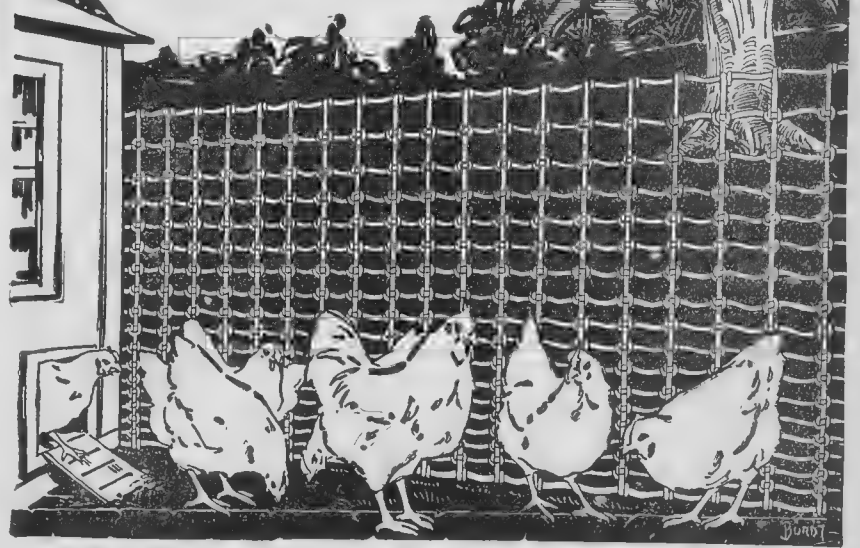
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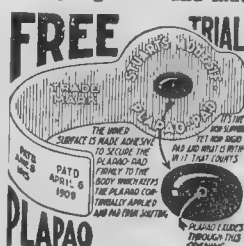
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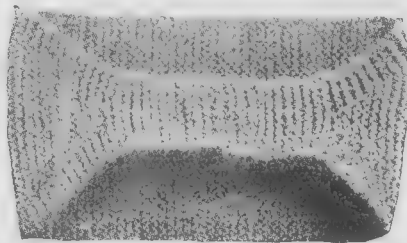
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Bed Sock

Head Band.—Use dark-gray knitting
worsted and No. 3 bone or celluloid
needles. Cast on 10 stitches and knit 22
rows (11 ridges), then increase 1 stitch in
the fifth stitch from each end of every
second row until 22 rows more have been
knitted, giving 32 stitches on the needle.
Knit plain for 96 rows (48 ridges), narrow
in the fifth stitch from each end of every
second row until 10 stitches remain, make
22 rows even, bind off and join to cast-on
stitches.



Head Band



Woolen Gloves



A
Merry
Christmas
to
All Our
Readers



Body Band



And
A
Bright
And
Prosperous
New Year



Bed Sock for wounded.—Use natural-
color knitting worsted and a No. 5 bone
crochet hook. Chain 60, join, chain 3 to
start, then make 1 double crochet in each
stitch for 2 rounds. When laid flat the
double fold should be 6½ inches wide.
Now work round and round in single
crochet, always picking up on the back
thread, until the sock is 17 inches long.
Narrow 4 times at regular intervals in
each round until 8 stitches remain. Fold
double and close by working 4 single
crochet through the double thickness.

Socks.—Dark gray, light gray, or
natural-colored knitting worsted may be
used, with a little red, white and blue for
the border. Be sure the latter are fast
colors. Use No. 3 bone needles and with
the sock color cast on 56 stitches. K. 2,
p. 2, for 8 rounds, make 7 rounds each
with red, white and blue, then 7 rounds
with the sock color. Knit plain until
sock is 11 inches long, measuring from first
to last round.

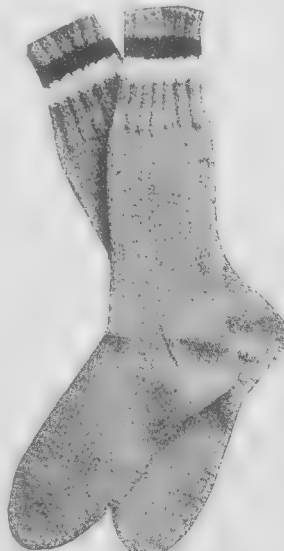
Heel.—Knit 28 stitches, turn, slip 1,
p. 27. On these 28 stitches knit 1 row
and purl 1 row alternately for 25 rows in
all, always slipping the first stitch of the
row. The last row knitted.

Begin to turn the heel on wrong side.
Slip 1, p. 15, p. 2 tog., p. 1. Turn, slip 1,
k. 5, slip 1, k. 1, pass the slipped stitch
over, k. 1, turn, slip 1, p. 6, p. 2 tog., p. 1,
turn. Continue in this way until all the
side stitches are worked up and there are
16 stitches on the needles. The final row
will be a knitted row.

For the gusset pick up and knit 13
stitches down side of heel, knit the

stitches of instep all on one needle, pick
up 13 stitches down other side of heel on
to the third needle and knit 8 stitches from
the first needle on to the third needle.
* Knit to within 3 stitches of end of first
needle, k. 2 tog., k. 1, knit plain across the
second needle, and on the third needle
k. 1, slip 1, k. 1, pass the slipped stitch
over, knit to end. Knit 1 round plain,
and repeat from * until there are 14
stitches each on the first and third needles,
and 28 stitches on the second needle

Knit plain for 5½ inches, then for the
toe continue as follows: * On the first
needle knit to within 3 stitches of the end,
k. 2 tog., k. 1; on the second needle k. 1,
slip 1, k. 1, pass the slipped stitch over,
knit to within 3 stitches of end, k. 2 tog.,
k. 1; on the third needle k. 1, slip 1, k. 1,
pass the slipped stitch over, knit to end.
Knit 2 rounds plain, and repeat 3 times
from *, then narrow in every second round
until 5 more narrowed rounds have been
made. Knit the 5 stitches remaining on
first needle on to the third needle, giving
10 stitches each on 2 needles. Break
thread, leaving 12 inch length. Join as
follows: * Pass worsted needle through
first stitch of front knitting needle as if
knitting, and slip stitch off the knitting
needle. Pass through second stitch as if
purling and leave stitch on the knitting
needle. Pass through first stitch of back
needle as if purling and slip stitch off the
knitting needle. Pass through second
stitch of back needle as if knitting and
leave stitch on knitting needle. Repeat
from * until all stitches are off needles.
In order to avoid ridge across end of toe,
fasten wool down the side.



Socks

Wonders of Molybdenum

Among the remarkable industrial developments to which the European war has given impetus has been the enormously enlarged use of the rare metals, molybdenum and vanadium, as well as tungsten, which are all wonderfully benefactors of steel and seem to have in many respects a strange kinship in their attributes and functions. Of these three, perhaps the least familiar is molybdenum, which is largely used by the forge-masters of Europe. The world is being thoroughly prospected at the present moment to find new commercial resources of molybdenite or wolframite. In addition to its use in steel making, molybdenum is of value in producing a blue pigment of striking beauty in the decoration of porcelain, as a mordant in fixing certain delicate and otherwise fugitive shades in the dyeing of silks and woollens, for imparting unique colors to leather and rubber obtainable by the use of no other color producer, and in the form of ammonium molybdate as a sterilizer and disinfectant for plushes, such as are used for railway carriages, and also for fire-proofing muslin and other textile fabrics.

Rifle barrels, propeller shafts, submarine hull plates, armor plates for naval vessels, wire and projectiles, are a few of the munitions materials that are now being made of molybdenum steel by all the European nations.

Some of the great howitzers are made with linings of molybdenum steel, which not only withstands better than any other steel the enormous stresses of modern high explosives, but owing to its high melting point it is less affected by the heat of the gases released and thus provides ordnance far longer-lived than that made of any other steel. Projectiles of molybdenum steel possess a power of penetration of the hardest armor plate in excess of those made of other material.

For crank and shaft forgings, bank vault door, permanent magnets, high pressure boiler plates, and self-hardening high-speed machine tools, molybdenum possesses many advantages over either tungsten or vanadium steels. Machine tools used in lathes for turning down the hardest steels, as in the case of shrapnel shell cases, if made of molybdenum steel, permit revolution at a rate so much faster than is possible with carbon steel cutters as to multiply manifold the capacity of output, with the added advantage that though the friction induced heats the steel tool to redness, its temper is not in the slightest degree impaired, either by the heating, or by the subsequent cooling. Vault doors of molybdenum steel increase in hardness with age, so that they become less and less penetrable by the burglars' drills with the progress of time.

CANADA SCORES HIGH AT KANSAS EXPOSITION

Western Canada scored high at the international Soil-Products Exposition at Kansas City capturing a total of one hundred and four prizes. These include first, second, third and sweepstakes in wheat; first second, third and sweepstakes in oats; first, second, third and sweepstakes in barley; first second in flax. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, won first, sweepstakes and the \$500 silver cup offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway Department of Colonization and Development for the best half bushel of hard spring wheat. H. B. Sheeley of High River, Alberta, was second in this competition. Nick Taitinger of Claresholm, Alberta, won first and sweepstakes for barley; Province of Manitoba first for state vegetable collection; Kildonan first for county vegetable collection.

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Fashions and Patterns

A Good Model for General Wear. 2594—This is fine for cheviot, velour, serge, mixtures and pile fabrics, such as plush and corduroy. It is also nice for satin, or velvet. The collar may be rolled high or low as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5¾ yards of 54-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Style for the Little Girl. 2254—This design is nice for all wash goods and suitable for serge, gabardine, cashmere, voile or repp. The right front overlaps the left, at the closing. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

—Infant's Set, consisting of a Cap, a Sack, a Night Gown and a Dress. Muslin, cambric, flannel or flannelette will do nicely for the night gown, while lawn or nainsook is suitable for the dress, with embroidery, tucking and lace or edging for decoration. The sack will look well in silk, cashmere, flannel, or flannelette, and the cap is suitable for lawn, silk or "all-over" embroidery. For the dress of flouncing, it will require 1¾ yard of 36-inch material with 1¼ yard of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nainsook or lawn 36 inches wide it will require 2¼ yards. The gown will require 2½ yards of 24 or 27-inch material. The cap, ½ yard of 18-inch material. The sack requires ¾ yard of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Waist—2649. Skirt—2673. For business and home wear the separate waist and



A Good Style for School or Play. 2363—Waist and trousers may be of the same material or the waist may be of madras, cambric, percale or linen, and the trousers of khaki, serge, cheviot or corduroy. The trousers are made with side closing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple but Attractive Model for a Slender Figure. 2664—This gown is made with an underportion in one-piece style, over which the long blouse is worn. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or cut shorter, in loose style. A belt or sash confines the fulness at the waistline. Satin, velveteen, duvetyn, serge and satin, or silk and jersey cloth combined are nice for this also. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require 5¼ yards of 40-inch material, with 1¾ yard of 27-inch lining. Width of skirt at lower edge, is 1¾ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Some New Things for the Baby. 2186

skirt are still popular. The design here shown portrays Ladies' Waist Pattern 2649, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2673. The waist is nice for linen, batiste, nainsook, lawn, silk, satin, flannel, pique, or voile. For the skirt one might choose sports goods, jersey cloth, serge, plaid or check suiting, gabardine, velveteen or corduroy. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure and requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size. The width at its lower edge is a little over 2 yards. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple School Dress. 2652—Repp, poplin, gabardine, gingham, galatea, chambray, percale and linen are good for this model. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.



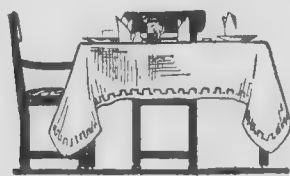
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A Splendid Dress for School or General Wear. 2337—Gingham, galatea, chambray, drill, linen, khaki, serge, gabardine, corduroy, velvet and satin may be used for this style. The fronts are reversible and overlap at the centre, with the belt sections or sash ends joined to the front edges and holding the fullness over the sides and back. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, with 2 strips 36 inches long and 5 inches wide, for the sash ends. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Service Dress. 2650—This is a good style for gingham, chambray, galatea, drill, percale, and other cotton fabrics. One could also have it in serge, gabardine, or flannelette. The right front closes over the left. The sleeve in wrist length, may be finished for a closing at the seam, so that it may be turned up. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material.

A Good Comfortable Apron Model. 2333—This style is nice for percale, lawn, gingham, chambray, drill or khaki. The apron is in one piece, with added straps that cross over the back and are buttoned at the waistline. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

2264—House coat for men. Cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches breast measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

1506—Doll's Set of Short Clothes. Cut in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in length. It will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for the drawers, $\frac{1}{8}$ -yard for the petticoat, and 1 yard for the dress of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. Price, 10c. This pattern also comes in child's sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Price, 10c.

Waist—1807. Apron and bag—1844.



The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl. 2665—Here is a frock that will look well in any material. Plaid suiting, in brown and green tones, was selected, with brown serge for trimming. The pockets may be omitted. The sleeve in wrist length is good for cool weather, while the shorter sleeve is equally attractive and comfortable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for Mother's Girl. 2272—This will make a good school dress in plaid or checked suiting, in serge, gingham, galatea, corduroy or linen. The waist closes over a shield in front. Smart pockets trim the skirt. The sleeve is in bishop style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

A smart combination. Waist—1807. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material for a medium size Apron and bag—1844. Cut in one size: medium. It requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material for the apron, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard for the bag. Two separate patterns. 10c for each pattern.

2275—A new dress and hat for Miss Dolly. Cut in 6 sizes: For dolls 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. Size 24 will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for the hat. Price, 10 cents.

2273—A dainty set for dolly. The pattern includes all styles illustrated, is cut in 6 sizes for dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. The dress requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material, the petticoat $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, and the combination $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for an 18-inch doll. Price, 10 cents.

2278—A set of pretty bags. The pattern supplies each of the three styles illustrated and is cut in one size. Each one requires 1 yard of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

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hear any woman complaining we tell them about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it did for me."—Mrs. JOHN FRAME, 1121 N. 18th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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For confidential advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their forty years experience is at your service.

Young People

HIS BIRTHDAY

By Henderson Daingerfield Norman

They brought Him their birthday presents—

The incense and gold and myrrh;
The sumptuous Christmas roses,
The cedar and box and fir;
They made all His temple splendid
With tapers of purest ray,
And they said, "'Tis a heavy burden—
This keeping of Christmas Day."

The Child's sweet eyes looked gravely
At glitter of wax and gold.
The gifts that were hard to bring Him
Were hard for His hands to hold.
Gleaming and hard and splendid
They all on the altar lay,
But the Child's dear hands were empty
As sadly He went His way.

He went where a single candle
Burned clear on a window-sill.
A cake at the door was ready
That the Christ Child might have His fill.

Outside was the sheaf for Christmas,
The barley and wheat and rye—
That the birds might enjoy the Birthday
Though snowdrifts were white and high.

Within sat a girl-child, singing,
A doll held against her breast.
With queer little crooked stitches
The cherished gift was dressed.
For a child had prepared the present,
Her heart with delight aglow
That a poorer than she should have it—
The thing she had treasured so.

The Lord Christ stood on the threshold,
And, watching, His dear eyes smiled
On the light, the cake, the Christmas sheaf
And the child's gift to a child
The weary feet were rested,
The heart from its sadness freed,
With gifts were the pierced hands laden,
His Birthday was kept indeed.

PAULINE'S POVERTY CHRISTMAS

By Mary L. Stetson

"Three dollars! Why, that isn't enough to get what I'd planned for father himself." Sorrowfully Pauline fingered the crisp bills, for Christmas money, which father had just given her, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Oh, dear me," she sighed, "if we'd ever got to be poor, I wish we'd always been poor. It wouldn't seem so hard then."

A knock sounded at the library door, a secret knock known only to Pauline and her most intimate friend.

"Come."

The door flew open, and Theda Marston danced into the room, but stopped short as she noticed the expression of dejection on Pauline's face.

"Whatever is the matter, Pollykins?" she asked.

"Draw your chair up here by the fire, and I'll tell you."

Theda obeyed and listened attentively to her chum's tale of woe. When it was finished, however, the least little twinkle lurked in her brown eyes as she exclaimed, "O Pollykins, aren't you the lucky chick!"

"Lucky?"

"Yes. Why, I never had three dollars given me to spend for Christmas, never in my whole life. Last year I did manage to save two from my strawberry money, and I felt rich, I can tell you."

"Why, Theda Marston, how do you give so many presents, then?"

"Make 'em mostly," was the brief reply.

"But I can't sew."

"There isn't any such word as 'can't,' or if there is, there ought not to be. Of course you can sew if you try. Say, have you anything on the docket for this morning?"

Pauline shook her head.

"Neither have I, as good luck would have it. I'll run over home and get my sewing, and you—O Pollykins, where are those lovely pieces of silk you were showing me the other day? If you don't need them for patching, they'd make the dandiest sewing-bags," and like a flash, Theda was gone.

When, in a remarkably short time, she was back in the Varnum library she was pleased to find that Pauline had already

collected, not only the pieces of silk, but also scraps of linen, laces, and the like.

"Sakes, what a lot of Christmas presents you can get out of all this!" cried Theda. "That linen will make the dinkiest little jabots, and here's a thin piece just right for a handkerchief."

Both girls were soon hard at work. By luncheon-time, Pauline's plans for Christmas were nearly completed, and several of the gifts were well under way.

"Aren't those bags going to be just too dear!" exclaimed Theda. "We'll have to call in at Woolworth's the next time we're down-town, for the brass rings and the ribbons. Then you can finish them in a jiffy. I think mine's the loveliest of all, and I'm glad I know beforehand that Santa is going to bring me one thing I need most awfully."

During the weeks that followed, Pauline Varnum learned the happiness that comes to those who make some real effort for their friends, a happiness that had never been hers when she could have all the spending money she wished merely for the asking.

Several days before Christmas the little gifts were wrapped in white tissue-paper, tied with red ribbons, and carefully laid away in Pauline's top bureau drawer. There too was a pack of Christmas postals, every one of which had been selected especially for the person to whom it was addressed. Every card was stamped ready to go in the mail when the proper time should come.

And a dollar and forty-two cents still remained.

"I hardly know what to do with the rest of this money," Pauline remarked to Theda. "It seems silly to give two pres-



His favorite tit-bit

ents to one person, even if the presents aren't very big."

"I thought you were the girl who couldn't begin to buy your Christmas presents with only three dollars," smiled Theda. "But I'll tell you what, Pollykins. You know those Petersons that live down on French Alley, don't you?"

"Never heard of them."

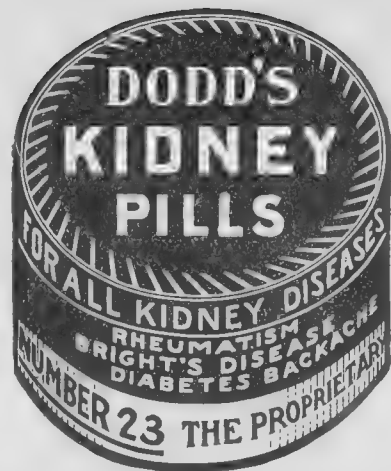
"Well, anyhow, they go to our Sunday-school, and they're awful poor. Let's get 'em up a Christmas box. I'll cook something, and that money of yours is enough to buy mittens for Mary and Jamie and Georgie; their hands were just purple last Sunday, poor kiddies. I shouldn't wonder if we could save enough for a doll and a book and a drum, besides."

"That's a grand idea, Theda. We'll do it. I'd like to know, though, how you come to call those children all by name, while I've been to the same Sunday-school and never even heard of them."

The box for the Petersons was filled to overflowing, so that when the time had come for the delivering of the Christmas presents two of Theda's young brothers had to be pressed into service.

Christmas Eve father's and mother's gifts alone remained in the top bureau drawer. Pauline locked her chamber door, took out the two beribboned packages, and opened them. The collar-box, covered with some of her own needlework was hardly as fine a gift as the sectional bookcase she had planned to buy for father, nor was the soft linen handkerchief with its narrow edging of lace half as nice as the mahogany writing-desk, that had long since been selected for mother.

All of a sudden, in spite of the work she



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had put into these gifts, they seemed so mean. Father and mother deserved so much more.

Then a happy thought came to her, and she smiled through her tears.

When next day, Pauline's parents received the only gifts their daughter had ever made for them with her own hands, each found attached, a little note. Father's read:

"I'd like to have got you, if I could, A splendid present of glass and wood. On a little card in the box you'll see A picture of what my gift would be. But since I couldn't buy that this year, I've worked lots of love into this, daddy dear."

And mother's read:
"This isn't the desk of mahogany fine Which I meant to give you, dear mother mine!

In Palmer's window, that's waiting still; You may look for yourself whenever you will.

This gift is a small one, but each stitch made for you

Brings love and best wishes from a heart that is true."

Other Christmases, father and mother had smiled and said, "Thank you, dear," when they had received Pauline's gifts but this year they said nothing at all for as much as a minute. Meanwhile, father coughed and blew his nose very hard and mother put her handkerchief to her eyes. It wasn't the Christmas handkerchief, though. That was too precious to be used even for tears of joy.

FREDDIE'S LAST LESSON

By Mrs. Charles A. Shull

"No! No! Fred mustn't touch the cake," said his mother, as the fine, sturdy three-year-old pushed up against the table on which she had placed three layers of fine light cake just from the pans.

"Your cake certainly looks lovely," I remarked to my friend whom I was visiting.

"I rarely have bad luck with cakes," she answered, then smiling quickly corrected herself. "I should say I rarely fail to have bad luck with them." I looked surprised.

"Oh no! you do not understand," she laughed, and her laugh rang out as clear and musical as any girl's, in spite of the fact that she was the mother of three fine children. "I will explain later."

Freddie hadn't said a word, and finally moved away from the table and went into the other room. Mrs. Ross and I stepped out on the porch to admire the fine early hyacinths which were just in their glory.

"It is just this way," she said, returning to the subject and speaking in a low voice, "I am trying to teach the rewards of obedience. Sometimes Fred forgets. The 'bad luck' I referred to is that he forgets to obey mamma when she says he mustn't help himself to cake before mealtime. The last four cakes I have made were all nice ones; but every one was such a temptation to my little boy that he has broken out a large piece and eaten it. I purposely leave them within his reach. He must learn to overcome temptations by meeting them squarely, not by avoiding them. When he is older and goes out into the big wide world the only safeguard he will have will be his self-control. I want so much to teach him to do right because it never pays to do wrong. Of course I could choose for him now, but sometime he must learn to make his own choice without any aid. To me it seems wiser to try to teach him to make a right decision for himself. I think the earlier a child begins to do his own thinking the better mind he will develop. If we carefully train our children from their babyhood, we ought to reap the reward in strong character."

"But he is so little. Many older ones might yield to such temptations."

"Yes, but I must be firm; my children must obey me. I never whip, for I do not believe in it; but I do let them reap the natural results of what they do. When they are good, they earn a reward; if they disobey, they deserve and must take the penalty."

I thought I heard a noise in the kitchen and what a sight met our eyes as we entered. Fred was eating cake as fast as he could cram it into his mouth, and two of the nice layers were badly mutilated by baby hands. He had clutched hands full from the edge and center of the cake.

I watched Mrs. Ross's face. She did not look surprised or angry, only sorry

for the little child because he had disobeyed. Fred did not run or appear to be at all alarmed when caught in his old sins; he didn't even stop eating the warm cake he still held in his fat little fist.

"Mamma is so sorry you did not obey what she told you," said she kneeling as she put her arms around the little body. "Does Freddie remember what little boys must do when they disobey mamma, and eat the cake when mamma said they must not?"

"Yes," said the child thoughtfully, "I can't have any cake for supper!"

"And is that all?" asked his mamma.

"And I can't have any cake tomorrow for dinner!" replied the boy.

"And then what?" insisted his mother.

"Well,"—he said very deliberately, "I can't have any more cake at all!"

"Very well. Mamma is so sorry for

her little boy," she said tenderly; "he can't have any more cake at all, and it's such good cake, too. It's too bad! Poor little Fred! Can't have any cake because he ate all of his share now. When mamma puts nice sweet frosting on the cake, and cuts the slices, then Mary may have a slice, and Albert may have a nice piece—and what about Fred?"

"Fred can't have any 'teensty-weensty' piece at all!" he said bravely, "'cause I had all my share now."

Mrs. Ross iced the cake and put it together as best she could. No one noticed it at supper and when it was cut she said firmly, "Mary may have a piece of mamma's nice cake; Albert may have a piece of mamma's cake, and papa and mamma and our guest may each have a piece also. Fred—has—already—eaten—his—cake—so—there—is—no—more—for—

him! He—has—already—had—his—share!"

Mr. Ross glanced at his wife pleading for forgiveness, but she ignored the request and remained firm. He knew also that there was a principle at stake, and trusted to the mother's wisdom. My heart ached for the little boy, but I was beginning to see and understand why my friend's children were so obedient. I have never seen children anywhere that obeyed so well. I learned afterwards that this lesson had never needed to be repeated. At last Fred had learned that disobedience surely has its penalty—and doesn't pay.

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ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

By Alice Talwin Morris

"Now, Miss Nancy, get into bed this instant-moment, like a good girl, and let me tuck you up. I can't afford to waste any more time with a big pile of ironing waiting to be done, and Nurse too busy to help me with so much as a handkerchief, seeing that your ma's not well and she is wanted up stairs." And Jemima gave several decisive pulls to the little girl's nightdress as she tried to urge her towards the small white bed standing invitingly ready to receive her on the opposite side of the room.

"But I must ask for a Christmas present for mother, because she is ill and can't ask herself," declared Nancy stoutly, clinging to the high fender with all her might. Then, regardless of scorched cheeks and the housemaid's impatience, she leaned as far over the rail as possible, and shouted shrilly into the chimney:

"Please, Santa Claus, bring a present for mother with the other things I asked for. Her room is the big one with two windows, and I think she would like a new baby better than anything, because she says someone must wear out the little clothes which are too small for Maurice and me. And let it be a baby-sister, please," added she as an after-thought.

But at the last words there was a cry of disapproval from a second little white bed, in which a small boy was sitting up very straight, and looking very wide awake indeed.

Maurice had already ordered the gifts which he wished to receive on the morrow, and had thereafter been decoyed into bed by the wily Jemima. He now sprang out again, and pushing his sister aside took her place before the fender and thrust his tousled curly head into the gleaming firelight.

"Hi! Santa Claus!" shouted he. "Don't bring a girl—a boy will be ever so much more fun. Besides it's the turn for a brother, because Nancy came last."

But at this point the patience of the long-suffering Jemima ran out, and both small supplicants were seized and summarily hustled into bed.

"I'll have no more of this nonsense," declared she firmly. "As if Santa Claus would bring a little baby down the nasty black chimney, when everyone knows they come nice and comfortable in falling stars."

"In falling stars?" cried the children in surprise.

"But don't the stars break when they fall?"

"And how do the babies get out of them?"

"And where are the stars which we came in?"

"And why—"

"I'm not a-going to answer one more question. So there!" replied Jemima, tucking up the small beds with rough but kindly hands. "You just shut your eyes and go to sleep directly-minute, and when you wake up you'll see what you will see."

"Will it be a cannon and a motor-car, and a cricket bat and a guinea pig?" asked Maurice, raising himself upon his pillow to see if a long stocky—borrowed from Nurse—was still hanging from the bed-post where he had suspended it.

"And a baby-doll, and a tea-set, and a white rabbit with pink eyes, and a real fur muff?" inquired Nancy.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jemima, as she blew out the candle and placed it with the matches upon the high mantel-shelf.

"And a baby sister?" continued Nancy.

"No, a baby brother?" shouted Maurice.

But the firm closing of the door was the only answer. Jemima had at last escaped to her ironing.

For a few moments after she had gone there was no sound in the room, save the spurting of a little blue flame in the fire, and the fall of a coal upon the hearth. Then Maurice, who had been staring at the flickering light upon the ceiling, spoke musingly:

"I saw a star fall one night when I peeped out of the window after Nurse had gone downstairs. It fell into Carlo's kennel, but it wasn't there next morning, and there wasn't no baby either. There wasn't even a puppy," added he after a few moments' thought.

"Perhaps we should see another if we

Children

peeped out now, and then we could go and pick it up for mother," suggested Nancy. "Christmas is the proper time for surprises, you know."

"Surprises don't come when you are looking for them," replied Maurice wisely. But none the less he scrambled out of bed, and pattered upon bare feet across the room. Nancy followed him, and very soon the two small figures were kneeling upon the wide window-seat and peering down into the garden, now flooded in pale moonlight.

It was very still. The bare branches of the big elms hardly stirred in the faint breeze. The tall evergreens upon the lawn seemed to be looking up expectantly; and the twisted thorn-tree—so like a bent old man—beside the summer-house had surely crooked one withered arm behind its ear. Beyond the wall the straight fir, stripped long since by the rude winds of all but one of its branches, was pointing that one towards the pond, across which ran a shining pathway of moonlight.

"Why are they all watching and listening?" asked Maurice in a hushed voice.

"They must be waiting for mother's star," whispered Nancy, looking up to the clear sky.

But although she stared until her eyes ached at the quietly shining stars, not one moved from its own place to flash with lightning swiftness to the earth.

"I'm afraid Jemima was only pretending," said she dolefully.

And then Maurice, who had been looking down while she looked up, cried eagerly:

"I see something twinkling in the pond over there on the farther side. Look!"

And truly, when Nancy looked, there in the dark water, just where the path of moonlight ended, was a bright spot which sparkled and glistened.

"O-o-o-h!" gasped she, seizing Maurice's hand and squeezing it very hard. "Is it really a star? Can it be mother's present?"

Maurice dragged away his hand, and sitting down upon the hearthrug began to pull on his stockings.

"Of course!" replied he decisively.

"What else could it be? Be quick and dress."

But he was not allowed to finish his lecture, for both children sat bolt upright in bed, two small hands seized his, while two little voices were raised in eager inquiry.

"Is it a baby sister?" cried Nancy.

"Or a baby brother?" shouted Maurice.

The doctor laughed as he rose from his chair and walked towards the door.

"If you go to sleep at once and do not try any more to meddle with Santa Claus's business," said he mysteriously, "I should not wonder if you find in the morning that mother has two Christmas presents—a baby son and a baby daughter."

The children looked at each other with shining eyes as the door closed and they snuggled down once more.

"Mother must have had the biggest and brightest star of all," remarked Maurice.

"And those little ones in the water must have brought new babies to the frogs and the fishes," replied Nancy. "What a good thing we did not take them away!"

A few minutes later a sleepy voice murmured:

"They can play with the cannon, and the guinea-pig, and the tea-set and the white rabbit—"

But here it trailed away into silence, and there was no answer but a snore.

TRULY THANKFUL?

By Clara Marshall

"Make us truly thankful." That is what I have to say when it is my day to say grace, and I suppose I ought to be trulier thankful on Thanksgiving Day than at any other time, but when I can't have anything that I really want very much I can't be anything but unthankful, no matter how hard I may try."

So said Kate Durham to herself and then she went on:

"It was horrid in Tom to say I ought to want freckles and chills and fever, and a gingham frock that came off the same



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HEART PALPITATED

FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

WOULD FALL DOWN IN FAINT.

Palpitation of the heart is very often accompanied by weak, faint and dizzy spells, and is generally caused by some sudden fright, or associated with conditions of a nervous breakdown, but whatever the cause, it is of considerable importance that the heart should be strengthened, and brought back to its regular beat.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just the remedy to do this for you.

Mr. Henry Fawcett, Killam's Mills, N.B., writes:—"I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for heart trouble. I was very weak and run down, my heart would palpitate, I would take faint and dizzy spells, and sometimes I would fall down in a faint. I started to take your pills and I must say they have done wonders for me. I will always speak a good word for your Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

piece with Billy Bratton's handkerchief, and then I could be thankful without half trying. Oh, I wish I was dead and buried!"

It was that gingham frock that brought on Kate's fit of humor. She had asked to wear a silk one in honor of the Thanksgiving festival, but her mother had said it would be foolish to wear a silk in the woods, where the chances were she would have it ruined before the day was over, and that a gingham would be much more suitable, even though her only clean one, according to her brother Tom, bore a striking resemblance in pattern to the Madras handkerchief sometimes sported by the half-breed who supplied the Durham family with venison and wild



Over the top.

turkeys during their residence on the Florida coast, where they had gone to spend the winter on account of Mrs. Durham's weak lungs. Kate's freckles were an old-time grievance and the chills and fever she did not so much mind as naturally she was let off from lessons on her chill day, but to have to wear "Billy Bratton's handkerchief" on such an occasion as this when there hung in the closet a blue silk she had worn to church on the preceding Thanksgiving (when the family were at their home in the city) and had not yet quite outgrown, this was an indignity not to be lightly borne, and as Kate sat rocking herself in a skiff that was not very securely fastened to the rickety old wharf near the palmetto leaf thatched shanty, where the family were marooning, and, as Tom expressed it, wearing out their old clothes, she began to wonder how her mother would feel if her only daughter were to be found drowned in that dark swift-flowing tide. "She smiled," said Kate, "when Tom called this old thing I am wearing 'Billy Bratton's handkerchief,' but she wouldn't smile when she was trying to take it off of me, all wet and messy. The freckles would show worse than ever on my white dead face, but I shouldn't care then, no matter if people did say Tom had his mother's complexion instead of me. No, I haven't anything to be thankful for, and I might as well be dead as alive. Ugh! what was that?"

That was the splash of the rope's end in the water, for the careless fastening had become loosened and the skiff was now floating down with the tide. The oars had been removed, and as there was no one within hail, Kate was helpless. To be found drowned did not present the comforting prospect now that it had done a short time ago, and Kate was quite willing to spare her mother and brother the pangs of remorse she knew they would feel at the sight of her lifeless form, arrayed in that bedraggled old gingham. The inlet was scarcely two miles away, outside of which were great, fierce breakers and she was approaching it as rapidly as the rushing tide could take her.

"I won't go out to sea to be drowned anyway," she exclaimed after there was such a wide waste of water between her boat and the wharf that all hope of rescue had deserted her. "I know a little about swimming and if I can't swim I'll drown here in the river, closer home."

Kate was not the girl to deliberate long, and an instant after she took this resolve there was a splash into the water and the little girl began to move her arms about like mad. The method didn't seem to work, but just then a log came floating by which Kate grasped with all her small strength, thus keeping her head above water. A moment later Billy Bratton's canoe hove in sight from behind a small island, densely wooded with mangroves.

"Save me, Billy Bratton. I am drowning!" spluttered Kate.

"No, you ain't," was the encouraging reply. "You wade ashore while I catch your boat. Shallow salt water good for chil'un. Cure the chill and mek 'em grow."

Then, to Kate's surprise, she found that though she was a considerable distance from shore, the water was only up to her waist. It was weary wading, but as she went forward the water was waist deep, knee deep, ankle deep, and at last, with a gasp of relief she stepped out on a shell bank the most doleful picture imaginable, but no longer in fear of death by drowning. Tom, who met her in the wild orange grove between the river and the house, called her a drowned rat, but he was too eager to get down to the wharf to meet Billy Bratton (they were going fishing together) to say anything more. At dinner, however, when she made her appearance in that blue silk frock (thanks to her gingham being now non-presentable) he asked if she were returning thanks because she wasn't wearing Billy Bratton's handkerchief and she replied: "No, but I am truly thankful that I didn't have a chill this morning and that the river is so shallow."—"Christian Intelligence."

THE SOUTH-WIND

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Made of a mist of jewels,
The moth on a wondrous wing
Sang to the South-wind, "Oh, lift me
In your skiey wandering!"
And the beautiful vagrant at dew-fall
Fluttered a broken thing.

And the live-coal whispered the South-wind,
"Fan me to life, I pray;
Blow me to large and splendid flame
Bright as the plumes of day!"
And white and dead, when the wind had
passed,
The ash of the live-coal lay.

And the red rose breathed to the South-wind,
"So sweet the gardens are,
Fain would I send my fragrance
Into some farther star."
And the wind, for the burden stooping,
Tore her, and scattered her far.

And the lady sighed to her lover,
"Love me, love, while you may!
Though the cup of loss be bitter
When the trembling lip is grey,
I shall have drunk deep of gladness;
I shall have had my day!"



Ride a cock horse.

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available to-day. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.

WIFE'S COLD

Husband's Bronchitis

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Mrs. James Mack, Trenton, Ont., writes:—"I suffered for several months with a bad cold. Some friends told me about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and of the benefit it was to them. Before I had used two bottles I could get some rest, which I could not do before. I had tried everything, but "Dr. Wood's" was the only thing that gave me any relief."

My husband suffered terribly from bronchitis, and did not know whether he was going to recover or not. At my druggist's, Mr. J. H. Dickey, I was advised to try your syrup, which I did, and am so thankful that I cannot recommend it highly enough."

Many people on the first sign of the slight cold or cough neglect it, thinking, perhaps, it will disappear in a day or two, but the longer it is let run the worse it gets until it settles on the lungs and serious results ensue.

On the first sign of a cough or cold, get rid of it before it gets settled. Take a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and see how quickly it will disappear.

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand. I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

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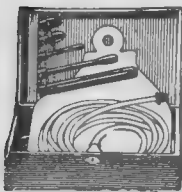
When you have been benefited, I shall only ask you to pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for all, young or old.

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Correspondence

Has Learned to Drive "Tin Lizzie"

Dear Editor:—Having been a reader of The Western Home Monthly though only for a few months, I thought I would drop a few lines. I think the magazine is splendid and I enjoy the correspondence column. I live three and a half miles from the city. I have been doing all kinds of outdoor work this summer. I have also learned to drive a "Tin Lizzie." I enjoyed the letter from "Restless" and would like to correspond with him. If any one cares to write, my address is with the Editor.

"Sunshine Jane."

A Book Worm

Dear Editor:—I am an interested reader of your paper, especially the correspondence page. I love all outdoor sports, such as skating, driving, sleighing and others which I won't bother naming, as it would take up too much of your paper. I am just a country girl with dark hair and dark brown eyes. I am five feet three inches high. I love to read books. I could sit all day and read, a thing I sometimes do. I am also knitting now, but would rather read. As this is my first letter to your paper I will close, and if some of your readers will please write me I will be glad to answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

"A Lover of Books."



With the popular magazine of the West.

Box Socials Raise Money

Dear Editor:—Is there room for another letter in your interesting page? I have been a reader of your paper for some time and look forward to the correspondence page monthly. I certainly agree with Cutie Curls about girls asking boys to take them to dances. I think it is the boys' place to ask the girls. I don't think there is any harm in having dances for patriotic purposes, but I think more money is raised with box socials. I am a lover of letter writing and would be glad if any of the boys or girls of my own age, 18, would write. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.

"Dimples."

Enviés "Happy And"

Dear Editor:—I am not a subscriber to your paper but it comes to our home and I take great pleasure in reading it. I think the correspondence column interests me most. I live in the East but have read much about Western Canada and envy "Happy And" and her farm pets. I would only be too pleased to hear from the boys and girls, if they would be kind enough to write to me.

"Whirlwind."

Helped Stook Grain

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly and am very fond of the correspondence page, so decided to write my first letter. Like a lot of other girls, I helped to stook grain this summer, and, believe me, it is no easy job. I read the letter from "Restless," and think he is very fortunate indeed to receive all the copies of the magazine except one. I am a Canadian lass of seventeen so if any

one cares to write my address is with the Editor. Now I must close.

"Brunette."

Busy Young Farmer

Dear Editor:—I have been reading The Western Home Monthly having finished on correspondence page, so thought I would see what I could do at helping the page along. I am a young farmer and have been very busy all summer as help was so scarce. I see that a number of the girls have been helping with the harvest. They are plucky. I wonder if the girls in the East are working on the farms? The farm is rather a lonesome place for young people, but still I find it not so bad if there are a few dances now and again. I see some are kicking at dancing in war times. Well, I think if they were in the same place as some of us boys they would think different, for often we are all alone for a week at a time, and I think they would be glad to go to a dance if for nothing else but to talk to some one. Some may think it fun to go homesteading and baching, but I would sooner go to war than start all over again, though I don't feel like giving it up now after working so hard to get a start. Many of the boys around here were tired of farming alone and enlisted, but I have stayed with it, and will do so until after the war for wheat is badly needed. Now I think I will close. If any one cares to write, I will answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

"A Lonely Boy."

Never Idle on the Farm

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time, though only a subscriber for four months, and am very interested in it. I like the correspondence column the best as there are some very interesting letters.

I live on a farm and like it very much. You are your own boss, and if anything goes wrong it is your own fault in most cases. We own 17 head of cattle, 10 head of horses, and find plenty to do in the winter time doing chores and drawing wood and straw. In the winter we go to skate once a week, and enjoy the drive going and coming as we have five miles to go. We generally go in sleigh loads. I am very fond of other sports such as horseback riding, hunting and fishing when there is nothing else to do. I would like to correspond with any girl between fourteen and eighteen. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I sign myself,

"Farmer J."

Loves to Help Our Boys "Over There"

Dear Editor:—I am a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly the best magazine I have ever read. I am much interested in the stories and poetry, but more so in the correspondence page. I have wanted to write for ever so long but have just now picked up enough courage. I live out in the country but not on a farm. I see that "Sweet Sixteen" and "Cutie Curls" are discussing overalls for girls. As I am "Sweet Sixteen" myself I will join in the discussion. I have two pairs of overalls and have worn them all summer, I think they are "the best out." "Bashful Kid" sure much be bashful if he thinks a girl should go and ask a boy to go to a dance. There are a number of bashful boys around here but not nearly as bad as "Bashful Kid."

A piece by a "Western Bach" is much discussed, but as I am only sixteen I am unable to discuss with him. I like the letters from "Hubby's Darling" and "Lonely." I, too, agree with "A Sport" in thinking there is no harm in dancing. We have dances here quite frequently in order to raise Red Cross funds. I love doing things to help "Our boys over there."

Well, as this is my first letter I must not take up too much precious space although I have very much more to write. Should any one like to write to me, my address is with the Editor. I will answer all letters promptly. May good luck be with your paper. I sign as
"Red Cross Rose."

Germany, Sure

Dear Editor:—Can you spare a few moments to another hitherto silent, but not the less interested, reader of your column. You seem to have such interesting discussions that I would like to get acquainted with you and have the privilege of saying a few words occasionally if I may. I am a farmer's daughter, and have spent my life so far in Ontario. On finishing school I came to this city to take a course in stenography, afterwards securing a position. I have now had a few years' experience and like my work very much. I enjoy city life but it is somewhat strenuous. While on the farm, I learned to run all the farm machinery, and usually relieved my father of much of this work. I always spend my vacations at home, and this summer harvesting was just begun when I arrived, so I ran the binder part of the time. I greatly enjoy outdoor work, especially when it has anything to do with driving horses.

Scarcely a car is to be seen on Toronto streets on Sunday lately, as we are trying to do our bit in saving gasoline usually wasted on Sunday joy-riding. I noticed a letter from Ekfrid, Sask., in a recent copy of the "Globe" in which the writer states that motorists in that district seem to be disregarding the Fuel Controller's order on the subject of Sunday motoring. I wondered to what extent that was true and whether the practice was general throughout the country. I'm sure Canadian people in general would sacrifice more than that to aid in winning the war. And we are winning—isn't the last news good? It looks as though we would have "Turkey" for Christmas—perhaps Germany, too.

Although I cannot speak from experience, I must say that "Observer" has expressed my sentiments on the subject of Love-and-Marriage, which the club has been discussing lately. I shall follow the common practice in leaving my address with the Editor and shall welcome any correspondence from the readers. I hope I have not bored you with this long letter. I think the Western Home Monthly the finest kind of publication, and wish it continued success. With greetings to all the readers, I will sign myself "Grace Darling."

"Soldier of the Soil"

Dear Editor:—Having been an interested reader of your page for several years I have decided to pen you a few lines. This will be my second letter to your page, my first letter having had the good fortune to appear in print.

Love seems to be a very much discussed topic in your page recently, and the letter written by "Lonely" expresses my opinion exactly. In my opinion if some of the men who are seemingly all love and attention before marriage would keep a small portion of it for the years following that event there would not be so many separation papers filled out these days. Do not think that I do not know whereof I speak for I have personally seen a very dear friend go "through the mill."

With "Undine" I say "Hurrah for overalls." I am a soldier of the soil this and last year. I have plowed, disced, raked and bunched and gathered in hay, and almost always attended my horses which in most cases was a four or five horse team. I, too, have had a little experience in baching, and, believe me, if any one needs help and sympathy it is a "bach." For a few days I was plowing, when noon came I watered and fed my horses, came in and started dinner for myself and three small kiddies, and then proceeded to feed dinner to 19 pigs. As the boys say, "it keeps you humping."

In regard to dancing will say that I do not dance although I see neither sense nor harm in it. I am a young girl still in my teens and have had and still have every chance to learn, but do not care to do so. I will close now, asking the Editor to pardon my uneven writing as I crushed a finger on my right hand while running the disc last week and it is not quite healed yet. With best wishes to you all. "Cheerio."

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the fisherman, the lumberman, the outdoor laborer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it has no equal. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicines and those taken on a journey.

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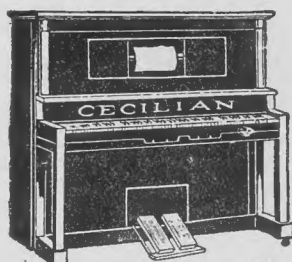
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Where villainy goes before, vengeance follows after.
Foxes come at last to the furrier.
Big heads have big aches.
Who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword.
Punishment follows close on the heels of crime.
To the wicked, misfortune comes triple.
Force can never destroy right.
The wicked shall not inherit the earth.
The punishment shall fit the crime.
Evil conduct is the root of misery.
Ill deeds heap on thy soul.



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How to Enter this Great Contest

Only the first of this series of proverb pictures will be published in this paper. It is shown on the right, and a clue to it may be found in a list of a few of the Hun Beating Proverbs opposite. Write out your answer to this proverb picture No. 1 on a sheet of paper with your name and address and mail it to us to-day. If it is correct we will write and tell you so, and you will receive by next mail

FREE Our fine 48-page book of Hun Beating Proverbs and the series of 12 Proverb Pictures completing the contest

The publishers of Canada's Greatest Monthly Magazine are conducting this great contest. Therefore contestants are assured of its absolute fairness and squareness. In order to give an equal chance to every competitor they have published a fine book of Hun Beating Proverbs, and all the proverbs represented by the series of twelve pictures have been chosen from this book. Answer proverb No. 1 correctly and this fine book will be mailed to you free. With it you will receive the complete series of twelve proverb pictures which complete the contest. Thus, there will be no waiting or delay. All the pictures will be presented to you at once and you can set to work to find the answers that can win you your share of these wonderful prizes.



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take the magazine nor spend a single penny of your money in order to compete. A free copy of the current number will be sent to you without charge, because we want you to know the new, improved Everywoman's World, and the only condition attached to entry is that you help us in this great advertising campaign by showing your copy to just four of your friends or neighbours, who will appreciate this worth-while, all-Canadian magazine, and want it to come to them every month. This simple favor you will easily fulfill in a few minutes of your spare time in order to compete for your share of these wonderful prizes. We will even send you copies for each of your friends if you wish.

OTHERS HAVE WON BIG PRIZES SO CAN YOU

Here are the names of only a few of the big prize winners in previous contests, to whom we gladly refer. More than \$150,000.00 in other grand prizes and awards have already been given:—Man.; Ford Touring Car, W. E. Geddes, Kilmarnock, Ont.; Ford Touring Car, S. E. Waddell, Ottawa, Ont.; Chevrolet Touring Car, J. H. Moir, RR4 Winnipeg, Man.; Ford Touring Car, W. E. Geddes, Kilmarnock, Ont.; Ford Touring Car, S. E. Waddell, Ottawa, Ont.; Ford Touring Car, Hugh A. Ross, Smith's Falls, Ont.; \$450 Piano, Mrs. Florence Clark, Montreal; \$450 Piano, Mrs. Chas. Stafford, Calgary; \$300 Cash Prize, A. de La Riviere, St. Polycarpe, Que.

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Don't hesitate. Don't delay. Send your answer to Picture No. 1 to-day and get all the Proverb Pictures completing the contest, and the Hun Beating Proverb Book. You can win the auto or your share of the big prizes if you try. According to the rules, contestants may send as many as three answers to each picture, if they desire. If you are in doubt as to the correct proverb to fit Picture No. 1, you may send two extra solutions. Send your answer to

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What the World is Saying

Postal Note

The Mailed Fist has gone to the Dead Letter Office.—Montreal Financial Times.

Something We May Never Know

And now we may never find out which one of his sons William Hohenzollern was saving to be Emperor of North America.—Vancouver Province.

Germany's Criminal Failure

If Germany had only done away with Hohenzollernism ten years before the war!—Toronto Evening News.

Why Should It Be?

In Germany they are quite sure that his name isn't spelled Clemencyeau.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Armenia's Long Martyrdom

After fifteen hundred years under the harrow of oppression Armenia is at last free.—Dundee Courier.

Red Flags and White Flags

When revolutionary Germany flew red flags, the German military autocracy flew the white flag.—Toronto Globe.

Of Course

German statesmen feared chaos—in Germany. Chaos in Russia, of course, was all right.—London Nation.

One Advantage They Had

None of the inmates of the penitentiary have been attacked by the influenza; but it is a stiff price they pay for immunity.—Kingston Whig.

King For a Month

The epitaph of Bulgaria's King for a month will doubtless be "He Boris burdens briefly but with honor."—Halifax Herald.

Diabolic Horticulture

Henry Morgenthau says that the Hun philosophy is "rooted in hell." Well, the plant has always borne flowers of sulphur.—Victoria Colonist.

Exactly So

The last general rearrangement of the map of Europe was made at Vienna, but it will be made somewhere else the next time.—Edmonton Journal.

Two Vastly Different Things

First the extinct Kaiser declared loudly for "a German peace." Then he asked for "a just peace." Note the difference!—St. John Telegraph.

Human Nature

There are many Calgary people who never knew how much they really wanted to go to church until the order was issued closing the churches temporarily during the influenza epidemic.—Calgary Albertan.

The Thing That Counts

In the end morale wins wars. The big battalions count, but the spirit that animates them counts still more.—Neepawa Press.

Without Doubt

We've never heard Wilhelm Hohenzollern's views on daylight saving, but we're sure now he'd be in favor of moving the clocks back—say to July, 1914.—Napanee Express.

Ornithological Note

Turkey is left without a tail feather, and the once haughty and powerful double-headed eagle of Austria is now as extinct a fowl as the dodo.—Hamilton Herald.

A Very Ancient Custom, Indeed

An eastern clergyman says kissing is a relic of the dark ages. We're mighty glad somebody had the good sense to take care of that relic.—Lethbridge Herald.

There Is Still Wastefulness

While waste in Canada may not be as great as in pre-war days, that it is still far from the desired irreducible minimum there can be no doubt.—Monetary Times.

One of the Oddities of the War

Jerusalem was surrendered to a couple of British regimental cooks foraging for the raw material for a salad. Thus are history and comedy entwined.—London Spectator.

An Extra Dose of Culture

Liberated Belgians say German officers are much worse than German privates. This is probably true. The officers had an extra dose of Kultur.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Clumsy Treachery

One of the verdicts upon Germany that will stand forever in history is that German diplomacy was as stupid and clumsy as it was treacherous. The diplomatic trickery of Germany has been all thumbs.—New York Sun.

An Old Text Proved True

"We are a proud people, accustomed to victory," said one of the German peace notes in October. But pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.—Peterboro Examiner.

Disaster Was Coming Fast

"We Kings must stick together," wrote Emperor Charles of Austria to King Ferdinand (he styled himself Emperor, too) of Bulgaria. But the people who had been holding up their thrones refused to stick to them.—Duluth Tribune.

Promise and Fulfilment

Herr Harden recalls that Kaiser Wilhelm on his accession remarked: "I will lead you into glorious days," and then adds: "We know the glorious days now."—Portland Oregonian.

Abdul Baha Gives Wilhelm the Ha-Ha

The British have rounded up Abdul Baha, the prophet, at Haifa, and are treating him with good natured respect. In fact, old Baha is able to give ex-Kaiser Wilhelm the ha-ha.—Minneapolis Journal.

The New Cent Piece

The new one-cent piece is to be slightly larger and somewhat thinner than the ten-cent piece. One thing in its favor is that the possessor of the single coin will no longer mistake it for a quarter, when he feels in his pocket.—Montreal Gazette.

Caesar Knew the Germans

It is now 1900 years since Caesar defeated the Germans in France. When they came asking terms, he said to them: "Go back whence you came, repair the damage you have done, give hostages, keep the peace for the future."—Montreal Herald.

Something They Know Now

Hindenburg the Arrogant after the terrific Hun advance of last March said, "The first act is over." But he and the other German militarists now know that the play is not finished until the curtain falls on the last act.—Regina Leader.

A Moderate Thief

The Saskatoon Star states that a thief "stole \$30 worth of ham" from a local meat shop the other night, which causes The Vancouver Province to wonder why he took the trouble to slice it when he might have taken the whole ham.—Toronto Telegram.

Their Own Medicine

For two generations the rulers of Germany and all the German professors have proclaimed that the test of war is infallible, and that a nation that has been defeated is by that fact proved unanswerably to be inferior, and deserves no consideration. How do the German intellectuals like their own medicine?—Philadelphia Record.

Senatorial Ingratitude!

If Queen Isabella had not pawned her jewels to finance Columbus' voyage of discovery there would have been no United States of America. If there were no United States there would be no Senate. Ergo, those thirty-one Senators who refused women the right to vote owe their jobs to the generosity of a woman. What an ungrateful lot they are!—Chicago Evening Post.

Why Insult Charlie Chaplin

Max Harden has referred to W. Hohenzollern as "a film hero." We might add that W. Hohenzollern's eldest son, when he attempted to fill the role of a great general, showed himself to be a Charlie Chaplin—we might say that, if it were not so grossly unjust and insulting to Charlie Chaplin.—Saskatoon Star.

Schools

Good schools are the best investment in all the world for public money. The common schools are the best hope of humanity. When the time is reached when every child shall be going to school, when every child shall be kept at school or training of some kind until 16 or 18 years of age, the millenium will begin to be possible. And by nothing else will it ever begin to be possible.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Low Cost of Living

One of the employees of the Canadian commissioner's office in Yokohama has written in for an increase of salary from \$9.75 to \$12 a month, as he has a wife and five children, and the cost of living is going up. What is the steamship fare to Yokohama? Or how's swimmin'?—Montreal Journal of Commerce.

Divorces Applied For

The dear old Senators will have plenty of entertainment at Ottawa next session. So far there are 28 applications for divorce to be considered. Sympathy and sentiment will, as usual, exert a greater influence than justice can command. Canada's divorce laws are sadly in need of revision.—Brantford Expositor.

An Erroneous Description

Lieut. Jack Munroe, the Cobalt miner and expugilist, has written a book on the war, in which he describes the famous Cloth Hall at Ypres as being "made entirely of cloth." This suggests that John must have been in the vicinity when the French were rigging up some extensive camouflage.—Ottawa Citizen.

Germany's Fundamental Vice

The fundamental vice of Germany which brought this tragedy upon the world is the fact that she recognized no divine laws, nothing superior to her own self-will, no sovereignty to which she should be loyal. The only law she knew was the law which Germany enacted. She did not recognize laws which the different states united to enact, although she was united with them in the enactment.—Boston Transcript.

In Regard to the Bolsheviks

Scientists are telling us that restriction in the use of many articles of ordinary use may have untoward results. This is confirmed by the actions of the Bolsheviks whose pictures convince us that these gentlemen have probably been inspired to their deeds by their very evident divorce from ordinary or household soap.—Vancouver Sun.

Education

Dr. Shipley of the British Educational Mission said a great thing when he gave voice to this utterance: "It is not what you are educated in that is important. It is whether or not you have a trained brain. Education gives a man power to take the initiative, to be resolute and to hang on when others fail."—New York Tribune.

Piper James Richardson

The case of Piper James Richardson of a Manitoba regiment, who played his companions over the top and has secured the V. C. for so doing, recalls another historic incident of like nature in the Afridi war. Piper Findlater did a similar thing on that occasion and continued the skirling of the pipes after he was struck down. He also obtained the highest decoration in the gift of his Sovereign for the brave deed. The memories of both will be honored for all time to come.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Wilhelm and the Mohammedans

The British are firmly established in Damascus. The incident must recall to the Turks the occasion of William Hohenzollern's visit to the same city in 1898, and the address delivered by him in which he made some characteristic statements. Perhaps the most amusing of these now was that in which he declared: "The three hundred million Mohammedans scattered over the globe may be assured of this, that the German Emperor will be their friend at all times!"—Manchester Guardian.

Age Limit for Ministers

The Methodist Church has fixed the age limit at 70 years for officers to the conference. It was Cicero who said that he was very thankful to old age because it had increased his eager desire for conversation, but the likes or opinions of the ancients are no longer accepted. But isn't there a passage in Ecclesiastes to the effect that carefulness bringeth age before the time? Are we to no longer take counsel of the elders?—Guelph Herald.

Canada's Pension Officials

The Canadian war pension office will be in existence for the next half century. During the next few years its duties and its clerical staff and other machinery must increase. One can see no more reason why Chairman Ross or Chairman McLean should insist on making appointments to this staff by their own personal choice than that any Minister should have gone on making appointments to the staff of his own department without regard to the Civil Service Commission. If the abolition of patronage is a good thing in other departments of the public service, it is good for the pension administration.—Canadian Finance.

The Exploded German Myth

The German ambassador to Constantinople told Ambassador Morgenthau, of the United States, during the first days of the war, that the German military machine could never be defeated. "It takes thirty years to produce the sort of generals now leading the German army," said he. This opens a field of speculation: Were the Teuton generals overdone or underdone when the war broke out? We know now that they would have been done brown by Foch, Haig and the rest but would they have improved with age like other cheese? Here is a question for post bellum controversy for years to come.—Calgary Herald.

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